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THE JUVENILIA OF MRS HUMPHRY WARD (1851 - 1920):  
A DIPLOMATIC EDITION  
OF  
SIX PREVIOUSLY UNPUBLISHED NARRATIVES  
DERIVED FROM  
ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT SOURCES.

In Two Volumes

Volume Two

Gillian Elisabeth Boughton

1995

Ph.D. Thesis

School of English Studies

University of Durham



18 MAR 1996

The Juvenilia of Mrs Humphry Ward (1851 - 1920):  
a diplomatic edition of six previously unpublished narratives  
derived from original manuscript sources.

In Two Volumes

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## Chapter eight

### LITERARY ASPECTS OF AILIE (1867 - 1868)

#### 8.1 THE TEXT

The Text of Ailie presents some problems because pages are missing from the beginning of the narrative. At some point in the history of the notebook, WARD Box VII Volume 3, pages were torn out. This in turn loosened other pages, which ultimately fell out and were put back in the wrong order. At the time of the acquisition of the Ward papers, which were very numerous, the librarians dealt with the material as simply as possible, and continued the pagination policy through the loose pages without checking for sense. The correct order has been indicated by a series of capital letters: [A, B, C]<sup>1</sup> in succession through the relevant pages.

#### 8.2 THE NARRATIVE

As a result of the problem outlined above there are some difficulties in discerning the exact shape of the narrative. Sufficient clues remain, however, to be sure that a complex narrative pattern is established. Ailie appears first on a balcony in Rome<sup>2</sup>, probably followed by an account of a visit to St Peter's where, perhaps, Ailie bumped into Ralph for the first time since she rejected his proposal of marriage in England<sup>3</sup>. Either just before this or just after it there must have been a narrative flashback to Harford, Ailie's home village<sup>4</sup>. Presumably the sudden news of Marie's seizure in the Colonna Gallery follows this, providing an urgent excuse, that of kindness to a friend, for Ailie to renew close proximity to Ralph Musborough.

In the Introduction to her first published novel, Miss Bretherton, in the

Westmoreland Edition which was brought out to consolidate her literary achievement and generate income in 1911-12, Mary refers to 'a long story in three volumes, written at the age of seventeen, and of no merit whatever'<sup>5</sup>. Although never delusive, Mary's retrospective memory as far as her own life is concerned is frequently expressed in vague terms. Ailie is not in three volumes and the most obvious candidate for that description must be Lansdale Manor, which does survive in three books, but which she wrote at the age of fifteen. Ailie was submitted for publication to Smith, Elder & Co. during 1869. In a letter dated October 1869, Mary acknowledged that their rejection of her manuscript was a fair decision. Allowing for the time for a copy to be made up, for submission, reading and the eventual return of the manuscript, it is quite possible that it was written substantially in 1868. Ailie could fairly be described as falling into three parts: the first the Roman episode (which is carefully crafted to provide the continuum and main locus of the novel's narrative, though not of its action); the second part the Musborough double courtship and Indian tragedy; the third, the domesticity which is Ailie and Ralph's final reward. Whether this is the three volume novel cannot be certain. No independently dated notebook survives for 1868, which is her seventeenth year. On the other hand, the writing of Ailie cannot have been begun before the summer of 1867 and it is very long; quite long enough to have continued well into 1868 considering the demanding nature of Mary's schoolwork and the fact that she was now living at home with some family duties. From the note 'Copy no further'<sup>6</sup> which appears close to the end of the existing draft in the surviving notebook, it is safe to assume that the novel submitted to Smith, Elder may have been a refinement in certain respects of the version in this notebook. In

fact, the practice in drafting and the addition of extra episodes which survives in the texts of Lansdale Manor may well have been echoed in Ailie.

There is some evidence that the last version of Lansdale Manor, script B, may have been written after Ailie was begun<sup>7</sup>. Both follow Mary's visit to her school friend Bessie Thurnburn's Scottish home, when Mary and her friend indulged in late night escapades with young men<sup>8</sup>: boating in the moonlight, clandestine meetings, hysterical outbursts of laughter when they had to keep control during their formal day time meetings, 'wickedness', tiredness in the mornings and other happenings only cryptically recorded<sup>9</sup>. These gave her, for the first time in her life, unsupervised opportunities for social contact with eligible boys of her own class who were not relatives and did not care that she was an Arnold. This experience gives Mary's writing honesty and energy in her depiction of Ailie's rejection of Reginald, and her experience of his anger as well as the relaxing of tension after the confession of love between Ailie and Ralph.

In Ailie, all conflicts are resolved by death or marriage; the deaths somewhat melodramatically and suddenly contrived, the marriages cloyingly tinged with mid-Victorian sentiment, though redeemed by realistic dialogue, feeling and humour.

Death is frequently the high price exacted in Victorian fiction for failure to realise ideal moral standards. Characters such as Lady Dedlock in Bleak House mete out to themselves severe punishments leading to death. This pattern is evident in Mary's writing here and in later novels when her attention to plot is less concentrated and she strays into essentially symbolic rather than realistic patterns of behaviour. The adulterous heroine of Eltham House dies of cancer; Eleanor<sup>10</sup>, who, it is implied, has a

too close relationship with a gifted man outside wedlock, dies of a slowly debilitating disease; Hester, in The Case of Richard Meynell, dies accidentally, falling over a cliff, although she was faithful to her lover and moreover went through a wedding ceremony which she believed to be legal. Bessie Costrell, who extravagantly spends a fund of money which is not her own, drowns herself in the village well. In these examples it appears that death is an easy resort for a writer who does not wish to confront difficult issues. Other deaths, particularly Laura Fountain's, spring from a different source.

### 8.3 THE SETTINGS

The fruits of Mary's research methods in A Tale of the Moors and her practice in building up credible domestic scenes in Lansdale Manor are evident in Ailie. Although much of the tone of the domestic setting in the end is cloyingly sentimental, her observation of actual habits of speech between the couple is acute. The choice of Rome is very ambitious, reflecting her reading of Hawthorne<sup>11</sup> and no doubt an accretion of her earlier reading, including Bulwer Lytton, whose Rienzi, is set in Rome, as well as Gibbon and Roman history at school. Her depiction of India, which is heavily dependent on her uncle's book Oakfield<sup>12</sup>, is less successful, although the physical description of the embarkation at Dover, and the journey and arrival home at the Musborough's country house, which has similarities to the houses described in her Scottish diary, are convincing.

The evocation of the childhood of Marie la Rivière and Ralph and Frank Musborough is cloudy in comparison, and more ideal than realistic, though its episodes in their broadest outlines are credible.

#### 8.4 THE HEROINE

Ailie is an attractive, realistic and compassionate heroine who makes mistakes and regrets them. She bears a family likeness to Edith Lansdale in that she appears from time to time to blame herself excessively.

The literary expression of feelings of frustration, tension and regret in this novella seem to the twentieth century reader conventional and forced into a barely convincing framework of renunciation and duty. Examples from the early part of the surviving narrative include the barely comprehensible expressions of forced sentiment: 'Full of penitence longing to atone in the only way left to it, and full of warm, womanly sympathy and pity for the poor dying Marie, Ailie walked silently... her face serene and peaceful and her sad eyes resolved and calm'; and ..'She had loved but that was over now. Woman's pleasure was gone but woman's duty still remained...'. This high-pitched and unrealistic writing detracts from the success of the narrative.

A melodramatic intensity is induced by the role of self-sacrificing nurse, which Ailie insists on taking, played out in sight of the man she rejected but still loves. The heroism involved is intended to be one of self-control and patient resignation but in fact it is successful because of the tenacity with which Ailie plays it, and the fact that the sub-text is legible: her need to be near Ralph. It is their only chance to break through to a more truthful relationship. The emotional disguise is therefore not only effective but moving and the constraints of the mould of conventional narrative are broken.

Ailie has virtually escaped from the control of her family, and in this respect she resembles all Mary Ward's later heroines. Even Catherine Elsmere is acknowledged as

radically independent by her mother and sisters before her marriage. Ailie's father, Mr Walter, is weakly drawn, her mother off-stage throughout the narrative and her sister Beatrice, whom she loves, an invalid who is facing the next world courageously. The reader is prepared for her death at the end of the novella but it is clear that Ailie herself, though grieving, will not be damaged by it. Ailie is entirely responsible for her own emotional life and has clearly left childhood behind. The balance between Ailie and Marie is a new departure from Mary's previous practice in that she explores contrasting characters serially. Ailie is closer to Nina and Edith than to the volatile proud, foreign and beautiful Marie, who is the ancestress of irresponsible, emotionally destructive later heroines, like Lady Kitty Bristol, in The Marriage of William Ashe, or Daphne, in Daphne or Marriage à la Mode, who cannot find a way of escape from the tyrannical demands of their own personalities. Grizel Madden plays the part of Nina at the end, when Ailie is able to sort out her life and provide her, slightly patronisingly, with everything necessary for her marriage. Grizel's confusion at Dover is realistically drawn.

#### 8.5 THE HERO

The plot of the novel concerns two triangular relationships, with one man, Ralph Musborough at the apex of both. The woman in each triangle has two potential lovers and both women, after being initially attracted to Ralph, reject him, although Ailie later reverses her decision. There is nothing original in the existence within a novel of the dynamic of two men in pursuit of one woman. It is the staple of nineteenth century fiction from Jane Austen to Thomas Hardy, whose The Trumpet Major later resembles Ralph's experience. The rivalry between two brothers is similarly resolved; the more



superficially attractive one wins. However the twist which Mary writes in, the Balin and Balan strand where one brother kills the other, provides conflict and torment for the survivor.

In the interests of patriotism and the fulfilment of his profession as a soldier, Ralph vitiates his private happiness, firing the shot which frightens off the dangerous and rioting Gurkhas but which kills his brother accidentally.

This conflict appeared in A Tale of the Moors, when Inez, fulfilling her patriotic duty, informed against her father's sworn friend, although in that narrative she does so consciously and deliberately. The almost impossible tension engendered in this situation arises from a biographical and not a literary paradigm and it makes Mary's work original. Heroes in her novels often find themselves pitted against the conflicting claims of higher duty; the claims of patriotism, public office, religion or art set against the intimate love of the dearest person in their lives. This pattern of conflict is apparent in the later characters of Robert Elsmere, Alan Helbeck, Aldous Raeburn in Marcella, Fenwick, in Fenwick's Career and to some extent in Richard Meynell. David Grieve experiences conflict between the ideal of marriage and the passionate love of a French artist with whom he is in love but who rejects the conventions of wedlock.

Mary's effort to depict Ralph's loneliness and the emotional pain of rejection is interesting and effective. It is the first example of a series of heroes who experience rejection at the hands of beautiful and loved women. Aldous Raeburn is rejected by Marcella after conflict over the poacher's murder; Laura Fountain rejects Helbeck, Catherine Elsmere rejects Robert initially, Julie le Breton in Lady Rose's Daughter, and

Diana Mallory reject heroes who resemble Ralph, although all except Laura and Helbeck are finally united. Mary creates a complex image of reticence, determination and pain in all these heroes, though the major focus of the rejection is generally, in later writing, on the woman. Robert Elsmere is the most moving exception.

#### 8.6 THE SIGNIFICANCE OF AILIE FOR LATER NARRATIVES

The subplot of Marie's early life explores the theme of passionately rebellious feelings and behaviour on the part of a beautiful and gifted woman which lead her to reject the man who loves her and whom she loves. This is explored far more fully in later novels, for example in the characters of Marcella and Laura Fountain. In Ailie both Marie and Ailie reject and separate themselves from Ralph but with different degrees of justification. Marie resists marriage through an irrational desire for liberty; she is essentially resisting control. This desire to retain her independence, perhaps her essential character, is not explored with the depth and perception which Mary Ward later brought to one of the most profound scenes she ever wrote; where Catherine Leyburn is caught in inward torment at the conflict between her integrity as eldest daughter and her deep sense of family duty and affection for her widowed mother and sisters set against the pain and inexorable appeal of Robert's love for her<sup>13</sup>. That episode has a psychological complexity which anticipates D.H. Lawrence. Marie's rejection is not so convincing. It is presented as the consequence of a 'whim'. It is irrational and inconsistent, as is shown by the fact that within a very short space of time she has married Ralph's brother Frank, who also loves her.

Rejection before marriage can be seen to play a strong part in the structure of

suspense as well as the theme of integrity in the plots of Marcella, Lady Rose's Daughter and The Coryston Family. In Robert Elsmere and in the later novels Fenwick's Career, Sir George Tressady, The Marriage of William Ashe, The Mating of Lydia and Daphne, or Marriage á la Mode, the rejection and separation occur within marriage. Women separate themselves from a husband whom they still love.

Ailie's nursing of Marie anticipates the charitable work which characterises most of Mary's later heroines: Catherine Elsmere risks her own health during the outbreak of cholera in Robert Elsmere, and, in an almost exact but genuinely costly and tragic parallel, Laura Fountain's example follows Ailie's. Laura's compassionate nursing and refusal to abandon her step-mother Augustina, brings her into close and inevitable contact with Helbeck, destroying both their lives.

The beginning of the novella, as far as can be judged, and certainly the episode alone with the myrtle which Ailie throws into the night air, strongly anticipate the first chapter of Marcella, Laura's response on first arriving at Bannisdale<sup>14</sup>, the beginning of the novel Diana Mallory, and several weaker scenes in later novels, in all of which Mary represents a heroine alone in Wordsworthian communion with nature at an open window or outside in the night air.

The symbolism of the myrtle, which is taken up later by the artist Wilfrid Tennant when he sends a delicate spray to Ailie, is found translated on the last page of the later novel Marcella, where Aldous Raeburn produces from his breast pocket: 'a pen-and-ink sketch of herself that had been done one evening by a young artist staying at the Court, and - a bunch of traveller's joy.'

Later novels also frequently focus on a work of art as a symbolic pivot or moment of revelation in the emotional drama between lovers. This occurs most significantly in Helbeck of Bannisdale, when the painting which Laura loves is sold for Catholic charities<sup>15</sup>, but it also provides a turning point in Fenwick's Career, when Fenwick's wife destroys a painting in jealous reaction<sup>16</sup>, in The Marriage of William Ashe, when it is used to represent the heroine's extraordinary aesthetic sensibility and emotional vulnerability<sup>17</sup>.

Marie is the ancestress of heroines whose foreign, volatile, beautiful and untameable tendencies bring tragedy in later novels. These include Lady Kitty in The Marriage of William Ashe. More normally, these qualities are commuted, though they provide an important element in the independence of Marcella, Diana Mallory, Rose Leyburn and, in part, Laura Fountain.

Ralph, whose personal tragedy makes him sympathetic, and who in some respects works as a model for later very complex heroes of real stature, also anticipates a type which Mary was to work out into ever weaker and more 'establishment' form as her novels progress. The heavy, slightly patronising responsibility such a figure<sup>18</sup> shows for a younger woman becomes more sexless and guardian-like in the late writing. He perhaps represented an Arnoldian ideal for Mary; a figure she wished to believe in but for whom there perhaps seemed less and less real evidence in her life as she came to dominate the social world and even, in a limited way, the literary world in which she moved. The characteristics of an authoritative but strangely sterile knowledge of the facts, total integrity but an emasculating withdrawal from conflict, doubt and creativity

are apparent in these figures. Possibly she was unconsciously depicting her father's withdrawal into scholarly minutiae and increasing frailty. He died in 1901. She wrote nothing which broke new ground after that time.

Ralph is the focus of both plots; the earlier, when he was the disappointed lover of Marie, and the appalled killer of his own brother in an accident, and the main plot in which obstacles to his union with Ailie are removed. In one respect he anticipates Helbeck, who also suffered a tragedy of unrequited love<sup>19</sup> in his life before he met Laura.

There is a rival in both plots; the first, successful rival, is Ralph's brother Frank, the second, unsuccessful is Ailie's cousin Reginald, who, in this role, resembles the part played by Laura's cousin Hubert Mason. Reginald is a pale and ineffectual figure compared with Hubert but, structurally, he occupies the same position and the heroine is forced into the uncomfortable role of rejecting his affection in both plots. This is a moving and realistic scene because the difficulty and guilt is made clear.

Perhaps the most powerful image which recurs in later writing is the scene of a person gripped helplessly in the personally destructive consequences of an action and gazing 'upon the pallid peaceful face' of the victim of that action. Robert Elsmere sits up all night with Catherine, who has already, in his imagination 'a white face' and in actuality an 'austere remoteness of look, as of one who had been going through deep waters of misery, alone with God. His heart sank. For the first time that look seemed to exclude him from her inmost life<sup>20</sup>.'

Here the pain is far more interesting because it is not forced by external circumstances.

### 8.7 LITERARY INFLUENCES ON AILIE

If Byron influenced the drama and idealism of Mary's first story, Tennyson may be considered a strong influence on Ailie. The Marie episode includes references to the May Queen and Ralph addresses Ailie as a Princess, both highly significant images from Tennyson's poetry. The image of Marie walking and singing alone, remote in her garden, is strongly Tennysonian. There is a quotation from The Princess woven naturally into the narrative, as if Mary's familiarity with the poem were unselfconscious and habitual.

At the same time, her imaginative and intelligent assimilation of challenging settings taken exclusively from prose reading is clear. Her uncle's novel Oakfield is mentioned in the text as a serious book with influence on the contemporary social world, something Mary aspired to later in Robert Elsmere and The Case of Richard Meynell, Marcella and The Coryston Family.

Peterson<sup>21</sup> discusses the influence of Hawthorne on Ailie. However he judges it to be ultimately superficial and considers that C.M. Yonge's influence over Mary's writing at this time is still decisive. He sees the moral of Ailie as one of submission. This is certainly true of the tone of the end of the novella where complacent domesticity triumphs. A general Christian piety is evoked in an attempt to resolve the huge questions raised by death and personal tragedy. It is a reflection of Mary's evangelical piety, but is entirely consistent with Yonge's devotional stance. There is no evidence of the complex spiritual tensions and religious feeling of Robert Elsmere or Helbeck of Bannisdale. Mary's efforts at theology in Ailie are reminiscent of Lansdale Manor in their forced

detachment and derivative tone.

Jane Austen may also be an influence on the plot of Ailie in the sense that Anne Eliot's second chance with Captain Wentworth and Emma's teasing relationship with the older and wiser Mr Knightley have resonances in Mary's depiction of the talk and honesty between Ailie and Ralph. Marie's wild girlhood and her uninhibited friendship with the two brothers perhaps contains a vestige of Catherine Earnshaw. The early death of Revd Mariott's new wife, Madame La Rivière, is close to the death within a year of her marriage, of Hindley Earnshaw's wife. Villette and the French strand of European literature and culture seem to have an influence on Ailie, where both landlady and servant speak French rather than Italian. Traces of Elizabeth Gaskell's Wives and Daughters may be seen in the Squire's response to a French wife for one of his sons and also in Ailie's ready response to Marie, which echoes Molly Gibson's kindness to Mrs Hamley in that novel.

This narrative is the first in Mary's writing which clearly evokes the influence of George Eliot. Mr Gilfil's Love Story, from Scenes of Clerical Life has many echoes in Ailie, principally in the scene from the Musborough's childhood where Marie's mother is brought to England from France by a compassionate clergyman whose love is aroused for a vulnerable and beautiful foreign woman. Both Marie and her mother resemble Caterina in that story.

## 8.7 CONCLUSIONS

This narrative is Mary Arnold's first mature fictional work despite its inconsistencies of tone. It shows the ability to control a complex plot and use sources eclectically.

## Chapter nine

### THE TEXT OF THE NARRATIVE A GAY LIFE (1869)

[6<sup>h</sup>]            A <sup>†</sup>gay Life            Diary<sup>1</sup>

So Edward and Lena are engaged!

Let me lie still and think it over a little Mamma has been telling me all about it and trying to|make it all clear but <I suppose> I must be very dull and stupid for the news still seems as incomprehensible and incredible as ever.

Was it not only yesterday morning that Lina<sup>2</sup> and I had one of our frequent tiffs on the subject of this same Edward Woolley? Does <not> my memory deceive me and was it I who turned him into ridicule walked up and down mimicking his air and voice, and went {abusing} off into a long tirade against the pride and exclusiveness & disagreeableness of “some people”? No certainly not! M<y>ine may not be the clearest of heads, but there is still some capacity left in it for remembering tolerably distinctly the events|of twenty four hours ago.

Lina does not and cannot love him? Mamma knows it as well as I do though she will not say so. Then why has she said Yes? Is it because? \_ <can I bear to> {I must} think it of my own sister? \_ of a certain Marsdon Hall and large estate|in the background. Oh Lina! foolish child! you may think now that nothing more is|wanted for happiness than handsome dresses and plenty|of money to|buy them with, but a day will come when you will find something else you want filling besides the purse, - a[n] odd something which calls itself a heart!

An invalid more or less all my life Lina has been to|me ever since I can remember my



chief and closest interest. I have loved her more than {6}<sup>3</sup> [6] she ever has loved or ever will love me. What else have I - with|my plain face and bad health and weak head to|do in life. To think for others and be useful to|them in what little ways I can this is my work. I could do no other if I wished it ever so much. But Lina - <my> pretty fascinating {clever} Lina <has always> {can do so} many things, is necessary to|so many people, and has so many more interests and occupations than I have - it is not to|be expected that she should be able {to give} so large a piece of her heart to any one person as I have given to|her. So I have gradually learnt not to|expect much from Lina. She is very kind to|me; I think she feels easier with|me than with anybody else. I never lecture her <and> or scold her or expect her to|do what she calls “unreasonable things[’]”. Sometimes the “unreasonable things” seem to me very reasonable. I can hardly explain to|myself how she can escape from the obligation and duty of them \_ but I never say much to|her It would only lose me the|little I have, and I could|not bear that.

Surely then if to|no one else, she might have given me an idea of how things were going! She might have known she would get no scolding from me whatever she told me. It was not kind - not what I would have done to|her. And then the news itself does not please me does not satisfy me. I had hoped better|things than this for the child. Edward Woolley is well enough, he is well-intentioned, he adores Lina but he is not the “fated fairy prince”! not the man to|rouse Lina out of her shallowness & selfishness and teach her where her heart is and what it is meant for. {7}<sup>4</sup> [7] And yet I know by this|time tomorrow after|Lina has talked to|me and put “matters in a right light[’]” to|use a favourite expression of hers. I shall be obliged to|seem and say that I am satisfied however little I

may really <seem> {feel} so in my heart. Very few people can resist the child. With|the exception of M<sup>r</sup> Wentworth I know no one whom she could not <after> {in} a longer or shorter time bend to|her will. So while there is yet time, before I am won over against my better judgement, I hereby set down and record {as} my deliberate opinion, that if Lina marries Mr Woolley [§] unhappiness will be the lot of one or other. That it will not be Lena<sup>5</sup> all my experience of her tells me. As long as she has every {thing} comfortable around her and people admire her and make much of her as they always will <anything so pretty and taking> Lena will not make herself unhappy about such a trifle as not being able to|love her husband as she ought. But Edward \_ Poor Edward! he has risked his all and it makes one tremble {to think} how much he has given into Lena's girlish careless hands.

True love - true strong love can it ever be given in vain? It may be slighted scorned rejected but it is not the less a good and blessing to|the|heart that offers it.

Tuesday May 14<sup>th</sup> Lena came to|me yesterday evening after dinner. [§] Tea was brought up for us two and we sat and talked for a|long long time. Now what can I recollect of the conversation Let me try and recall it. It was something after|this fashion "You dear dull quiet old thing! How do you find yourself this evening. Not a window open and the thermometer at Goodness knows where

[§] And up goes the window<s> with a quick impetuous movem[ent] which makes me chilly creature that I am draw my shawls round me and wonder what superabundant warmth there is to|complain of in the cold damp air which comes streaming in

Then the child came and sat herself down near my sofa. I thought I had never

seen her look lovelier. <T> Her white dress her fair hair coiled round her head and straying untidily over her smooth forehead, her cheeks flushed and those great hazel eyes of her[s] glowing and glittering with excitement, the pearls round her throat and the bright flowers in her hair, \_ <it> made up altogether a brilliant picture. My heart went out in longing and love towards her. She looked so <fair> young and fragile, so sweet and girlish. But I said nothing Lina does not like caresses. She lets you kiss her but it is as it were under protest and the red lips hardly touch you<rs> in return.

Well the child was silent She rested her head on her hand and seemed to|think. Every now then [sic] and then a smile would curl her lips then leave the|face again thoughtful and considering.

At last I saw that it would fall to|me to|broach the subject. So I began

Well Lena so you and Edward have made it up together

She made a quick impatient movement.

That again! Do let me have a little peace. Mamma has nearly driven me wild downstairs and I came here expecting a little refreshing common sense.

Is there no way of looking at an engagement but one Mine is a pure matter of business and if people {8} [8<sup>r</sup>] would only treat it as such and leave it and me alone I should be much obliged to|them. [§]

A matter|of business”!† Oh Lena!

“Purely and entirely so” she repeated sitting|up and facing me. “Betha<sup>6</sup> let you and I understand each other. You know|better|than to|suppose I am in love with Edward Woolley. But I will marry him. I owe it to|him to|myself to|everybody. The sooner

Mamma settles one of us comfortably the|better How she has endured the reflection of three single daughters for so long I can't imagine. I shall have done well for myself and it will be a step towards Julia's getting off well.

And Edward! Is he content with|this matter of fact view of things." I said after a pause. She smiled <scornfully.> Edward content? You had better ask him.

I was silent a while Her manner and words ruffled me out of my composure and I took some time to|recover myself. [§] Then I broke out - I could not help it-

Lena dear consider a little! You may not think so but to|marry without love is a dangerous hazardous experiment, \_<sup>†</sup>It is indeed. You will not be always young and pretty Lena dear. Think of the|long life before you and not only of the next few years. You will not be always able to|do without love whatever you may think.

She did not answer. I think she was so wrapped up in her own thoughts that though she heard my voice the meaning of the words scarcely reached|her. Some one<sup>†</sup> knocked. It was Jane with tea.

[8<sup>h</sup>] Lena roused herself jumped up and began to busy herself with|the tea cups.

Presently|she brought me mine, and set herself to|shake up my cushions and make me comfortable.

What were you saying just now you sentimental personage" she asked with a smile.

"Some "love in a cottage" theory wasn't it. Unfortunately dear this is the 19<sup>th</sup> century Rose-covered cottages and run away matches don't go down now even in novels. [§]

I shook my head but who could resist that smiling innocent-looking face, those sweet child<sup>7</sup>[like] <l> lips. Not I and she knew it.

Madge you shan't look at me as if I was going to|do something dreadful! Put on a pleasant face and congratulate me as you ought to|do. £5000 a year isn't hooked so neatly every day. Give me credit for cleverness at least.

Lena! How can you say such things" I exclaimed indignantly "If I thought you <could> meant them \_

Well?" she said opening her blue eyes at me with a smile and I sank back silenced and exhausted.

"Well I must go down and make tea I suppose \_ be talked nonsense to|by Edward and quarrel with M<sup>r</sup> Wentworth! Au revoir

Is M<sup>r</sup> Wentworth here to-night then?" I asked as she moved towards the door.

Malheureusement" yes. That man gets more disagreeable every day. What he will arrive at at last is frightful to|imagine. However I consider myself a match for him. Goodbye.

{9} [9"] I believe I smiled over that last remark when she was gone. No; despotic little tyrant as she was towards all the rest of the world <she> {Lena} was not and never would {be} a match for M<sup>r</sup> Wentworth I have watched them together many a time, been a witness of many a tussle between them, but I never yet saw Lena anything but worsted in the encounters she sometimes ventures with him. Not often now; for by this time she knows <her own strength pretty well and> M<sup>r</sup> Wentworth's <and> strength pretty well, and does not measure her own against /{it} often[er] than she can help. [§] It would seem very strange to|me if Herbert Wentworth had ever to|leave Arkworth. Ever since the time when we were all a romping set of troublesome children and he used to|come down from the|Hall - a pale silent motherless lad to join in our games and schemes, he has seemed

as much one of us and been {almost} as much to|us as Mark himself. After|he came back from college however changed from the slight delicate boy into the|tall stalwart vigorous man, with all a man's gravity of purpose and steadfastness of will Lena suddenly took to|treating him as a stranger, called him "M<sup>r</sup> Wentworth" and assumed towards him that off-hand indifferent manners [*sic*] to|which she is wont to|treat strangers [*om.:on*] whom <it is of no importance> {she does not care} to|make a favourable impression. As for me though I followed Lena's lead and dropped the "Herbert" I could not make up my mind to|treat him in anything else otherwise than as the brother and friend he had [*9*] always been. Mark's affection for him and trust in him are of course the same as ever. Mamma still looks up to|him and depends on him, so that except with Lena his position here is very little changed from what it was as a boy. And indeed it would be strangely ungrateful conduct on our part if it were otherwise, for a truer friend than Herbert Wentworth has been to|us through joy and sorrow, prosperity and adversity it would be difficult to|imagine.

[§] Wednesday May 15<sup>th</sup> One of my bad days. Too worn out by headache and sleeplessness to|do anything but keep quiet on the sofa as near to|the open window and the|fresh balmy outer air as possible. Late|in the afternoon when it was beginning to|grow dusk I laid down my book and looked out. There under the mulberry tree sat Mamma and Lena working Edward Woolley at Lena's side apparently reading aloud while a {little} distance off lay Mark on the grass deep in his beloved Hooker. Dear old Mark! If he never was and never will be brilliant, in thorough goodness in plodding perseverance, and unwearied self-sacrifice I know nobody worthy to|be compared to|him.

Presently there was <the> a sound of steps in the|shrubbery and Herbert Wentworth emerged upon the lawn. He threw himself down by Mark and a lively general conversation began. After a while happening to|look up towards the house he caught sight { 10 } [ 10<sup>r</sup> ] [ of ] me as I lay at my window looking on. He rose and came across the|lawn.

Not well Margaret? Aren't you coming out this fine evening?

No. I am afraid I couldn't walk down-stairs" but I looked regretfully at the merry party under the mulberry tree.

Oh Mark & I will manage that! Come here Mark will you & bring one of those garden chairs with|you.

And in another minute the|two appeared in my room bearing a garden chair between them cushioned with|pillows & shawls into|which I was put and carried triumphantly down-stairs

We had a delightful evening. Herbert & Lena were as usual the|life of|the|party. Lena it appears has lately tried her hand at parish-visiting and had a long story to|tell of an expedition she made yesterday to|some cottages on Woodley Moor. Her account of the brusque reception she met with from their not over reputable inhabitants, and Herbert's satirical comments on and additions to the story were irresistible. I lay back at last quite worn out with laughing, and by the time the gong struck and Mamma went in to|make tea|should have been glad of the|rest and quiet of my own room again.

After|Mamma went in Mark & Edward Woolley began to|walk up and down together while we three under the mulberry tree <t> sat in silent enjoyment of the stillness and the

cool evening air which however I thought began {soon} to get too chilly for comfort.

Presently Herbert Wentworth got up and moved towards Lena. She was sitting on a low garden [10<sup>l</sup>] chair some little distance from me. It was very nearly dark. I doubt whether Herbert Wentworth remembered my presence.

Miß Warenne" he began in his dry quiet tone "I hope it is not to[o]late now to|do what I ought to|have done before \_ to congratulate you on your engagement to|M<sup>r</sup> Woolley and assure you of my good wishes for your happiness."

Oh dear no!" was the answer in Lena's scornful voice, "not too late certainly \_ if you thought it necessary to do it [om.:at] all.

I saw his eyes sparkle as the waning light fell on his face. He always enjoyed a passage of arms with Lena and she seemed inclined to|indulge him to-night.

I stand corrected" he said with a little bow, "Are {the} Congratulations <and> good wishes and so forth then {natural to such an occasion} so very disagreeable to you Miß Warenne.

Yes" was the sharp answer, "when they come from people who don't mean what they say.

You are severe" was the careless reply "I was as sincere in what I said as most people who have made or will make the same speech to|you.

Lena made no answer. She took up her work again but her hands were not as steady as usual. He regarded her attentively.

[§] Miß Warenne" he said presently "will you take a piece of advice if I offer it.

Let me hear it.



It is that you will not go any more alone to those cottages on Woodley Moor<sup>8</sup>. They are not a pleasant set of people and it is a lonely walk { 11 } [ 11<sup>7</sup> ] for a lady.

I thought you were an advocate of parish work tract-distributing <tc> and all the rest of it” she said coolly bending over her work.

Everything depends upon the person who undertakes it.

I sitting quietly on the other side of the mulberry tree felt my cheeks flush angrily. Lena looked up

Thank you M<sup>r</sup> Wentworth.”

It was said indifferently quietly and she began gathering up her work as she spoke He stooped down to help her and I heard him /{ say } in a voice he rarely uses to Lena

You misunderstand me Miß Warrene. What I was doubting was your capability of protecting yourself single-handed against insults and ruffianism. You do not know the Woodley Moor people. I do. Any magistrate about here will tell you what sort of a name they bear.

[ § ] But Lena had recovered herself by this time

I am deeply obliged to you” she said dropping him the slightest and most scornful of curtsies “your solicitude for my welfare overpowers me with wonder. Unfortunately there is an odd twist in my disposition which <prevents> { hinders } me from being as grateful and submissive as <we> I no doubt ought to be.

After that we went in to tea.

[ 11<sup>7</sup> ] May 26<sup>th</sup> A lovely balmy day. I sat at my window, watching the pure fresh green of the trees { waving } against the blue breezy sky and listening to the bird-twitter under the

eaves and the noisy shouts of the school-children in the playground over the road. The young bursting spring life { & beauty } all around made me glad and peaceful at heart.

Next week Mark has asked an old Oxford friend of his to|stop|here on his way abroad.

He is a young baronet; just come into|the title and property, handsome & popular. Mark likes him but has a greater opinion of his heart than his brains.

Lena has given Edward the|slip this|afternoon and is out riding with|the Wylds. From my window I can see him wandering disconsolately about the lawn & shrubberies trying to|read. It must be confessed that Lena does not behave as well to|him as she might.

Whatever be his shortcomings <in manners and appearance> {(and he is not the liveliest of companions or most fascinating of lovers)} so true and faithful a love /{as his}

deserves a better|reward than Lena's careless speeches and flighty|ways. The wedding has been fixed for September.

[§] June 4<sup>th</sup> Sir Arthur Elmore arrives to day by an afternoon boat from Portsmouth.

Reaching Ryde at 5 he will be here in time for half past 6 o'clock dinner.

We have had a very quiet life {of it} lately.

However Lena and Herbert Wentworth keep the house alive {12} [12<sup>n</sup>]. Lena has grown more audacious and provoking towards him than ever. He seems to|have lost the hold <t>he|once had upon [her]. Perhaps just now with Marsdon Hall and £5000 a year in the|distance Lena feels that she can afford to|treat the|world as she pleases.

She and Edward had some little tiff or other yesterday - a small thing in itself but the|behaviour of both made me sad at heart. She never takes the|least heed of his wishes or pleasure. Edward bears it in general much more meekly than he ought. But yesterday

something more marked and daring than usual provoked him into remonstrating. Lena fired up made one of her short satirical speeches and Edward went wrathfully away. But he came again {in the afternoon} looking dejected and out of spirits, and evidently only anxious to|be restored to|favour. I could have beaten him for his want of manliness and spirits. <Lena> In the|evening he managed to|catch her alone in the garden and I suppose made his peace, for they came in together.

What will be [om.:the] end of it all? Can such a union \_ weakness on the|husband's side, and selfwill on the|wife's - be a happy one.<sup>†</sup>9 o'clock. Tall goodlooking with a goodtempered fresh-coloured face, and light hair & moustache - pleasant boyish manners - a general satisfied contented air - this is the sum of the impression Sir Arthur Elmore has left upon me in this|first evening of our acquaintanceship. [12<sup>l</sup>] [§] I daresay <he will make himself> {we shall like him He is} agreeable and it is not his fault if he is also commonplace. He was I saw greatly struck with Lena. She came down in a white net dress lilies & grasses in her hair and on her breast, looking so pure and fresh so young and sweet, that no one could wonder at the young baronet's evident admiration. He showed it in {an} open boyish way I think he is hardly accustomed yet to|society and his own position in it.

Oh Lena my child! my sister! What does life hold for you \_ that life which looks|to|you so bright & tempting and is to|me {so} a subject for much trembling, food for many fears. If I might but shield and help you \_ if it were but granted|me to|stand between you and trouble, to|ward off every touch of sorrow or of shame\_

Sorrow! shame! How do|the words apply - how can they|ever apply - to Lena? I will

shut my book and write no more till I have grown reasonable again.

June 7<sup>th</sup> A showery day<s> with bright gleams of sunshine at intervals. Lena Mark and Sir Arthur took advantage of one of these for a ride. Edward's horse the|only one he has here with|h|him has unfortunately met with an accident which will prevent his riding for the next two or three days. So he was obliged reluctantly to|stay at home and a little while after|they started came over from his lodgings to|sit with|me. I tried to|cheer and amuse him but it was hard work. He looks to|me worn & depressed and I cannot help feeling in talking to|h|him whose fault it is.

{ 13 } [ 13<sup>7</sup> ] No subject I started appeared to|interest him and at last mutually tired|of each other's conversation we had recourse to|books.

An hour had passed in this way when the failing light made me look up Through the|open window I caught a glimpse of masses of dark and threatening cloud and in another instant heavy drops began to|plash upon the|leaves of the|creepers outside Edward started up.

"It will be a heavy storm" he ex<plained>{claimed} "It is to|be hoped they are near home It was my thought too. Lina is not strong|{enough} to|risk being wet through and|when the|rain was succeeded by thunder and summer lightening<sup>fl</sup> began to|flash into the room I laid down my book and betook|myself to|the|window to|watch|in a rather uncomfortable frame of mind.

Edward paced up and down in a fever of anxiety and impatience. Should he go to meet them|with cloaks & umbrellas? Why no; neither|would <h> be much good on horseback. He would borrow a horse from the|Wylds and go and look after Lena? Finding he did not

know which road they had taken I dissuaded him from /{setting off} [*om.:on*] any such wild-goose-chase. At last it was impressed upon him that|he could do nothing but wait and be patient.

It was past six when the {welcome} sounds of horses' feet greeted our ears at last. We went out to|meet them. Lena was riding in front with Sir Arthur, Mark & Herbert Wentworth|who had joined them in Ryde, behind. Lena's hair disordered <hair> by the|wind and rain was blowing picturesquely about her glowing face; Sir Arthur had his hand upon her horse's mane and what he [13<sup>4</sup>] was saying brought a smile to|her lips and laughter into her hazel eyes. Involuntarily as I watched them coming up the|drive there came into my mind some lines from a "Fragment" of Tennyson's describing Lancelot & Guenevere's forest-ride together.<sup>9</sup>

Edward hastened forward and laid his hand on Lena's bridle. In an instant her face changed. {<and>} A <cold defiant expression settled like a mask over every lovely animated|feature>. She tried to|draw her rein away but Edward held it fast.

You must|be wet through" I heard him say reproachfully as they drew up at the|steps "Why didn't you come home sooner? Margaret and I expected you long before this. I am sorry to|have disturbed your calculations" she said, carelessly as she got off. "We have been showing Sir Arthur the country and enjoyed our ride too|much to|let the|rain frighten|us back. Meanwhile I was administering a private|lecture to|Mark on the|impropriety|of letting|Lena be out so long in such weather.

He shrugged his shoulders.

My dear Madge I couldn't help it. Go she would and I [*sic*] <couldn't prevent her> {you

know what Lena is}. She and Elmore seemed to find each other's society agreeable enough to defy the rain and <we> Herbert & I spent our breath [to] no purpose. She seems to me \_ I don't like to say it of one of my own Sisters \_ but I am afraid Madge Miß Lena is something of a \_ flirt.

I was afraid so too when I watched her showing { 14 } [ 14<sup>n</sup>] the photographs to Sir Arthur after dinner. Looking across to where Edward sat silent and unobserved I felt how bitter those bright speeches and gracious ways must be to him. He has won her hand - she will be his wife - but never \_ and he knows it \_ through all the long years they may spend together will those eyes light up for him as they { have } done tonight for a mere stranger<s>.

He knows now poor fellow! that not only does she not love him \_ but that his very presence is a bore and a burden to her. [§] His income and his estate \_ these are the sole ties which bind her to him. How through the long years will he bear the life and home which must <be his bound { <with> } Lena for a wife> { under such circumstances be his?

Later in the evening Herbert Wentworth sought him out and did his best to draw him into a discussion on agriculture labour<s> statistics and points of land-management \_ subjects congenial and familiar to him. He succeeded at last and I think we were all surprised at the amount of intelligence and information which Edward showed in the conversation<sup>10</sup>. Lena and Sir Arthur were too pleasantly occupied at the other end of the room to attend but every one else listened and was interested. Herbert I believe was a good deal struck. The conversation <I can [ see ] has> considerably altered his opinion of

Lena's choice as the following little incident will show.

When tea came in Lena came up to the window to make it. Sir Arthur moved to follow her but was waylaid by Mamma who general{tle} and tolerant as she is in general has been rather annoyed by Lena's conduct to-day. Edward was looking over a pamphlet {on the poor-law question} Herbert had just put into his hands, while Herbert {himself} came to stand beside Lena's chair and lend a hand in the tea-making.

[14<sup>h</sup>] M<sup>r</sup> Woolley and I have had a long talk" I heard him say presently "He has been overturning some pet opinions of mine but to such an authority one can afford to yield. I have seldom met with such a union of special information and just views on an exceedingly difficult & vexed question.

Indeed!" was the indifferent answer, "what have you been talking about.

Things which would not interest you much <I am afraid Miß Warrene>. Wages, land-tenure the law of primogeniture and so forth. M<sup>u</sup><sup>r</sup> Woolley has much information on all three points

Yes I have heard he is supposed to know something about them," said Lena in a languid voice contrasting oddly with the animation of a few minutes ago.

Isn't anybody coming to tea?"

An inquiry which brought everybody to the tea table <and from then till prayer-time the conversation with Lena Herbert & Sir Arthur for its principal supporters never fla>

As Herbert left his place and passed to a chair by Mamma, I thought I should have been sorry had my conduct called up such an expression on the face of one whose good opinion is so worthy of all respect as Herbert Wentworth's Half contemptuous half sad \_

it made me angry for a moment then my heart sank & I felt that it was deserved.

(Insert.)<sup>11</sup> [§] Lena stay! <You shall> {Stay and} give me some explanation of the conduct which has been driving me wild lately. What does it mean? Do you think that I can put up with|this|sort of thing for ever?”

So spoke Edward Woolley goaded to|the utmost limit { 15} [ 157] of endurance when Lena who had been pointedly avoiding him all the morning <told> put a climax to|it all by telling him {pettishly} as he was about to|accompany her into|the garden that “he needn’t come too” She was going to show <the> Sir Arthur the orchard [ ?houses].

His face darkened, he rose hastily went to|the|door shut it and stood barring the|way between it and her. Even Lena quailed before the passion and pain|of the|set face. As for me sitting forgotten behind the curtains in the window-seat, I wished myself out of the way more heartily than I can say.

I don’t know what you mean” she said {coldly} <with an attempt at cold hauteur> in answer to his fierce question I wish you would not be so odd and rough. Let me go if you please. Sir Arthur is waiting.”

He took|no heed.

[§] Lena” he said coming nearer to|her “I tell you again I <will> can bear it no longer.

<Even> Do you never consider what sort of a position this|behaviour of yours places me in, in my own eyes & other|people’s? We are engaged and yet there is not a servant about the place who does not receive more consideration and attention at your hands than I do. Good Heavens. What an avowal!

He turned away. Lena seemed to|hesitate<sup>¶</sup>, the conflict of thought going on within



showed itself in her face. The moment, the opportunity was hers to do what she liked with. I think I waited breathlessly for the issue.

At last she made up her mind. Going up to him as he paced up and down she laid her hand on his arm. He turned and clasped it with a look which brought the tears into my eyes. I think Lena for the first time [15<sup>l</sup>] was moved.

“Don’t Edward” she said involuntarily in a husky voice “Don’t look {at me} <it> so. I didn’t mean it as you think. I haven’t been myself lately. You shouldn’t speak to me so. She turned away half petulantly the childish lips quivering. He caught her hands in his. “Oh my darling” he cried “Give me a little love - a very little would content me. You shall have everything in this world that can make you happy \_ only try to love me a little in return. If you cannot you shall have your promise back again; I will not make you miserable.

He bent towards her his plain face glowing with a noble unselfish light. In that moment I repented me of all the disparaging things I had ever said or thought touching Edward Woolley.

And Lena?

She looked up to him with a smile. [§] His look brightened and stooping he took the kiss she offered him. There was a pause \_ then they went out together.

Now what is the meaning of /{all} this. I will try and put it plainly before myself as far as I understand it. Well then putting everything together that I have seen or heard during the last week or ten-days it seems to me \_ first that Lena has for some unexplained reason been trying her hardest <of late> to get out of her engagement, and secondly that

when it came to|the|point and a single word might have rid her for ever of Edward Woolley and his troublesome claims her heart failed. After|all she reasoned it <was> {would be} risking a certain good for an uncertain one: things were not yet ripe for such a step. Also - I {16} [16<sup>r</sup>] will give her credit for it at least \_ some womanly feelings of remorse and regret stepped in and helped to|turn the scale.

[§] Oh Lena that I should hold such a belief as this concerning you! My child! Whom I have {watched} <loved> and taught & cared for with|such love and faith! But it will not do to|shut one's eyes to|the truth. To such a disposition as I now know hers to|be there|is danger and temptation at every step. Some one must stand ready to|stretch a helping restraining hand, and whoever it be must understand her & her ways.

12

June 10<sup>th</sup>. I find Mark has asked Sir Arthur to|stay on for some little time. His going abroad has been put off till the autumn. I wish he had gone as was first fixed He does us no good here <and No>

It sometimes occurs to|me /{to} wonder whether he is aware of Lena's engagement. He has never acted|as if he was. Mamma introduced <M<sup>r</sup>> {Edward} Woolley to|him a[s] "a cousin & old friend of ours." <Mark is quite absent and impractical enough> {a description which would} account in his eyes for the intimacy between them. Certainly Lena's manner has never given him reason to|imagine that /{it was} the|intimacy of an engagement! Mark is quite absent and impractical enough never to|have mentioned|the|fact|to|him \_ on the whole I am inclined to think|he is not aware of it. Would it not be as well to|enlighten him? He is wasting a fortune o<f>n bouquets,

flowers from his|place in the country, music [e]tc. Poòr young man! Really Lena and her suitor remind one too closely of a candle and its|attendant moths!

[16'] [§] June 12<sup>th</sup> The weather was so bright and sunny and yet so pleasantly tempered by a brisk western breeze that we determined at breakfast to|take advantage of it for a long talked of expedition to Netley Abbey.

Accordingly about eleven we ladies set off in the poney<sup>¶</sup> carriage the <carria> {gentlemen} having gone on before to secure a boat. We <were> {found} all ready, and were soon spinning merrily along over the green water which the|wind was ruffling into tiny long-drawn waves. In the distance half covered with blue haze loomed Portsmouth and its shipping, while to|the|left rose the island, a verdant gem in a setting|of placid shining sea.

Arrived at the Abbey Mamma and I settled ourselves into a corner<s> of the|ruins to|rest and work. The others wandered away to|ramble & explore \_ 13

Here I was interrupted. Oh how shall I tell|what has happened since I laid down my pen!

I can give no further account of Netley. My hand is trembling with|excitement. Let me give this|evening's history|as briefly and shortly as I can.

I must go back to|Netley|for a minute and recall what happened there by the|light of the|evening's revelation

Mamma and I had been resting|some time when Lena and Sir Arthur|made their appearance They said [om.:they had] somehow managed to miss Ma<mma>rk and Edward & had [om.:thought] it best to|make their way back to|us.

As Lena sat down by me I noticed|that|her hands were trembling very much, and looking

up felt certain from her flushed face and shining eyes that something had occurred to excite her. But she began to talk fast and eagerly and I <asked> {had} no opportunity of making {17} [17<sup>n</sup>] inquiry. All day she was odd and flighty, cold to Edward abrupt to all the rest of us. Poor Edward did not know what to make of her. Her manner /{to him} of late has been so much softer and more gracious.

She {did} her <urried> best to hurry the return home and we reached Seacombe beach about 5. A fog was rising and a cold wind blowing up which made us all glad to be near home. <sup>2†</sup>During the row back <and indeed during the whole day<sup>2†</sup>> I think I never knew Sir Arthur so silent as he was<sup>1†</sup>

[§] After tea I went into the conservatory to water some plants. The windows opening upon the lawn were all open, and the cold air blowing through made me shiver as I moved up and down. The damp and cheerlessness of the evening combined with my own thoughts to produce a sense of sadness & oppression. At last I put down the watering pot and sat down on one of the stands to think undisturbed.

As I sat there looking vacantly out into the dark night a sound of voices on the lawn caught my <d>ear and presently between me and the sky stood two figures \_ one dark the other white from head to foot.

"Give me some more definite answer" I heard Sir Arthur Elmore's voice say in pleading eager tones. "You cannot imagine that what you have said will content me." Give me the right to claim you before the world \_ say that you will <give> be my wife."

One start, <and> {then} an involuntary impulse made me move nearer to the window and stretch every nerve to hear.

[§] There was a pause. It seemed to me as if Lena would never speak. At last she looked up.

“I have said it already. You have my promise but on this condition that you and I keep this to ourselves. I cannot tell you why. If you love me as you say you will trust me. It will not be for long.

[17] If I love you! Miß Warne \_ Lena \_ you must know there is no if in the matter!” cried the young man passionately as he caught her hands. She let him take them \_ let them rest in his. As mad for me I stood utterly bewildered a mad impulse possessing me to rush out and separate them then & there<;>. I restrained it but {when I would have retreated} suspense and dread kept me chained to the spot.

They stood there close together for some few minutes head bent to head talking <to> in whispers. {A sense of} The baseness & treachery of Lena’s conduct smote me all at once with a bitter pang. I thought I would go to Mark at once, <or> to Mamma \_ A sound of footsteps on the gravel. Lena and Sir Arthur drew quickly apart & moved on along the lawn

Lena Mrs Warne begs that you will come in There is too much fog she says for you to be out so late.

It was Edward Woolley’s {voice} cold constrained with an odd metallic ring in it. “We are coming” was the composed reply. “You needn’t trouble yourself about me” A few hasty steps took him to her side.

Lena” he said {huskily} as he took her hand and tried to draw her away from her companion “Lena come in.” She looked at him. Their eyes met. The lights from the

drawingroom<sup>†</sup> windows fell upon the group, <and lit> \_ upon Sir Arthur's embarrassed boyish face, Lena[ 's] white dress & erect golden head, & Edward's drawn brows and look of bitter|pain.

I saw her start & draw her hand nervously away A look passed between|her & Sir Arthur. He left them { & went } away towards|the|house. { 18 } [ 18<sup>r</sup> ] What does this mean M<sup>r</sup> Woolley" I heard her say loftily. "Do you wish to|make us both|ridiculous? He turned upon her fiercely as if stung|to|the quick and made some answer which seemed to|irritate her. She drew herself up defiantly.

We will come to|some understanding if you please" she said gathering up her sweeping white|skirts and moving away. He followed her and they turned|the corner of the|house together. The darkness & fog had sole possession of the|lawn once more.

I sat down trembling with|excitement and bitter indignation. It was some time before I could compose myself sufficiently to|return to|the drawingroom<sup>†</sup>

When I did all looked as usual. Mark was reading Mamma <reading> { working } by the|fire for which the|cold evening <for> was a welcome excuse. I looked at her dear calm face and wondered bitterly|how it { wd be } <would look> with|her when she knew how her favourite daughter had disgraced herself and all belonging to|her.

She stroked my hair as I came to|sit down by her.

"Tired Madge? You look pale dear. What can be keeping Lena out so long? Really it is very foolish of her.

I said nothing. Presently there was a step in the|hall. There she is \_ naughty child! Run and tell|her Madge to|change her shoes if they are the|least wet."

I went and found her hanging up her damp cloak in the hall. The look of selfish triumph on her flushed face as she turned it towards me made me draw back. I gave her Mamma's message coldly and quietly

"Thanks. They are a little damp.

Where.. have you left Edward Woolley?

Something in my <look> {tone} struck her. She gave me a startled inquiring look.

He has gone home" she said abruptly. "He would not come in again

Very probably" I said drily "You have done a good night's work Lena

She turned pale.

So you have been listening" she said in <a> {her} bitter sarcastic voice. "I might have remembered the conservatory. Well I wish you joy of your discoveries <Go and tell Mark & Mamma. No doubt> You must keep your lecture for a little. I can't stay to listen to it now.

And with a hard defiant laugh she swept past me ran up-stairs and I heard her door close behind her.

And I have not seen her since. <All is quiet in the house> It is twelve o'clock. All is quiet in the house. But I cannot rest or sleep; the thought of the morrow \_ its disclosures and explanations \_ weighs upon heart & brain.

£5,000 a year & £12,000 a year \_ there is certainly a difference between the figures \_ a difference which it seems Lena has well considered. Marsdon Hall too I suppose cannot compare with Glenthorpe Manor in extent or magnificence. That fact no doubt has also been carefully weighed!

Suppose a higher bidder still intervenes before the hammer falls & what will happen then? Really it is a state of things which would be comic if it were not so revolting!

The thought of Edward Woolley haunts me as if I had been a party to the injury done him. I have <no> {little} doubt that when he went away from her the engagement between them was broken or as good as broken {19} [19<sup>r</sup>] If so how is he bearing the cruel blow Lena's selfish hand has dealt him? When I think of all that has happened \_ of the reconciliation last week \_ <Lena's fr> {Of her facially} altered behaviour and gentler conduct, and of the treachery I <k>now know her to have been meditating throughout, my blood boils within me. I cannot sit still and write I must go to bed & try to sleep.

Edward Woolley is I believe, and indeed know - a good man \_ a Christian in more senses than one. May he find in this fact and what it implies comfort & strength.

And at some future time may he find for himself a wife who will abundantly make up to him for Lena and her freaks!

June 13<sup>th</sup> God forgive her! God help her!" Edward Woolley is dead! Some <labourers> {[?]c[o]asters [?:cotters]} going early this morning from Seacombe to Mentmore by the beach saw some {thing} dark lying among the rocks went to look and found him \_ lying dead at the foot of the cliff along the top of which winds the road to Ryde. In the distress and confusion of his mind \_ having nothing to guide him too for the night was dark and misty \_ he must have wandered without knowing it too far to the right, - missed his footing and fallen.<sup>14</sup> \_ \_ \_ \_

They have taken him to his lodgings which he left yesterday to come to us. There he now lies dead! The inquest will be held this afternoon.



Mark has gone to Ryde hoping to catch a morning boat. He said he had not the heart to telegraph. His poor mother & sisters!

[19<sup>h</sup>] In the next room to this lies Lena on her bed, still silent never speaking, only lying hour after hour <her face> {with} hidden {face} in the same dead silence. Every upbraiding thought has long since fled my mind. It is not for us to add anything to such a punishment!

The news was broken to her in no gentle way. We were all sitting at <present> {breakfast} when there was a ring at the front door bell and Herbert Wentworth's voice was heard outside asking for Mark (It appears that Edward's landlady went to him with the news directly after the body was brought home).

[§] Mark went and was away some time. At last he looked in and said in an odd voice "Margaret \_ I want you."

Lena looked up saw his face and {quietly} followed <him> {me} out of the room.

"Margaret" Mark {sorrowfully} began "Herbert brings terrible news, \_ \_ then catching sight of Lena "Lena go back! Go back my poor child. Margaret will come to you.

He took her hands and tried to lead her towards the dining-room. But she resisted.

"There is something wrong" she said quickly "Tell me {directly} <quickly> Is it about Ed \_ M<sup>r</sup> Woolley?"

Mark turned away

"You tell her Herbert" he said imploringly "I can't" and taking up his hat he dashed out of the house.

Then Lena went up to|Herbert

Tell me” she began.

Yes I will tell you Miß Warrene” he said slowly “M<sup>r</sup> Woolley’s landlady has just been to|me to|tell <you> {me} that an hour ago he was brought home to|her by some labourers Dead?” she cried wildly catching his arm “No! {20} [20] not dead?”

Dead.” †he repeated in a low voice “Some labourers going to|their work found him this|morning lying among the stones at the|foot of Seacombe cliff.”

She caught her breath convulsively. I went to her and put my arms round her but she pushed me away.

Was it \_ was it \_ an accident?”

“You may well ask Miß Warrene,” he exclaimed {turning} round upon her with a face whose {righteous} wrath|& sorrow made her draw trembling away from him. “Yes it was an accident. I believe from my soul that it was an accident and nothing else, but you may well ask the question. You know too|well that there is cause for it. I should never have known had I not met him last night on my way home from Ryde, and learnt from him something of what happened yesterday. He was in too much despair and trouble poor fellow to|be able to|keep silence. He seemed to|me in no state to|be wandering about at night by himself but I was due at home and had to|leave him. If I were you Miß Warrene I would not face his mother & sisters for all the|world could give me!”

He spoke with the|overmastering indignation of a noble nature against treachery and deception \_ But I could not bear it \_ or Lena's face

Herbert!” I exclaimed “This is hard - cruel! Now is no time for reproaches. Go to|Mark;

he needs you; you can do no good here. Lena come with me.”

But she did not stir. [§] I think the shock of the mere bare fact had had such an effect on her light <thoughtless> nature that she could not rouse herself. I looked for help to|Herbert.

[20<sup>1</sup>]He recovered himself instantly. Going up to|her he took her {passive} hand.

Margaret is right” he said sadly “I spoke harshly. This is no time for reproaches. God knows the|blow is heavy enough in itself without my adding anything|to|it. Forgive me  
Miß Warne

She looked up to|him tried to|speak but no sound came. Herbert hastily drew her arm through his, beckoned to|me to|help him and between us we half led half carried her upstairs. He left us at the door of her room but when I came down a few minutes afterwards for water I found him talking to|Mamma at the bottom of the stairs. Mamma was very pale but calm as usual. She evidently did not understand his allusions to|Lena and when he was gone turned to|me for an explanation. I gave it reluctantly and I shall never forget her face

Where is he? Sir Arthur?” she said at last as soon as she could speak. “He must go at once - to †day. This is no place for him now \_ I will go and tell|him so.

No” I said stopp<ed>ing her “Let me do it. You are not able for it. Dear Mother go to|Lena and be gentle to her.

I will try” she said with a heavy sigh and we separated.

I went to|the breakfast room. There I found Sir Arthur walking restlessly up<on> and down. He came forward eagerly at sight of me

Was it true? What a dreadful thing! It must be a great shock to all of us.

Yes to|all of us” I said “but especially to|m<uch>y sister. We are very much afraid for its effect upon her.

He looked up enquiringly {21} [21'] <Then I gathered up my courage> She was engaged to|h|im” I said quietly “they were to have been married in September.

Engaged to|h|im!” he cried striding hastily towards me Impossible Miß Warrene!

It is true” I said, then after|a pause with|some hesitation “I may as well tell you Sir Arthur at once that I inadvertently overheard some of your conversation|<in> with Lena last night. You were not to|blame” seeing he was about to|speak “except in consenting to|keep secret what you ought to|have been the|first to|make|known but \_

[§] I turned away. It was an humiliating avowal. There was a long pause then he said in a gentlemanly hesitating way for which I liked him

I do not understand it all \_ except this that I have been to|blame. I might have been more straightforward but yet \_” how my pride chafed under the|pause and his evident bewilderment.

One thing is clear to|me that I had better leave you at once Miß Warrene. My presence can only be a burden to you now. If I set off at once I shall be in time|to catch the|12 o'clock boat. [§] Perhaps it would be as well” I said awkwardly “Shall I ring for Davies to|help you pack

Thank you. I shall manage it quicker.”

And he dashed impetuously upstairs while /{I} left alone {went first to order the|pony<sup>h</sup>-carriage & then} sat down to|collect myself & rest.

In half an hour's time he reappeared in travelling time [*sic*]. We stood together for a few awkward minutes in the hall then came the welcome sound of wheels

Goodbye Miß Warente. Would your brother just {let} me have a line to tell me how she gets over it. Perhaps [21<sup>h</sup>] \_ may I hope \_ at some future time? \_

He stopped and look<ing>ed eagerly into my face as if half expecting some encouraging word. But none came and he flushed and drew back.

I will give my brother your message." I said

In another minute he was gone. Poor young fellow He has been almost as badly treated as poor Edward I liked him very much at the last. Shall we ever see him again I wonder?

Herbert Wentworth came again this afternoon. The coroner's verdict was "Accidental death". He asked briefly after Lena but nothing further was said about her.

It is now quite dark. The stars are beginning to come out and the night-wind is blowing coldly in through my window \_ By this time Mark has reached Penzance. Poor Mother! Poor Sisters! God comfort and pity them!"

June 1<3>4<sup>th</sup>. Mark returned this afternoon bringing M<sup>rs</sup> Woolley and her two daughters with him. They preferred staying at the lodgings to coming here and I am thankful that it is so. Mark came up here looking exhausted & overdone. It has been a terrible journey

The agony of the poor mother h<as been>{e says is} dreadful to witness}

His first thought was for Lena! How was she?

A little better" I said. "but she has <sp> hardly spoken yet. Poor child!" <he said while>

{and} the tears came into his eyes" †then after a pause

"Where is Elmore?"

{22} [22<sup>7</sup>] He went yesterday

Gone? How is that?

Mamma and I looked at each other. Then she drew a chair beside<s> him and sitting down told|him the whole story in her quiet way.

After|the first outburst of natural indignation he sat sadly silent. I do not think he will be hard upon Lena but he felt as we all must that she has brought shame and unhappiness upon us all by her conduct.

At last he rose with a groan

How shall I ever meet those poor things with|this on my mind? I am glad they did not come here.”

So am I. The thought of them is more than I [om.:*can*] bear.

It was very late when he came back again in|the evening looking wretchedly ill & worn out. An unhappy letter of Edward’s to|his mother <w> found in his pocket after his death, written|here on <Tuesday> {Thursday} evening probably only a very short time before his final interview with Lena, awakened their suspicions, and when they asked after Lena Mark thought it his duty to tell them the history of that miserable evening so far as it concerned Edward.

The mother is too|much crushed to|feel resentment, but the daughters \_ poor young things! \_ How should I feel if I had lost /{Mark} under such circumstances?

One of them said openly that the story|fully explained the accident. In such distress of mind it was no wonder he missed his way. It may be true enough but it was hard for Mark to|hear it. He felt towards Edward Woolley as a brother.

We have sent to|Doctor Black to|see Lena. Mamma is alarmed at her state. She has not touched food for twenty four <s> hours, and her pulse is hardly perceptible [22<sup>h</sup>] Always delicate the shock to|the nervous system has been very great.

We can not get her to|speak. Very late last night I was kneeling by her watching her, a prayer to|the All-Merciful Father for her in my heart. Perhaps she saw my lips {moving}.

At any rate|after a while I found her poor wakeful eyes fixed upon me with a look \_ intense and wistful \_ which brought the|tears into mine.

Lena!" I said bending over her. "Speak to|me dear. But no sound came and presently the|eyelids fell. - Since then she has noticed nothing.

June 1<4>5<sup>th</sup> The funeral was at 2 <this afternoon> {to-day} before afternoon church.

Mamma went with Mark who was to|perform the|service. She came into|Lena's room before going to|wish her Good-bye.

Lena looked at her black dress \_ looked but said nothing till|she was gone - then turning to|me quietly

"Is it this afternoon

It was the|first time she had spoken except in monosyllables and I knelt down by her glad at heart.

Yes dear" I said Mark & Mamma are gone."

She was silent again. Presently she stretched out her hand & laid it on the|Prayer book I held. I gave it her; it was open at the|Burial Service. She was too|weak to|hold it but it lay beside her and she looked at it from time to|time

After|church Mark came in to|see her - for the|first time since Thursday. It was evident

that|she shrank from him but she said nothing.

He sat wa[t]ching her for a little while then bent over her and took her hand.

It was a very simple soothing service Lena. We buried him on the north side of the church, near Papa's grave, in {23} [23'] view of the sea

She looked at him for a moment with those|fixed wistful eyes of hers then drew her hand hastily away turned her head and burst into a fit of convulsive sobbing.

Mamma and I rose in alarm but Mark whispered to|us to|go and we went and left him alone with her. He is so wise and good and yet so humble so distrustful of himself - if anyone can do|her good he will.

June 17<sup>th</sup> She is better. Since that interview with|Mark she has been slowly mending.

To-day she came down-stairs and lay on the drawing room sofa looking strangely unlike the Lena <that> who moved about the same room so lightly a week ago, but very sweet and fragile.

She has never mentioned Sir Arthur's name or seemed anxious for any information about him; but this afternoon I thought it better to|tell her what|had become of|him. When she heard he was gone a look of relief came into her face. <A> I was glad to see it. I had been imagining \_ I know not what.

About 5 I heard Herbert Wentworth's voice outside, and rising hastily was about to|prevent his coming in when Lena called to|me feebly

Madge \_ let him come.

[§] He came and we were all glad to|see him. I was [*partially illegible, blotted word ?*: *very grat* -eful] to|him for the gentleness of his manner towards Lena She seemed



to|brighten under it as if it had been unexpected

When the time came for him to|go he beckoned me out into|the|hall after|him.

She looks dreadfully ill Margaret” he said with|an anxious look & tone “I hope you don’t  
let her brood over it too|much

“We can’t help it” I answered sadly “There is evidently some dread or fear weighing  
upon her but she won’t speak to|anyone. I don’t know what we can do.

[23<sup>l</sup>] He thought a little

[§] I will come again tomorrow” he said as he went away

<On> June 18. He has come and to|some purpose When he arrived Lena and I were  
alone in the drawing room. I was sitting writing by the {farther} window. Lena had a  
book but was not reading as I could see when I looked up every now and then  
He came in and took his seat by her. I had finished writing but I stayed where I was and  
took|up my work.

[§] How are you this|morning” I heard him say

Better thank-you.

Not much I think. You do not look it at least. Miß Warrenne will you let me exercise  
the|privilege of an old friend and ask you what is the|matter|with you.”

I looked up startled Lena flushed and tried to|speak in [*her*] old proud way, could not  
manage it & was silent

Because” he went on gently “I think it would help you to|tell someone. Forget our old  
disputes if you can and try and look upon me as a friend. Indeed I should be very glad  
to|help you

Could this be Herbert Wentworth speaking to|Lena. I could hardly believe my ears.

Lena seemed almost as astonished as I was. Her eyes met his in a bewilder<ing>ed  
{way} then colouring painfully she hid her face.

What is it?" he asked bending over her.

But she was silent

"Are you thinking of Friday and my harsh words. I have repented|of them long ago Miß  
Warrenne. I had no right to|add a feather's weight to|your burden."

But if they were true!" she gasped.

He was silent. Anxious as he was to|soothe and calm her he could not deny that|<t>his  
words if harsh had been true.

Yes they were true!" she went on excitedly "It was my {24} [24'] doing. His death lies  
at my door!

She hid her face in the|sofa cushions, her whole frame quivering with fearful agitation

He looked distressed but spoke quietly

If they implied that Miß Warrenne they were certainly not true."

She made no answer. [§] He too|was silent and thoughtful for a few minutes. As for me  
<the> tears were fast spoiling the work I held. <It seems> I wondered what he would say  
next. It seemed to|me this was the crisis of the|whole

If that is what is troubling you Miß Warrenne" he said at last bending towards her with|a  
look of pity|and resolution on his face "the sooner you put such a thought away from you  
the|better. It is not true that Edward Woolley's death|was your doing, and it cannot be  
right to|say or think it."

[§] Not true?" she echoed faintly

No \_ a thousand times No! Not even it [*sic*] if it could be proved which it never can that there was any connection between what had passed before that evening and <Edward> {poor} Woolley's false step. You might have been wrong \_ mistaken but you were not the cause of his death. With|that you have nothing|to|do. It was God's doing Miß Warenne not yours."

She looked up a gleam of comfort dawning on her face

You think so? Oh! If I could!

The broken piteous voice overcame us both. Herbert got up and walked up and down the| room then recovering himself & going up to|her again \_

I think so indeed, and you must try|to|think so to[o]. You are too weak to|reason it out for yourself yet Miß Warenne and meanwhile try and believe me when I tell|you that what you have been troubling yourself <with> {about} is not true \_ not the case. I wish I knew better|how to|help you

But {when} he was gone that evening and I noticed the more [24<sup>h</sup>] restful look on poor Lena's face {it seemed to|me} that he was the|only person who had known how to|do it {at} all.

June 22<sup>nd</sup> This morning Lena gave me {a} note directed to|Sir Arthur Elmore.

Read it." †She said with a painful flush and I read it. It contained a simple acknowledgement that|she had acted wrongly towards him, and a request that he would [not] seek to|see her or write to|her "as it would only give unnecessary pain or [*sic*] both. I kissed her joyfully, but it becomes harder and harder to|me to|reconcile the|old & new

Lena. Those mad weeks! I think she hardly knew herself what she was doing or what she wished.

September 15<sup>th</sup> Autumn is coming fast. The trees are turning and a peaceful mellow look coming over the landscape. These silent Autumn days are very pleasant to|me.

Quietly sadly but not despairingly the|year seems burying out of sight its lost glories. Bit by bit its garment of summer beauty is dropp<ed>ing away from it but instead there is the|beauty|of rest of patient waiting, of quiet looking forward.

[§] Indoors all is like the|world without - peaceful. Lena's health is still a cause for anxiety but she is much better and so changed. <So much> There is still|the|old <dislike> {reserve} the old dislike to|demonstrativeness, and occasionally there comes an imperious flash like those of 3 months ago. But these last generally fall<s> to|Herbert Wentworth's lot who takes them very coolly, - seems indeed heartily rejoiced to|see them.

No words can describe what he has been to|us all this time. Every day he has been here walking with Mamma reading or|talking with|Lena & me, always kind helpful and gentlemanly. When I look at him {25} [25<sup>r</sup>] <doing His death lies at my door.> and Lena together and see how gentle he is with|her and how she looks up to|him and depends upon him the remembrance of the|old battles and disputes \_ of her indignant resistance and his contemptuous sarcasm \_ strike me oddly sometimes

What if\_

I think I will leave that "if" alone, a<p>t present at least.

October 2<sup>nd</sup> This morning we heard in a letter from Sussex of Sir Arthur Elmore's

engagement to|a Lady Emily Pagnell daughter|to|Lord Anbury. We were all glad of it.

Lena said little but she came down this evening looking something like her old bright self again, her white and pink {dress} <complexion> {setting} off her lovely complexion and soft eyes.

I caught Herbert looking at her, many times in the|evening He has been {rather} silent & absent of late.

October 4<sup>th</sup> I came in this afternoon from an expedition to|the|village and found Mamma waiting for me in the hall her dear face bright with|pleasure.

My dear” she said as she kissed me “Herbert has been talking to|Mark and me in the study. He \_

Our eyes met. We understood each other and I thr<ough>{ew} my arms round her for very gladness.

[§] Yes it is true dear. Lena will be happy at last. She knows her own mind this time poor foolish child.

And a little while afterwards I w<ent>{as called} in to the drawing room to receive an affectionate brother’s kiss from Herbert & the closest of tearful embraces from Lena.

She was excited and overwrought and I took|her away with|me to rest & be quiet for a little.

When we reached her <hand> {room} she turned and again flung her arms round me. I pressed her close feeling gladly that now for the|first time the affection I had lavished upon her all my life was returned as fully as even I could wish.

Margaret” she said wistfully “He says it is right to|be happy now; but I can never never

cease to|be sorry! Is it a good thing for him do|you think? Tell me honestly.

I reassured her in the|best words I could. Poor dear! If she cannot bring an unstained  
Past to|her husband she is at least doing her best to|wipe it out of his memory and ours by  
the|new <sup>†</sup>born /{un}selfishness & humility with which she is struggling every day  
to|replace the|old heartlessness & self-seeking. I do not fear for her future now She is  
changed and Herbert knows how to|take care of her.

[§] October 6<sup>th</sup> The old Squire has received Lena as <a> {his} future daughter|in a way  
which has gratified us all. He <was> {is} very much taken with her pretty|looks and  
sweet ways and knows nothing|of course to|make him think anything but well of her.

The wedding is to be a very quiet one \_ probably some time next April \_ They are to|live  
at Goatlands a house on the|estate about 6 miles from us. So we shall not lose the child.

This {evening} we were all sitting in the drawing room after tea talking in the|twilight.

Herbert was full of the elections and parliamentary news and we womenkind listened  
meekly to|his discussion with Mark & were edified. After|a while there came a summons  
from a parishioner and Mamma and Mark went out|to|see|the|messenger.

Then Herbert went to|Lena's sofa. She looked up to|him with a smile[, ] dropped her  
work and they sat|for some few minutes in silence, her hand lying in his.

It is very evident to|me that Lena has found the|heart whose very existence I used  
to|despair of a little while {26} [26'] ago!<sup>15</sup>

### A Woman of Genius

All her life she had been told she was a genius and by this time she believed it.

[ *A further trial sentence of A Gay Life follows:*]

{27} Now what is the|meaning of all this. I have <been> watched Lena pretty closely at  
[ of] late|and I|do|not in the|least believe that|she meant affairs to|come to|any such  
conclusion. But it seems that|at the|last she changed her mind.

## Chapter ten

### LITERARY ASPECTS OF A GAY LIFE (1869)

#### 10.1 THE MANUSCRIPT

The complete narrative of A Gay Life is found in a navy leather bound unlined notebook without watermark, labelled WARD, Box VII, Volume 5. There are no significant gaps in the notebook, which contains a variety of writing styles: Mary Arnold's own diary; two complete literary narratives; a description of Fox How; two fragmentary narratives and an extended literary essay incorporating her own translation of a poem from the Spanish.

Her handwriting, a fluent, mature script, which is consistent throughout the book, suggests that all the pieces in this notebook were written within a few months of the first date of composition. The organisation of the book as a whole shows far greater control and confidence than the last dated commonplace book, Volume 3.

Mary follows the pattern which she established in the first extant notebook, Volume 1, which contains A Tale of the Moors (1864). This practice was to begin writing in the notebook at the beginning and to write straight through the succeeding pages, and then reverse the notebook and turn it upside down so that the writing proceeds through in the same way, as if beginning a new book. There are no missing leaves such as those lacking from Volume 3.

The dated A opening contains first a few pages of her own diary<sup>1</sup>, then the following narratives in close succession: A Gay Life; A Woman of Genius; Believed Too



Late and Vittoria. These compositions bear a very loose relationship to each other. It is likely that the B opening, which is taken up with a translation and literary essay on The Poem of the Cid, may have been work which Mary set herself at the same time as the fiction. The B opening is essentially concerned with literary analysis and argument, showing considerable insight and clarity of thought. Since the B opening continues to the page next to the end of Vittoria, which comes to an end in the middle of a page which she has left blank, it is impossible to say which page she finished first. There are no empty pages in this notebook.

#### 10.2 THE CONTEXT OF THE WRITING

The first page of the notebook (opening A) is dated and begins five pages of diary writing. Mary Arnold was at this time living at home in Oxford, with access to the Bodleian Library. Her eighteenth birthday fell on 21st June 1869 and it is possible that the notebook was a birthday present. The diary entries are headed 'Note-Book. Diary [c]tc. 1869.' and dated: 20th June; 21st June; 22nd June and 10th July<sup>2</sup>.

The first five pages of the diary contain lyrical and exact descriptions of the weather; exploration of her feelings about her own life and analysis of her current reading, Carlyle's Sartor Resartus. She records that she went, with her younger brother Theodore as her chaperon, to the Radcliffe Camera where she spent time studying Professor Huxley's "Scientific aspects of Positivism". Her religious and philosophical analysis of his views and her reference to Auguste Comte is orthodox but cool and intellectual compared with the personal and involved religious writing of two years before. She writes 'the infidel tone of these papers passes me by without causing me any

discomfort or disquieting me in the least.'

Another aspect of the writing in the diary before the beginning of the narrative of A Gay Life and one which may bear an oblique relationship<sup>3</sup> to it, is Mary Arnold's own, failing relationship with a young man, Mr Price. According to the diary, his invitations would attract Mary, accompanied by her mother, to play croquet at eleven in the morning, which suggests he was viewed by the family as a fairly serious marriage prospect. But Mary senses that the relationship with Mr Price is beginning to exhaust them both and drive them into a 'stereotyped way of talking to each other'<sup>4</sup>. She goes on to write that she 'feels tempted.. to|say or do something outrageous to|shake him out of his polite speeches.' Later she writes: 'He thinks me conceited, talkative, tiresome, and instead of the attraction I once felt I now feel repelled and shut up when he comes near.' Later again she expresses the fear that she is unlovable: 'I may please for a day - a week - but never for longer. Perhaps it is because I am so anxious to please, and so self-conscious.' These are anxieties common to girls whose age makes them socially eligible for marriage and yet whose inexperience makes them vulnerable to uncertainty, and therefore, perhaps, leads to rash and bizarre behaviour.

Mary's self-analysis is of considerable interest in relation to the psychology of the heroines of the succeeding narratives in this notebook: A Gay Life, the fragment A Woman of Genius, Believed Too Late and Vittoria. All of the fictional heroines in these stories are the same age as their author, as was also true of Edith Lansdale, though not of Inez. It does not follow that Mary was writing thinly disguised autobiography; in fact she seems to have had very little in common with Lena, the main character in A Gay Life.

Nevertheless it is clear that the tensions and preoccupations with romantic feeling, sexual jealousy, and the potential for abuse of trust within the setting of a conventional mid-nineteenth century formal engagement, are significant preoccupations of the author herself. Since such a high premium was put on marriage for any young woman at this period in history, providing as it did an economic provision and secure, almost indispensable, social status, as well as a place of emotional and sexual stability, it often becomes a tense arena for independence of feeling in Mary Arnold's later writing.

Catherine Elsmere, Marcella Boyce and Laura Fountain all experience dramatic reversals of feeling and fears of losing their identity. The opposite pole of opportunistic and cynical venturing into the expediencies of the marriage market place is also the subject of numerous sub-plots in her later novels, and in A Gay Life it forms a large part of the main plot.

Mary clearly had a great deal of spare time, and was not always satisfied that she spent it well. If as Sutherland suggests<sup>5</sup>, she had broken off her friendship with Mr Price by the beginning of the next narrative, Believed Too Late, perhaps she wished to distract her thoughts and emotions, as she had distracted herself from loneliness and homesickness at school, by writing fiction.

### 10.3 THE SETTING

Mary chooses an entirely realistic setting for this story, a large family home, perhaps similar to the houses with which she became familiar in Scotland. It is clearly grander than her own home, Laleham, on the Banbury Road in Oxford. There is one expedition to Netley Abbey, which is not itself described, and which serves the same narrative

purpose as Box Hill in Jane Austen's Emma.

Dr Arnold was born in the Isle of Wight, where the action is set, and it is quite possible that Mary may have visited there but if not it would follow her tendency to search out places of origin or association with the Arnold or Sorell families. The family name of the inhabitants of the house is Warenne, which was pronounced, perhaps, like Sorell, with the emphasis on the second syllable.

#### 10.4 THE NARRATIVE

A Gay Life and Believed Too Late, the two complete narratives in this notebook, both explore desertion and abandonment, resulting in death. The death of Edward Woolley in A Gay Life is technically accidental, but the death of the heroine Margaret Phemister in Believed Too Late, the next story, is the result of sexual jealousy founded on a tragic misunderstanding. Whereas Margaret is tragically abandoned by her lover, Lena Warenne in A Gay Life cynically abandons an innocent fiancé after she has received a more attractive offer. Her action is not explained or excused. Her responsibility for her lover's death fall is only approximate, as Edith Lansdale's was for her brother Percy's fall. Fudging of issues relating to culpability and responsibility occur very frequently in Mary's later fiction<sup>6</sup>. Unlike George Eliot, or Hardy, Mary does not face human weakness or the psychological torment of someone who has knowingly done wrong. In Robert Elsmere she does not admit the theological existence of evil apart from social evils, which by force of human energy and self-sacrifice can be removed. In this she was alive to the sociological and psychological movements of the time and superficially her explanations seem to have a kinship with George Eliot's emphasis on the extension of

imaginative sympathy for characters whose suffering is disguised. In the end, however, Mary Ward's fiction is the weaker for failing to take account of the possibility of corruption, in contrast, for example, with her friend Henry James. The narrative device of the diary, which is in many respects successful, views Lena from a distance and this remoteness contributes to her alienation. The title of the story is an imperfect fit. It is not at all surprising that C.M. Yonge turned it down for publication in her Monthly Packet<sup>7</sup>.

The story is economical, consistent and fluent. It is comparatively short, just over eleven thousand words, and represents a striking development from the carefully copied, often re-written and extended episodic family story Lansdale Manor and the complex, long Ailie. The majority of characters in A Gay Life are members of one family circle. It depicts an affectionate, but adult and sophisticated social world.

The chief technical innovation is the assumption of the narrative perspective of a diary. The writer of this fictional diary, the frail invalid elder sister of the heroine, Margaret is occasionally forgotten in her corner and can therefore convincingly be made to 'overhear' much of the dialogue. This technique is not one which Mary was to repeat in any future work of fiction, but it offers very interesting scope for the writer. Margaret is able to record her own anxiety and subtly to anticipate developments in the action by her own highly-charged affection for the heroine and by a commitment to the family which Lena seems to lack. She adheres to such devices as dating her entries. Sometimes a day or two days lapse before she finds time to record what is happening in the family, which enables changes of time and space, and shifts in the action, to take place

convincingly.

Above all, the invalid observer can defuse dramatic, intense and painful events by writing from a more considered perspective. Like Emily Brontë's use of Lockwood and Ellen Dean, Mary's device of the diarist mitigates the inherent improbability of violent action. In addition, in A Gay Life, Margaret Warenné, the eldest sister, the diarist, embodies a stable moral perspective. The invalid was privileged, in mid-nineteenth century fiction, with an exalted aura of insight akin to the conventional treatment of death, and for the same reason. Unfortunately, the diarist also intervenes in the action and judges the heroine, which detracts from her authority as narrator.

#### 10.5 THE HEROINE

Lena is not an interesting or sympathetic heroine. She is the first of a series of women who appear in Mary's later fiction who seem to be beyond the reach of simple consideration for other people. They are often women of great beauty, vulnerability and taste, who are orphaned or alone in the world, or have undergone the stress of exile, which cannot be said of Lena. The clearest example of this type in Mary's later writing is Lady Kitty Bristol in The Marriage of William Ashe. She ruins her husband's political career and runs away with a Byronic figure, a poet and traveller. Like Marie in Ailie she reacts irrationally, in response to a deep desire to resist her lover's control, which for a moment seemed imperious. Daphne in the novel of that name is another example. These women, who appear at first glance to conform to a Rosamund Vincy type seem to stem from a need in their author to unravel a serious problem, perhaps rooted in her own family inheritance. Undoubtedly the example of her own grandmother, Elizabeth Sorrell,

who, having taken her children to Europe, disappeared with an English Colonel and never saw them again, was a disturbing one. Eltham House later represents Mary's attempt to wrestle with this theme and make it seem explicable.

Julia may have repeated the pattern of her own abandonment by abandoning Mary, possibly also making Mary the scapegoat for the severe emotional difficulties of her marriage to Tom Arnold. Mary may also have known that Julia was engaged to three men before Tom appeared in Hobart, two of them sons of consecutive Governors of the Colony. Her notoriety in terms of local gossip and association with the recall of Wilmot on moral grounds, may have meant that, though innocent in fact, she was held responsible for the 'fall' of a respectable administrator.

#### 10.6 LITERARY INFLUENCES ON A GAY LIFE

It is not known how early Mary began to read George Sand<sup>8</sup>. She certainly knew about her father and uncle Matthew's very strongly positive views on her novels. This may be the first of Mary's narratives in which Sand's influence can be traced.

Dinah Mulock's The Ogilvies (1849) treats the theme of the cynical pursuit of a husband. Other greater works, like Thackeray's Vanity Fair (1848) exploit the dramatic possibilities with great ingenuity. We know tantalisingly little about Mary's informal reading at this time.

Technically, the narrative perspective of committed observer has a parallel in the device employed by Elizabeth Gaskell in the short story Cousin Phillis, where the narrator watches his admired best friend win the heart of his bookish and other-worldly cousin, only to desert her and break her heart. Phillis, like Lena, survives a serious

illness, eventually to face a milder future, though she is not given a new lover in compensation for suffering. Phillis, in strong contrast with Lena, is the victim of a lover whose commitment lacks depth. Harriet Martineau's Deerbrook (1839), has some narrative similarity to the limiting of narrative perspective to one young woman's view of events.

A girl who read as seriously as Mary Arnold, must surely, though she does not record it, have been very familiar with the novels of Jane Austen. Several small indications in A Gay Life suggest her influence. The choice of Wentworth as the name of Lena's ultimately successful wooer is a quotation from Austen's Pride and Prejudice, though here he is an image of stability, bearing considerable similarity to Mr Knightley in Emma. Mrs Warrenne is very close in situation and behaviour to Mrs Dashwood. Margaret's role in dealing with Lena's unsuccessful lover, Sir Arthur Elmore, and sending him away at the end of the story, has a great deal in common with that of Elinor Dashwood at the end of Sense and Sensibility. The role of the clergyman brother is reminiscent of Mansfield Park. Finally the calm resolution of the potentially destructive tensions in the story echoes the control of a Jane Austen ending.

Mary's love of the Brontës is well known. Perhaps there is a distant relationship between Lena and Catherine Earnshaw, in her wild, uncontrollable and fey character and her reckless disregard for the feelings of her more conventional lover. Lena very distantly resembles Rochester in selfishly playing Blanche Ingram, Jane Eyre and Bertha Mason against each other until one withdraws, one destroys herself by a death leap, and one eventually marries the damaged survivor. This is exactly what happens to Lena's



three lovers. However Mary Arnold consistently diminishes her heroine's responsibility for the destruction she causes by distancing devices which appear in later writing. One is to call Lena 'child'<sup>9</sup>, and to give her an exceptional and Romantic status by reason of her beauty and charm, which ultimately detracts from her interest and conviction as a character. Another is to remove Lena's culpability from Edward Woolley's death by making it an accident.

The withdrawal of love, which occurs several times in George Eliot's Scenes of Clerical Life, suggests another very important literary influence on A Gay Life. Lena seems to resemble Caterina Sarti in Mr Gilfil's Love Story in several important respects. Her unfortunate lover Edward dies, like Captain Antony Wybrow, very suddenly in a manner which bears some relationship, although not a direct one, to violent rejection by a person who had previously played the part of a lover.

Lena, like Caterina, is a spoilt and indulged child, who suffers illness and slow passive recovery after the crisis and she, like Caterina, finds a stable and committed husband, who, in both cases, though more obviously in Mr Gilfil's case, loved the heroine all along. Herbert Wentworth and Lena had carried on a 'war' more reminiscent of the antagonism veiling mutual attraction of the Benedick and Beatrice type. It is also clear that Lena will survive to live a long and happy life; the violence and passion in her character is less marked than that unconsciously expressed by Caterina.

Since there is evidence that Elizabeth Gaskell's Life of Charlotte Brontë was given to Mary Arnold by her aunt, it might be expected that she would have read Gaskell's novels. Wives and Daughters, which appeared just after Mrs Gaskell's death,

with its final chapter unwritten in 1866 must surely have attracted the interest of a girl of literary tastes. The polarisation of Lena and Margaret in A Gay Life seems to reflect aspects of Gaskell's depiction of Cynthia and Molly. In particular, their conversation in the attic in chapter 34 'A Lover's Mistake', in Wives and Daughters makes an interesting parallel to the conversation in Margaret's bedroom on Lena's engagement. It is Molly not Cynthia who suffers a nervous illness and gradual return to health. Cynthia attempts to keep two engagements in tandem, but her motivation is in character, and the compulsion to secrecy is handled with compassion and insight. Mary Arnold does not achieve the same detachment or involvement; Lena is held at arm's length and her feelings, inward anxiety or insecurity are not attempted. The fascination which Lena exerts on others is described to the reader but not expressed in such a way that it can be imaginatively experienced. Cynthia's contradictions, vitality and charm attract the reader and make all her actions plainly understandable. Mary may have been trying for a tragic effect, as the death of Edward Woolley and the absent Tennysonian fragment relating to Lancelot and Guinevere suggest. The dynamics fail, if this is so: an integration of the world of a Jane Austen comedy with an inexplicable, secret and destructive self-will is not possible. Finally the overlay of mid-Victorian sentiment, even though it is inextricably bound up with the narrator's perspective, destroys the story.

Sutherland describes Mary Arnold's choice of narrative device as deriving 'from those in the best-selling John Halifax, Gentleman and Guy Livingstone<sup>10</sup>.' This narrative perspective, though it unfortunately contributes to the failure of identification with Lena, is perhaps the most interesting aspect of the construction of the story..

The religious tone of A Gay Life is composed and implicit. It bears more in common with the religious landscape of Jane Austen than the earnest, intrusively committed domestic religious behaviour depicted in Lansdale Manor.

#### 10.7 AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL ELEMENTS IN THE STORY

Superficially Mary Arnold had little in common with Lena in terms of character and far more with the invalid elder sister. It can be seen from Mary's own diary however that there were times when she wished to have an honourable discharge from the attentions of Mr Price. The pressure to be respectably settled must have been beginning to make itself felt in her own life about this time. We have no means of knowing to what extent she was aware of the behaviour of her own mother and maternal grandmother, both of whose characters bear a far closer relationship to Lena. She may have known, since Tom disingenuously referred to it, that when he first saw Julia, she was engaged to an army captain but that by the next day, having noticed the admiration of the handsome newcomer with a brilliant cachet, Julia had unceremoniously cancelled her engagement. In this, Julia certainly behaved like Lena.

#### 10.8 RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN A GAY LIFE AND LATER NOVELS

Marcella's clash with Aldous Raeburn is a natural development from Herbert Wentworth's attitude in this story to the possible dangers of Lena's parish visiting in Woodley Moor. The independence and refusal to be accountable over emotional issues which Lena shows is also developed maturely in Marcella and in Helbeck of Bannisdale. The irresponsible, wild aspect of Lena's behaviour appears in later novels in the characters of women who abandon their spouses. These include Lady Rose, the mother

of Julie le Breton, in Lady Rose's Daughter; the mother of Diana Mallory in the novel of that name; Lady Caroline Wing, in Eltham House; and most strikingly, Lady Kitty Bristol in The Marriage of William Ashe.

#### 10.9 CONCLUSIONS

The social and moral world of A Gay Life is a development away from the static certainties of Lansdale Manor and to a lesser extent, Ailie. In A Gay Life power and moral and spiritual authority are no longer located within a father figure. Moral exhortation passes, as it will effectively in much of her mature writing, to a layman, a detached figure of Arnoldian unimpeachability without overt religious fervour. In A Gay Life, Mr Wentworth anticipates such later figures as Mr Grey in Robert Elsmere, and Aldous Raeburn in Marcella.

In Mary Arnold's earliest stories the threat to the stability of the situation was external. It is found in the dangerous friendship with a Spanish spy and the advance of a foreign army, which appears, though in the event it does not threaten life and stability, in A Tale of the Moors. Margaret Percy, though safely a cousin, appears suddenly from outside, from abroad, to disrupt Lansdale Manor. Marie in Ailie, was an 'adopted sister' but Lena is a member of the family; the volatile, extremely attractive, virtually uncontrollable agent of destruction is within. By the end of the story, within the personality of a heroine, disciplined by suffering, the intransigent qualities can also bring stability and hope for happiness. Positively, when commuted into rebellion on the side of wisdom, they appear in Marcella Boyce in Marcella, in The Coryston Family and perhaps most movingly in Laura Fountain.

## Chapter eleven

### THE TEXT OF THE NARRATIVE BELIEVED TOO LATE (1869)

{28} [287]

“Believed too|late”†

Going Hamish? Why it isn’t eight yet!”

Must little woman. Old Playfair said he’d look in about eight. He and I have some business to|talk out.”

Business!” pouted a pair of rosy lips “stupid business I wish you were {your} own master Hamish.

So I shall {be} soon. <H>Playfair and I part company next month, and then you and I will {have} grand times Maysie.

“How shall you get on by yourself do|you think Hamish?” - in an anxious voice

The young surgeon drew himself up

Not worse than other men have <done> {got on} before me I daresay Did you think I meant to|be a junior partner for ever Maggie?”

No no no,” flinging her arms round his neck “My Hamish is to|be a great man, and his little wife will climb the ladder alongside of him and [s]it oh! so merrily with|him at the top.

Then” laughing “she mustn’t be afraid of the first|step - Goodbye little woman. I must|go.

Hamish” she said as she went {with} him to the door /{and clung to him loth to let him go} who do you think is coming next week? Robin Macey’s written to|say he’<i>s got a

week's <H>holiday and will Aunt Jeanie take him in. I have [*om.:not*] seen him since he was that high [*28'*]<sup>1</sup> not since he and I learnt the|same lessons, played the same plays and got into|the same mischiefs twelve years ago. I am <very> glad he's coming. He and Aunt Jeanie will pair off nicely. Aunt Jeanie will be relieved from playing Gooseberry and you and I will be left to ourselves" \_ with a shy coquettish look at him out of her blue eyes.

Humph! It remains to|be seen how he will light [*sic*] that arrangement! Next week is it he comes? Let me go you little witch. I shall find old Playfair rampaging about my study like a mad bull. Tell him whose fault it is and he won't be very hard upon you" was the laughing answer as he went out from her into|the cool evening air. The echoes of her merry silvery tones rang in his ears still as he turned the handle of his own door on the opposite {side of the} street and went in to|find his colleague & partner Dr Andrew Playfair waiting for him in his study.

After he had gone Maggie Phemister went {back} to|the <dra> parlour again drew the|fire together till it blazed out merrily then sat down beside it to|think \_ the happiest girl in all Aberdeen. The twilight deepened into darkness, the fire's short-lived splendours died out till|only a glimmer of red coals was left in the grate but still the young girl dreamt on, her hands clasped round her knees a smile upon her lips and in her <shining> {absent} eyes. At last the touch of two|hands upon|her shoulders roused her. Thriftless bairn! how much longer do|you mean to sit idling <you> here I have'<sup>†</sup><nt> been thinking very hard not idling at all Aunt Jeanie! You know \_ with a laughing glance up into the grey eyes looking down upon {her} from under a calm brow

in a setting of snowy hair “in my {29} [29] position one has naturally a great deal to think about!

Always an answer ready! Go and get your work you saucy bairn and come and tell me about Hamish and his plans. When does he give up the|partnership.”

[§] Maggie went and got her work then sat down opposite her aunt and the two talked on till late {far} into|the|night as women will do when once they begin

M<sup>rs</sup> Jeanie Phemister was Maggie’s paternal aunt and had supplied the|place of mother and father to|her niece ever since the|child’s own parents died within a few weeks of each other of a fever raging in the|town, and their orphan child was given over to|her care. She had loved her taught her educated her into|what she was now - a sweet-natured happy girl of eighteen with a sonsie face clear confiding blue eyes and a wealth of fair hair whose wavy untidy propensities were its owner’s plague and Hamish’s admiration.

Between aunt and niece there existed the tenderest affection.

The thought of parting from “Aunt Jeanie” was the only “speck” in Maggie’s “veil heaven of blue.”<sup>2</sup>

But after all she was only going across the|street. That could hardly be called a parting! She would be able to|look after|her as usual and Hamish would be a son to|her.

So with these thoughts Maggie comforted herself as she and her aunt sat sewing together in those happy August days making the|simple preparations for her wedding - only two months to|it now! Work and talk filled up the morning; in the afternoon there was generally shopping or [to] do or visits to|be paid, and in the evening an hour or two with Hamish rounded off the|day into a happy completeness and left Maggie <f> nightly

in a state of wonderment at her own bliss. She loved him with her whole heart and soul. He was her world - her all. Scarcely a thought in the girlish heart which he did not share, scarcely [29<sup>l</sup>] a wish in the little head he did not know. Aunt Jeanie often thought as she watched them together that they were a pattern pair of lovers. There was a freshness, an unworlrliness and whole heartedness about their love, rare in these hurrying calculating unromantic times and which took Aunt Jeanie back to the world of her youth when according /{to} her men loved and women were loved in a good old hearty fashion little understood of the present generation of lovers.

Well the days went on. It was Monday and on Tuesday Robin Macey was expected. All <day long> {the morning} Maggie and Aunt Jeanie {<went>} trotted up and down-stairs <arra> {between} the spare-room and that goodly linen press on the lower landing containing the white fine stores dear to a Scotchwoman's heart; and when all was ready and the room looked as fresh and clean as three pair of hands could make it. Maggie went into the garden and brought in <to> some pale roses and waxy fuchsias which showed out bravely from the white furnishings.

"I am so tired," she said in the evening to Hamish with one of the pretty spoilt-child gestures, reserved for him "Aunt Jeanie and I have been routing about all day. If Master Robin's charms are at all in proportion to the trouble that has been taken about him he will be a <n> {paragon} Admirable Crichton indeed! You look dull <and tired> Hamish.

What's the matter?

"Nothing lassie" he said as he put his arm round her "except - It is only a foolish feeling that has come to me {sometimes} lately as if there was trouble coming.



Trouble!” with a start “oh Hamish what do you mean? You must get on; you are certain to. Look at the bright side of things dear.

{30} [30<sup>r</sup>] I was not \_” then breaking off, {he} stroked her hair with a smile and bade her not mind the “foolish fancies” of a poor overworked fellow who did not know his own mind.

Maggie said nothing but all that evening she showed her [*sic*] the tenderest sweetest gravest little body that ever comforted an anxious heart. She thought he was doubtful about the|future but it was not that. Hamish|hardly knew what it was; a shade of gloom, a vague presentiment at the most which had grown upon him in his hours of hard solitary work and which Maggie’s bright eyes and tender voice chased into thin air.

[§] Next evening Robin Macey {came} and brought a pile of luggage with him more suited to|that young gentleman’s idea of his own importance than to|Aunt Jeanie’s humble demesnes.

He kissed his aunt shook hands with Maggie at whom he looked in some little astonishment and then asked for his room. Aunt Jeanie escorted him thither and then came down to|her niece

“Well my dear?” she said nervously

My dear Aunt” said Maggie with a satirical cast of her pretty|lips “How the|house is to contain both him and|his luggage I’m sure I don’t know.

“We must manage it somehow” \_ with a sigh. “Barbara glowers at the|boxes and won’t say a word about taking them up stairs. We shall have to|get a man in I suppose.

[§] Why can’t he help her up with|them himself?” quoth Maggie but she stopped and

coloured for at that moment Mr Robin Macey opened the door of the parlour.

He was a tall good-looking young man of about 5 or 6 and twenty. Heavy lids drooped over his dark dreamy eyes, the complexion was pale but clear; the hair brown and thick and thrown back in a <high> {great} smooth wave from a high<l> but narrow forehead. About his costume there was a look of over-care and fastidiousness <without actual> {which just fell short of} foppishness and <there was> a tinge of melancholy patronage {in} <about> his [30'] manner which had a subduing effect upon Aunt Jeanie and <some {what} discontented> {just the opposite on} Maggie.

"Yes I know what you are looking at Sir," she said to herself as she caught him scanning the tea-table loaded with such a meal as only Scotch cooks are equal to. †"but while you choose to make your abode with us you will get no late dinners. Sensible ways and healthy food - it remains to be seen how you will like them."

But before tea was over Maggie's mood changed. His courtly melancholy manners, the subdued deference and {quiet} admiration which the young gentleman managed to throw into every look or <tone> {word} he had occasion to address to his pretty cousin made her gracious against her will. Nay she even caught herself wondering what made him so sad and quiet. Some secret sorrow \_

"Stuff and nonsense!" she said to herself "What has such a boy to do with such things. Why I remember him in knicker-bockers."

A reflection not much to the purpose and which made but a feeble barrier against the tide of pitying interest which was {fast} setting in towards the new-comer. Before tea was over Maggie was heartily sorry for him and fully persuaded that he had something on his

mind. And when that is the case with a woman a man has not much to|fear from her.  
After|tea Hamish came. He was introduced to Master Robin, looked him all over from  
his Byronic chevelure to|his irreproachable evening boots \_ bowed \_ and turned away.  
Macey took his scanty courtesy with imperturbable composure. A man who appeared in  
the|presence of ladies after dinner in a tweed morning coat, and with|hair which looked as  
if he had just run his fingers through it might be a very estimable personage but was not  
worth a second thought from \_ Robin Macey <junior partner in the|great firm of  
Connington and Co publishers Edinburgh>

Hamish and Maggie were talking together near {31} [31<sup>7</sup>] the window {later in  
the evening} when Macey walked up to|them and said in his grave deferential way.  
<Cousin> {Aunt} Jeanie tells|me that you sing Margaret. May we have the|pleasure of  
hearing you to-night.

Hamish looked daggers at the interloper. Maggie was amazed at the interruption of her  
tête {a<sup>†</sup> tête} with|Hamish <b>and was just about to|excuse herself when she caught an  
imploring look from Aunt Jeanie. Poor Aunt Jeanie! She had done her best to|detain the  
young man in her gentle fetters, and keep him from disturbing the pair of lovers in the  
window, but after|a while he would not be detained and now he had done just what she  
<was> {had} desired he should not do. Young men were very obtuse now-adays she  
thought to|herself in her vexation.

Maggie rose in obedience to|her Aunt's look and sang her best Macey bent over her  
with subdued respectful admiration and approval, which at length charmed her  
annoyance away as it had done at tea. A feeling of compassion for his loneliness and

evident melancholy began to stir in her tender girlish heart again and at last she found herself trying to cheer and amuse him, singing her prettiest songs {for his benefit} and talking to him in her merry lively way of the times when they were children <there> {together}, and had many a childish interest in common

[§] Hamish in general was a great admirer of Maggie's singing but to-night, with Macey's brown curling head and brown coat intervening between him and her it did not sound as sweet as usual

Faugh!" <s>he said to himself as he watched them "She is like all the rest. A man has but to look mad or moon-struck and there isn't a woman that won't swear by him."

By which it will be seen that Hamish was thoroughly out of humour and {had} moreover taken a decided dislike to Aunt Jeanie's visitor.

When the time came for him to go Maggie went with him to the door as she always did.

In the dark hall <he took her> {a sudden impulsiveness made him take her} in his arms and fold her close.

[311] Maysie! my Maysie! Are you all mine? Mind and body heart and soul \_ is it all mine Maysie.

"All yours Hamish" she said gently laying her head on his breast.

So they stood in silence for a while, head bent to head, heart pressed to heart. At last Maggie raised her <arm> {face} from its resting place and he kissed the lips trembling with sweet emotion

"Well lassie I must go. Look for me to-morrow morning."

No need to remind her. As she went up-stairs Maggie[ 's] little feet were dancing

with eagerness & pleasure. To-morrow was Sunday, and Hamish would be with her all day from <half past> ten in the morning to ten at night. No stupid patients or partners to divide the possession of him with her; all day long he would be hers and hers only. Meanwhile Robin Macey had been catechising Aunt Jeanie in the drawingroom. "My dear Aunt" he said as Maggie and Hamish [§] left the room together, "who is that man?"

"His name is Hamish Graham and he and Maggie are to be married in September." Aunt Jeanie responded promptly feeling that she must positively instruct him on matters a little. Macey gave a low "whew!" of astonishment.

"Married to him? My dear Aunt, \_" Aunt Jeanie wished he wouldn't call her his "dear Aunt;" she was sure he didn't mean it, \_ "has my cousin seen anything of the world yet?" "No not much," said Aunt Jeanie demurely "but she has seen a great deal of Hamish, enough to make her {willing to} trust herself to him for good and all two month's<sup>†</sup> hence."

[§] There was a pause broken by Maggie's reappearance. Macey moved away from his aunt's chair with a sigh and a compassionate glance at his fair cousin as she stood near the piano the flush still on her cheeks which Hamish's {32} [32<sup>7</sup>] words had called up there. Aunt Jeanie went to bed that night impressed with the comfortable conviction that she was considered a weak foolish old woman utterly unfit to have the guardianship of any young girl's happiness.

## Chap II

"I wouldn't keep breakfast on the table for him Aunt Jeanie I wouldn't indeed. Let

Barbara take<s> something up to him Lazy fellow!

So spoke Maggie indignantly on Sunday morning when ten o'clock had struck. She and her Aunt had long done breakfast and Macey had not yet made his appearance. Aunt Jeanie sighed and rang the bell.

Barbara take this up to Mr Macey and tell him that church begins at eleven

Barbara an old and priveleged<sup>d</sup> handmaiden glowered at the tray as she had done at the boxes the night before took it and marched off with it, with a protesting air.

Presently she re-appeared

Master Macey's not up yet" she announced grimly "and he desires ye won't wait for him. "Heathenish ways!" she broke out wrathfully as she closed the door, "what for does he come troubling a decent household with his Edinbro' airs.?"

[§] So Aunt {Jeanie} Maggie, <Jeanie> and Hamish set out for church by themselves. It was a lovely August morning. The white granite of Union Street sparkled in the sun; occasionally through side-streets they caught a glimpse of flashing shimmering sea studded with tall dark shipping; all had a fresh wholesome Sunday-look. Maggie clung to Hamish's arm feeling as if life was one happy dream. <And when after> Having conducted Aunt Jeanie home after service, they two wandered off again, and sat on the beach in the hazy Autumn<sup>d</sup> {gust} sunshine filling up the time with pleasant talk [32<sup>d</sup>] or pleasanter silence. That morning that hour on the beach were white spots in Maggie's memory through the time that followed.

On their arrival at home Aunt Jeanie followed Maggie up into her room

My dear" she said with a horrified uplifting of her hands He says he never goes to church

He? who?" said Maggie to|whom at|that moment there was but one "he" in the world "oh Robin! More shame for him lazy boy!"

My dear it isn't that, he \_ I am sure I don't know what he means," but he talked in such a melancholy way of "painful convictions", the|miserer it was to|him to "cut himself adrift from early associations," that <it> {I} was some time {in} <before I found> finding out that it all meant he didn't believe in anything. I gave him some of my mind <[illegible word ? : then> {when I understood} but" said Aunt Jeanie in her quaint way "he thinks me only a foolish old woman my dear. Besides he says it isn't his fault

People always do" said Maggie indignantly "What right has he to|bother you with his beliefs or non-beliefs. I call it very bad taste|to|say the|least.

Don't ye be hard upon him Maggie bairn" said Aunt Jeanie quietly "Poor lad!

Edinburgh's a great <wicked> {dangerous} place for a callant like him to|be set adrift in with|never a soul to|look after him.

Maybe" said Maggie thoughtfully "that's what makes him look so unhappy.

Maybe. Poor misguided lad!

Nothing interests a woman so much as a suspicion of mental trouble or unhappiness in a man with whom she may be thrown in contact. Her clear quick sense of religious truth|condemns him, but her tender woman's heart pities and excuses him, and between the|two influences the delinquent is sure to|obtain a large amount of sympathy & attention from her.

So in spite|of her indignation with him for having pained Aunt Jeanie Maggie found herself watching Macey[ 's] {33} [33'] dark sad face with a growing amount of interest

and compassion. No doubt it was very wrong of him to have doubts; of course it was, thought stout little Presbyterian Maggie to herself; but then <young> men had so many more temptations than women, and Edinburgh as her aunt said was a dangerous place for such a young fellow, [e]tc. [e]tc.

After dinner Hamish left to make a round among those of his patients who could not dispense with a visit on Sundays. Maggie went up to her own room for the <gre> afternoon and sat at her window looking across to the wooded hills stretching along Deeside with a feeling of thankfulness {in her heart} which the words of the hymn she was learning but inadequately expressed. At five she descended to make the early tea. On entering the <drawing room> {parlour} she found Macey stretched on the sofa reading an old copy of the "Spectator". He jumped up at sight of her put a chair for her and rang for tea.

What have you been doing {with} yourself all this afternoon, " he said

I <n> have been in my own room reading" said Maggie shyly

Reading? what? may I see?"

And he gently took her book from her hand opened it and turned over its contents. His lip curled with a melancholy sarcastic smile.

My little cousin have you been reading this all the afternoon?

And why not!" said Maggie stoutly, not at all willing to be called "little cousin" by a youth whom she "remembered in knicker-bockers" It [ ]s a very good book.

No doubt. Margaret" - bending over her chair and looking down into her face

with mournful passionate eyes "you are very happy in your innocent childlike faith. I



held the|same once and was happy too. Bring back that time to|me little cousin. I would bless you for it.

Maggie looked down embarrassed<sup>¶</sup>. She wished he wouldn't talk like this What could she say?

At least," he went on in his sad pleading voice "be my friend Margaret. Do not despise me like your aunt for what I cannot help.

Aunt Jeanie does not despise you," exclaimed Maggie indignantly [.33<sup>1</sup>] but -" looking down again [§] "She thinks as I do that everybody can help such a state of mind and that it would be better|to|set about remedying it than to \_ "

"Talk about it" she was going to|say but she thought it would sound unkind and stopped.

Remedy!" exclaimed Macey leaving her chair and walking up and down. "I know of none. I|have read, I have travelled I have conversed with|some of the deepest intellects of the day and here I am, still uncertain {about} still doubting the central truths of existence. Remedy little cousin! There is none

He looked so sad so almost desperate|as he stood opposite her his dark hair falling forward over his flashing eyes, that Maggie felt the tears coming into|hers

"Don't speak so" she said with a gentle<y>|pitying look "there is there|must be a|remedy. Margaret do you|know what a man feels when brought face to face with a true woman's pure faith and simple practice? He feels it possible to|believe; through her as through a glass he gets|a glimpse into|what seems the very heart of truth. Such a glimpse you gave me this afternoon. As you stood at the door that|book in your hand, your face so peaceful your eyes so calm \_ your white dress making you look like an angel of purity and peace

“for that moment Margaret I believed!”

His voice was low and tremulous. Maggie sat silent with bent *[sic]* head and burning cheeks.

“Be my friend Margaret!” he said again

“Yes I will be your friend Robin” she said simply putting her hand in his “only perhaps it would be better not to talk to me any more about these things. I do not understand them /{and} -

Hamish could not have chosen a more awkward moment for opening the parlour door.

There stood Macey and his betrothed hand in hand. Macey’s handsome face wore an expression of tender reverential homage, Maggie’s face crimson and her eyes shining through pitying tears.

“Maggie” said Hamish’s constrained voice “will you come out with me a little before tea church.

“Is that you Hamish” exclaimed Maggie starting and drawing away her hand “Oh yes! I will be ready directly. Take a cup of tea while I am away. I shall not be a minute.

But Hamish preferred waiting for her at the foot of the stairs. When she joined him and they left the house together he was silent and made no attempt to talk.

“Hamish” said Maggie at last with a saucy look from under her drooping lashes. “You were astonished at what you saw just now - confess it.

“What were you doing?” he said with an attempt at a laugh. “Were you swearing an eternal friendship.

“Something like it” said Maggie with a smile and a blush. “He was telling me how

unhappy he was about various things - I don't think I ought to tell you what they were - and finished up by asking me to be his friend. Well I couldn't very well say No Hamish. Humbug!" exclaimed Hamish vehemently switching the hedge with his cane "Take care Maggie how you believe any nonsense that fellow may choose to talk to you. He is the most intolerable young prig I ever came across.

Hamish! exclaimed Maggie reproachfully, her colour rising at what she considered prejudice and injustice

There!" in a mollified tone "you needn't look {at} me <abo> {like} that

He's not worth an angry {word} between you and me Maggie. Only don't take everything he says to you for Gospel that's all.

Foolish jealous Hamish!" whispered Maggie laughingly as she clung to his arm, and though he frowned and declared he was nothing of the sort yet in his inmost heart he knew very well the reason of his animus against Macey. It is certainly not pleasant to discover the girl you are engaged to and love with your whole heart & soul, in the act of setting her hand to compact of friendship with a tall handsome cousin several years your junior. Hamish at least did not find it an agreeable experience.

{34<sup>l</sup>} Well the week wore on. Robin held no more private interviews with his cousin Margaret, he forbore to distract the evening tête à tête in the window but for all that Hamish found himself day by day growing more and absurdly jealous of Aunt Jeanie's handsome nephew. The thought of Macey and Maggie together all day while he was away at his work was a most unpalatable one to him. He distrusted Macey thoroughly had no confidence in his honour or good faith and as for Maggie dearly as he loved her,

Hamish was of a suspicious nature and had a vague idea concerning women, that where a handsome face and a smooth tongue was concerned, the <y> {best of them} were as not to be trusted. Not that he put any such feeling into words even to himself but there it was at the bottom of his heart, disturbing his peace and ruffling his temper, whenever it came to mind.

On Friday {afternoon} Maggie was in the garden gathering fresh flowers for the parlour when Robin Macey came up the gravel towards her with an open letter in his hand

“I have got my leave extended” <H>he said with a smile “Here is a letter from Edinburgh which tells me I may if I please stay away another week. Aunt Jeanie kindly says she can put me up for that time, and I am only too happy to delay my departure.

“I am glad to hear it” said Maggie for politeness’ sake but she felt a pang of dismay as she thought of Hamish. How annoyed he would be! It was only yesterday evening that he was grumbling and growling at the length of Macey [’s om.: stay] and rejoicing in the thought that on Saturday at the latest they would be rid of him.

Are you glad Margaret?” said Robin coming near and speaking in his slow soft way.

“Can you bear with me for a week longer?”

Don’t talk nonsense” said Maggie with an embarrassed laugh. “Come and help me gather my flowers.

He obeyed but as she was holding down a long rose-spray {35} [35<sup>r</sup>] from which he was cutting the flowers he began again.

Margaret you listened to me so kindly last Sunday that I have thought [om.:to] myself several times lately, <that> before I went I would ask your gentle sympathy in another

matter concerning me. Does it never strike you my cousin” he went on with his melancholy eyes full on her face “that I am not as young as other men. I am worn aged sad before my time; you cannot but have seen it.”

Maggie looked up with|that impatient repugnance to|and shrinking from his confidence she had felt the|first time it was offered to her, but now as then his pale face and sad look disarmed her and checked the|words upon her lips. \_

You have -” he went on gently “perhaps imputed it to|the influence of doubt on matters which you hold most precious and most vital and you are partly|right. But ah! Margaret that is not all! My little cousin from the|heights|of your own happy prosperous love, throw a kindly pitying thought to|me who love, aye with|my whole heart and soul \_ and love in vain!”

Maggie <looked up> {gave a} startled {glance} at him and the|rose-branch escaped from her hands and bounded back into|its native air. What do you mean?” was all she could find to|say after|a pause “How in vain?

I am not at liberty to|tell <th>you the circumstances (Maggie knew not long afterwards what good reasons he|had for silence) but this much I may say that between me and her whom I love there exists an insuperable barrier. There was a time in which I thought it might be surmounted, a time when -

He put <in> his hand in his pocket and brought out a square packet wrapped in silver paper.

Her name is Margaret too strange to|say” he said as he undid the wrappings. “You will understand how hard it was that|from the|first moment of seeing you I felt so

unaccountably drawn towards you. There. It was done for her. She was to have worn it as a brooch but \_”

Here came a heavy sigh. Margaret {ggie took} <looked at> what he <had given {her}> in silence, only conscious for a moment or two of an intense feeling of relief. It was a miniature of himself> [35'] put into her hand and had just time to see that it was a small miniature set in gold, when they heard voices in the walk behind them. “Cover it” said Macey hastily wrapping the paper round it again. “There take it and look at it {at} your leisure. Not a word Margaret I beg of you <to> about it or what I have told you to any living soul! You promise?”

He bent towards her anxiously. At that moment Hamish and Aunt Jeanie came in sight. Maggie flurried and confused had just time to hide the miniature out of sight when they came up.

“Not finished yet Maggie!” said Aunt Jeanie as that young lady made an unsuccessful spring at the recalcitrant rose branch more to hide her burning cheeks than anything else. “why you have been out nearly an hour!”

A speech which made her feel worse. Maggie turning round caught Hamish’s gaze fixed upon her with an expression which nearly made her drop the flowers in her hand. Her little frightened heart went sinking \_ sinking \_ down into her shoes; her great blue eyes met his with a terrified look which recalled him to himself. Controlling [om.:himself] he <r> went up and said in a low voice

“I want to speak to you; can you come with me now?”

Maggie gave her flowers to Aunt Jeanie {without a word} took his arm and he led her off

towards the orchard. Aunt Jeanie looked after them wondering and uneasy, while Macey[ 's] {lip} curled with an expression of contemptuous irony

A very Bluebeard" he muttered, "Poor Fatima!

Neither Hamish or Maggie spoke till the orchard's sheltering trees were reached. Then Hamish turned upon his companion.

"Margaret" he said sternly "what was that man saying to you just now? What was it you took from his hand and seemed so anxious to hide as we came up. Answer me Margaret. But she stood there silent, her head drooping, the colour spreading {36} [36'] over neck and brow. She knew what he must think and yet she could not explain! Stupid Robin! She wished him at the world's end; \_ but she could not betray his secrets.

"I cannot tell you Hamish" she said boldly at last. "It is Robin's secret not mine<sup>3</sup>. If you want an explanation you must ask him.

Maggie!" he exclaimed fiercely catching her arm. "Do you think I will be content with such an answer? Tell me at once what there is between you and this man or by Heaven! I'll call him out to-morrow morning!

Maggie[ 's] face paled. Duelling in those days though fast dying out was not yet a thing of the past. Hamish's threat did not sound to her by any means an idle one.

Half beside herself with terror and pain she threw her arms round his neck

Oh Hamish! Hamish! don't speak to me like that! Trust me Hamish! I tell you I have done nothing that should make you angry. It is Robin's secret; it has nothing to do with me. Oh Hamish won't you believe me?"

What was {it} he gave you as we came up" he reiterated doggedly his heavy brow

relaxing not a whit.

Maggie's arms fell from his neck. She sank down on the turf at the foot of an old apple tree and covering her face with her hands burst into {a passion of} tears

That is a sorrowful moment for a woman in which she first discovers that the man of her love is not the faultlessly perfect creature she had hitherto imagined him to be, that there are flaws in her idol, imperfections in her divinity. Such a moment came to Maggie as she sat sobbing under the apple-tree. What possessed Hamish to be so unreasonable and unjust.

So you won't tell me" he said presently in a hard voice his rough-featured Scotch face darkening more and more.

I can't Hamish" - despairingly. "You must ask Robin

Much good that would do," he retorted bitterly "I should get the truth <ab>out of a scamp with about as much conscience as that tree, shouldn't I! No No Maggie! The explanation must come from you and no one else! As for any promise to him you had no business to make [*om.:it*] but it cannot and ought not to [*36'*] stand against what you owe to me."

[§] Maggie hastily reviewed matters in her own mind. No she could not tell him. Robin had trusted <his secret> his secret to her honour; it might be [*om.:more*] important than she knew that it should [*om.:be*] kept; to explain about the miniature would be to tell all; and that {without his leave} her sturdy Scotch sense of honour absolutely forbade.

Hamish" she said at last looking up courageously "You must trust me in this. Without Robin's leave I can tell you nothing. I have no right to betray his secrets. Perhaps he



ought never to have told me but that does not alter the case. Hamish I give you my word of honour that in the whole of the conversation between Robin and me <that> {there} <need have> was not a word which could have vexed you had you listened to all of it. And you expect me to be satisfied with this.

I do expect it, Hamish” she said standing up opposite him with <a> simple <unconscious> {pathetic} dignity <in look and attitude> How are you and I ever to be happy together when we are married if you will not trust me now about such a little matter?

Her look and voice all but shamed him out of his suspicions. He turned and took to walking up and down

Hamish” said the tender voice as she stole up to him and laid her hand on his arm “You are not angry with me now!”

I don’t know what I am” he said gloomily [§] “I only know nothing would please me better than to kick that young blackguard back to where he came from!

Maggie’s wide-open surprised eyes recalled him to himself I beg your pardon Margaret” he began the gentlemanly instinct reasserting itself. “I should not speak so to you but \_ There let us leave it alone. No good can be got by talking <of> it any more.

And you trust me Hamish?

He turned \_ his gust of passion entirely passed away \_ and took {37} [37] her sadly and silently in his arms. He felt that he must trust her; that if he did not life would be not worth living. To let himself doubt her would be to shut out from himself happiness in this world and heaven in the next. No; come what would he must trust her.

Nevertheless when late|that night he sat <h> in his study brooding over the day's events Hamish could by no manner of means persuade himself that|he was satisfied. In such a nature as his a doubt is more easily excited than allayed. <R>Macey's prolonged stay too \_ that was another and a bitter drop in his cup of annoyance. Well he would look after Maggie and <th>give that young scapegrace to|understand what he might expect if he ventured {on} any more liberties with Hamish Graham's betrothed. And|that resolution made he rose shook himself and went to|bed.

Next day Maggie gave Macey back the miniature.

"Do you wish me to|keep it quite a secret" she began hesitatingly

"Would you object - would it do any harm \_ if I were to|tell M<sup>r</sup> Graham? I never keep anything from him

My dear little cousin" said Macey looking at her curiously

"I am sorry to|put you to|any {in}convenience but I must beg that you will keep my secret. M<sup>r</sup> Graham cannot possibly feel sufficient interest in my affairs to|care about knowing it

"I should like to|know why you concluded that I did?" sighed Maggie {to herself} but {she} merely answered proudly "Certainly not" and turned away.

She could do no more. She could not possibly tell Macey of Hamish's mad jealousy - about such a little thing. It would be to|degrade her lover in his eyes and that she would bear anything rather than do.

Days passed on. All went as usual \_ with|this difference that Hamish at this time contracted an odd habit of dropping in upon Aunt Jeanie's quiet household at all times

and seasons. Formerly except on special occasions he had never appeared in the house over the way till the evening, now Maggie never knew when she might not hear his steps in the hall or find him waiting for her in the parlour. Somehow [37<sup>l</sup>] [om.:things] fell out just as they shouldn't this week. Macey was always making opportunities of talking to her; she came to know more of his life and feelings than perhaps he had ever known himself before: and no sooner did he get excited and she interested \_ as any <one> {woman} will be interested by <a> details of personal experience whosoever they may relate to \_ than Hamish was sure to make his appearance, find them tete-a-tete<sup>†</sup> and look - well, not pleasantly \_ to Maggie's eyes at least.

At last Friday came, \_ Macey's last day in Aberdeen. Aunt Jeanie had arranged an expedition to Balmoral for this day which Hamish was of course asked to join. He answered curtly that he could not possibly take a whole day from his work, and Maggie {who} had half hoped from his desultory habits lately that he might [om.:find] it possible to come with them was sorely disappointed.

Hamish watched them set off from his window, waved his hand to Maggie as she sat beaming and smiling in the carriage the very picture of purity and freshness in her white dress and blue ribbons, saw them disappear up Union Street, and then went about his work in by no means the most amiable of tempers. What a philandering monkey that Macey did look to be sure with his velvet coat and the flowers in his button-hole \_  
Faugh!"

About five having completed his afternoon round he went into No 12 to wait for the return of the party. He mounted to the parlour and sat down in an arm chair near

the|window. For some time his own thoughts|were sufficient occupation. At last he looked up and stretched out his hand towards a book on the|table. It was the|book which had served as a pretext for Maggie's and Robin's first tete a tete together. Hamish knew it well. He himself had given it to Maggie in the early days of their betrothal.

He drew it to|him. Something lay between the leaves marking the place which fell out upon his knees as he opened the|book. {38} [38'] He took it up. It was a miniature of Robin Macey set in gold and pearls; at the bottom in blue enamelled letters|was an inscription "To Margaret." Hamish turned it over. Behind was a lock of brown hair and on the|band which tied it together he read "To my dearest love"

After|that there was silence in the|parlour for a while. Hamish sat staring at miniature and inscription. He let them|fall at last with a savage imprecation and covering his face with|his hands groaned aloud

Maggie! my Maggie!

Then an agony too|great for words seized {him}. He sat {there} the slanting sunlight streaming in upon his shaggy head, his hand clenched the|whole strong man within him rebelling {a}gainst the|blow which had {been} dealt him. Maggie was false! she had deceived; betrayed, outwitted him! Good God! if she was false who or what was true? Twilight came stealing on. Cool airs blew in upon him <fro> through the open window; from the street below a sound of tramping feet came up of labourers returning from their work. A great stillness came over Hamish; the|prostration which comes after any great mental strain.

The parlour clock str<i>{uc}k<es> six. The sound roused him instantly

"I must go" he muttered rising unsteadily to his feet like one physically weak "they will be here directly."

He went \_ over the street across his own threshold into his study, and {there he} shut <the door> himself in.

A little while afterwards a carriage drew up at the door of No 12 full of tired people, empty hampers and bundles of blue bells and heather

Maggie got out carrying a bundle of heather nearly as big as herself, ran upstairs, and opened the parlour door.

"Where was Hamish?" \_ standing in blank disappointment on the threshold "He promised to [be] there when they came home. Oh dear how tiresome!

[38<sup>h</sup>] And Maggie went her way tears in her blue eyes, hardly able to comfort herself with the thought that Hamish had been called out unexpectedly and would certainly appear after tea.

Meanwhile Robin Macey was searching among the books on the parlour-table. He found at last what he wanted and put it carefully in his pocket

"No harm done" he said to himself with a careless smile "Even if anybody had seen it, the thing hasn't a tongue to tell its history and purpose with."

No Hamish came after tea. Maggie waited and waited her pretty face growing blanker and blanker. Bed-time came and still there was no news of him. She went up to her room tired and {ill at} ease.

A note and packet on the dressing-table caught her eye at once. She flew to it. It was Hamish's writing, \_ no doubt it would explain his not coming. She tore it open joyfully.

Inside were these words,

“Margaret, I know all. No need for any more explanations or subterfuges \_ I know all. God forgive you. <You have deceived and betrayed me.> I return you your letters. Would to|God I could put away from me {as easily} <with them> every recollection of the|past year!”

### Chap III

My bairn! my bairn what does it mean?” cried Aunt Jeanie as she read the|few short terrible lines over for the hundredth time.

Maggie only gave a sort of gasping moan. She had had [*sic*] hardly spoken in any other way since Aunt Jeanie coming into her room the|night before had found her lying back in her chair in merciful unconsciousness, the|note dropping from her nerveless hand.

{39} [39] And now morning had come, morning with its sunshine its|life its busy stir and movement; and in a chair in her Aunt’s room sat Maggie Phemister her cheeks bright with fever her hands locked rigidly together, heedless of all of everything save her great her unbearable misery. How it had all come about she did not know, it was all a mystery to|her which she was not curious to|unravel. In heart and brain there was but one thought, one cry “Hamish says we must part \_ \_ \_ Hamish loves me no longer!”

But Aunt Jeanie had passed the night in wearying conjectures and suppositions. That the misunderstanding had to|do with|Robin Macey she did not doubt but what was its nature, what motive could have been strong enough to|induce Hamish to|write|that letter \_ all this was a blank to|her when she began to think and was a blank to|her now.

But the sight of her child, of the|wakeful piteous eyes, <the> <low moans> the poor face

and <f> hands burning with fever, and /{above all} that little low weary moan spurred  
<in> to [*sic*] Aunt Jeanie into something more than thinking.

I <shall> {will} go to him and hear from his own lips what it all means” she said at last  
decidedly “Things cannot be left in this state I will go directly Maggie before he goes  
out.”

She went to|put on her things and on coming back found Maggie had dragged herself  
to|the writing-table, and was writing.

She waited in silence till the|letter|was done

There” said Maggie holding it out to|her “Take it. But it will do no good; I know it I feel  
it

Aunt Jeanie threw|her arms round her as she stood there {looking} so pitifully small and  
childish to|bear the|great trouble which had come upon her, and went her way.

An hour afterwards she came back opened her own door met Maggie’s look of  
expectation and rushing up to|her threw herself on her knees besides {the} <and cried  
with her as if her heart would break> tears raining over her aged face

Oh my darling! my darling!” she cried “he is beside him- [39]self. He will not listen to|a  
word. It is no use.”

Maggie grew deadly white

Tell me” she gasped

He says he has proofs, but nothing|would make him tell|me what they were. I told him  
that between you and Robin Macey there was nothing but the merest cousinly intimacy; I  
told|him that you were innocent of anything and everything he might suspect you, that

Robin Macey had left this morning and that you might probably never set eyes on him again; I said more|to him than I could repeat to|you, but all was in vain. He shook his head with|a contemptuous smile at all my arguments. "So you are also deluded?" he said more than once. His look and tone made me shiver; I felt then that all was over. Tell Miß Phemister" he said as I got up to|go "that I have no thought but for her happiness. I should not act as I am doing now were I not fully persuaded that she does not love me \_ that she never has loved me." Oh my darling it is better that you should know all the truth. Rouse up my bairn. Bear it bravely. It is the Lord's Will.

Maggie made no answer. She got up went with|tottering steps to|the dressing table, arranged her dress then|took a shawl from the|bed and threw it over her. Aunt Jeanie watching her in wondering silence.

I am going to|him myself" she said at last in a hard unnatural voice "I cannot lose him my Hamish \_ my all. He shall hear me. He shall listen|to|me. It cannot be that I who was everything to|him yesterday can be nothing today!

My bairn! my poor bairn!" exclaimed Aunt Jeanie the|tears falling fast as she looked at her standing there by the|window in the morning sunlight, the feverish face gleaming from under the|heavy crimson folds of the|plaid she had thrown over her. {40} [40]

Maggie met the|pitying look and threw up her hands with a little cry.

Don't look at me so don't! Oh it is no use! I can't do it.

And she sank down again in tearless speechless agony.

Maidenly reserve \_ womanly dignity \_ they held her back from Hamish with|their iron fetters and surge against them as it might, her love \_ great and passionate|as it was \_



could not <burst> free itself could not burst the|bonds which held it.

The day dragged its weary hours along. Maggie lay for the|most [*om.:part*] in a s<t>ort of stupor dead to|all outward things but about nightfall there came an access of fever and all night long she talked in a light-headed delirious way of Hamish and Robin, of the|expedition to|Balmoral and the|heather and blue bells on the|Ballater|craggs, <all> of little trivial common place things which sounded oddly in the midnight stillness and nearly broke Aunt Jeanie's heart as she sat watching and listening.

Hours and days of anxious nursing followed. The doctor called in, an old friend of Aunt Jeanie's shook his head over his patient but forbore to|distress Miß Phemister with|conjectures as to|the|cause of the illness. He saw as indeed no one could choose but see that there was some great trouble brooding over the|Phemister household and held {his peace}. Every day as he went out to|his carriage after|his evening visit a tall muffled-up figure met him, stopped him for a moment, then|passed on down the|other side of|the street. One evening from the window of Maggie's sick room Aunt {Jeanie} was a witness of this|brief colloquy.

He loves her" she said {sadly} turning away "and yet he is killing her!"

But Maggie did not die. Her youth and strength came to|her aid; Aunt Jeanie's love and care interposed|themselves as a shield between her and death. There came a day when life and death hung humanly speaking in the|balance [*40'*] when Aunt Jeanie half thought, that|the|bonnie blue eyes would never open again or the parched lips unclosed. \_ And when in the evening hush and quiet there came a peaceful waking and a loving intelligent look where all before had been vacancy or distress. The crisis had come and gone and

Maggie was saved.

Slowly slowly she came back to|life - to such a life as was left her. A strange {forlorn} <desolate> world it was to|which she returned. Without Hamish without love - she was like a little boat drifting rudderless {and alone} on a wide and desolate sea. No haven was in sight. The even monotonous waves - of time, - of <ordinary> daily life - rocked her on and on she knew not, she cared not whither, - might they only drift {her} into the same port as Hamish at last.

[§] The first morning she came downstairs Maggie sent for her desk. There in a compartment by themselves, sealed and tied with loving care lay Hamish's letters, - not many in number for they had been seldom parted. She made them into a packet along with the|little presents he had made her since their engagement, sent them, and then sat down to|weep a few quiet {natural} tears over the happy past, and to brace herself in prayer and silence for the dreary inevitable future. In that moment the girlish Maggie fled for ever; and in her place there moved about Aunt Jeanie's house a wan, frail, saddened woman whose patient smile and tender speech came readily and lovingly as ever, but into|whose inner life none were admitted. Those who watch[ed]|her and dwelt with|her felt that it was a life 'hid with Christ in God'<sup>4</sup>, a life of adoration and childlike submission, but further they could not penetrate. For Maggie never spoke of the past. Once when she and Miss Phemister were sitting together|in the|parlour Aunt Jeanie saw her niece start and drop<ped> her work. On his door-step on the other|side of the street stood Hamish Graham {talking to|an acquaintance who had stopped him at the door as he was setting off on his morning round}. Maggie hastily withdrew from the window but

she need not have moved. He never glanced that way and, his conver-<sup>[41]</sup> <sub>[41']</sub>sation finished he was soon hurrying in an opposite direction towards Union Street. It suddenly struck Aunt Jeanie as she worked that this was the first of October. The first - and on the twelfth Hamish and Maggie were to have been married. She rose, went to Maggie and put her arms round her. Maggie returned the kiss, smiled into her Aunt's face wet with vainly regretful tears and the two women returned to their work.

Winter came, and Maggie's <little> {recovered} strength began to fail her again. A cough came on which no remedies seemed to touch; little by little she gave up one after another of her accustomed ways; Aunt Jeanie's [*om.:hopes*] sank as she saw how day by day the childish patient face grew thinner {&} paler.

What could be done for her child? She consulted Dr Mitchell and his advice was "Take her for the winter to Edinburgh; there she will have change of scene and a milder air.

Doctors too in plenty if she wants them!"

Maggie did not resist. She lent what help she could in the preparations for the move and entered in Aunt Jeanie's cheerful schemes. But on the evening before they were to leave Aberdeen she stood at her own window looking down upon that house opposite in which she was to have lived with Hamish. Was he in his study, she wondered? This was the time at which <two> months ago he used to come over {to her} <[?:hour] house>.

Love \_ youth \_ hope \_ all gone. Ah well! It would not be for long.

[§] Maggie gave her last look to those well-known windows as they drove away to the station in the clear chilly Autumn morning. She did not think she should ever see them again.

They established themselves in a flat in one of the tall Edinburgh houses. The first morning in their new home, the same dread seized both. Would Robin Macey make his appearance? As <first> far as they knew he did not know of their coming, but they could not count upon his remaining ignorant more than a few days. Those inconvenient beings \_ mutual friends \_ would soon betray <their> their whereabouts to him and then \_ Well come what would Aunt Jeanie was resolved that Maggie at least should not have the pain and awkwardness of meeting him.

Their anxiety was set at rest in an unexpected way. On a rainy afternoon about a week after the Phemister's<sup>†</sup> arrival [41<sup>1</sup>] two ladies made their appearance in Aunt Jeanie's sitting room. One, a large soft motherly woman had been a friend of Aunt Jeanie's youth; the other was her daughter. Looking at the elder lady one wondered whence the younger derived her tall gaunt figure and angular proportions. The first greetings over, M<sup>rs</sup> Annesley and Aunt Jeanie proceeded to a systematic talk-over of their mutual friends and acquaintances. Maggie tried <hard> to make conversation for the daughter but found it hard work. The young lady seemed chiefly occupied in listening to her mother's and Miss Phemister's conversation, and Maggie could get nothing but sharp scrutinising looks and abrupt monosyllables out of her.

At last, however, a thought seemed to strike her and she turned round with - "Oh, 'bye the bye - M<sup>r</sup> Robin Macey - He's a cousin of yours isn't he?"

Yes" said Maggie quietly. Aunt Jeanie looked up quickly.

Ah!" said M<sup>rs</sup> Annesley "what do you think of the young man, Miss Phemister? For my part I don't see so much harm in a young man's running off with a pretty girl if they loved

each other. It was a thing often done in my youth, she added with a laugh.

<But my dear M<sup>rs</sup> Annesley> What?\_ Who?"\_ "†exclaimed Aunt Jeanie, bewildered opening her eyes at the|speaker.

"Is it possible you do not know.† Why, all Edinburgh is talking about it. You know he was tutor at the|Ballantynes. Well he and Margaret Ballantyne fell in love {with each other} when she was only sixteen. It is said that it was her fortune he was in love with|but people are so ill-natured. There was a secret engagement which old Ballantyne found out about a month after it was formed. He was naturally furious - turned Master|Robin out of doors and vowed to|send Margaret to England where she could [not] get into|more mischief. However the girl stayed in Edinburgh. For months nothing was heard of M<sup>r</sup> Robin Macey. But some time this summer he and his lady-love must have found means of beginning it all {42} [42<sup>n</sup>] again, and now there has come out such a history of clandestine visits,|letters, walks and all the rest of it as makes one[ 's] hair stand on end. My dear Miß Phemister what a thing it is to have daughters!"

This with a <bland> {jocose} significant look at her dear {Lucy} <girl>. <The poor girl however could not "lay the soothing {flattering} unction to her soul"<sup>5</sup> She did not think it likely {at least} that she should ever have so daring a lover.>

[§] Well?" exclaimed Aunt Jeanie, impatient of the|little by-play.

"Well the|end of it is that last Saturday my lady Margaret and her lover took a journey to|Perth, where Macey had performed the|necessary residence, were married in so secure a way that I believe no one can untie the|knot, and from there addressed the penitential effusions usual in such cases to old Ballantyne and his wife. The old people are nearly

beside themselves, Margaret is the|only child and her|fórtune - £60,000 I believe it is \_\_  
will all go to|this \_\_ well I mustn't call him a scamp before you Miß Phemister I suppose."  
I don't know what other name he deserves," exclaimed Aunt Jeanie sitting sternly upright  
her old face glowing and quivering.

"Poor girl - poor young|thing! A large stock of mutual|faith they will have to|begin  
married life with! I pity her with|my whole heart but as for him \_\_ were he ten times my  
nephew I will give him the|name he deserves! He is a villain!"

Maggie had never seen that tender simple Scotch <f>nature|so roused before. The sense  
of disgrace - of pity, of indignation was very keen in her, but she thought had she been  
Robin Macey she would hardly have cared to|encounter Aunt Jeanie at that|moment.

M<sup>rs</sup> Annesley and her daughter|looked curiously at Miß Phemister. To  
them|the|matter was not such a serious one. Bah! young men couldn't afford to|marry  
for love in these days - such things would happen.

[§] They tried good naturedly <to be> enough to lessen the impression made but without  
success and took|their departure at last, leaving behind them a legacy of by no means  
pleasant thoughts to|Aunt Jeanie and her niece.

My dear!" said Miß Phemister|when they|were alone together. [42'] What a story! Well I  
never trusted the man, not from the time I|first saw that dark deceitful melancholy face of  
his. What made him come to|us when he did I wonder?" Probably there|was some danger  
of discovery and he thought it better to|take himself off for a week. He has disgraced us  
all. Don't let us speak of him any more, Maggie" exclaimed Aunt Jeanie as she got up  
kissed her niece and walked away to|her own room to|compose herself.

“What made him tell|me what he did I wonder,” sighed Maggie: “I suppose he felt he was quite|safe.

His behaviour puzzled her as she looked back on it. And no wonder. Simple-hearted Maggie never <d> would and never did <and never did> {comprehend} Robin Macey \_ one of those common mixed characters who do on the|whole more mischief in|the|world than the|thoroughly bad ones.

After|this date Macey was tolerably prosperous in|the|world. His gains if ill-gotten were none the|less pleasant to|him for that. His wife, a giddy, pretty|hcedless child was not as happy as she might have been <and> {but} there were {always} <plenty of> people <who told> {at hand to tell her <continually> that she had no right to complain for was it not all her own fault.” So she learnt to|hold her tongue and bear with|her slippery unsatisfactory|hhusband as she best could. He was not unkind to|her; he was indeed grateful to|her for the solid substantial benefits she had brought him, and by fits and starts|<do> tried to make her happy in his {own} odd way.

But with|a wife and £60,000 \_ with a country|house in Perthshire and town-house in Edinburgh, - Macey never lost that melancholy way of his. To the|last day of his <day> {life} he could never resist the|temptation of reposing sentimental confidences in pretty|women; or help laying himself out to|win their compassion and approval. So while men in general distrusted and disliked him, women pitied and were kind to him, mentioned his name gently and handled his misdoings tenderly. The object of their admiration as years went on had more and more of the petit-maitre<sup>†</sup> about him but the|spell of his dark sad eyes, and respectful deferential ways never entirely {43} [43<sup>†</sup>]

lost its force. And with this he was obliged to be content.

So much for Robin Macey. He will figure no more in these|pages.

The winter in Edinburgh passed slowly away. For a while the change and the warmer climate|had their due effect on Maggie's health. She was brighter|stronger better|in every way. But January and February were severe months|and even in sheltered Edinburgh the|cold was intense. Maggie began to|droop visibly. The cough and weakness returned and by the beginning of March she was so ill that Aunt Jeanie nearly lost hope again. Take me home dear Aunt," [§] she said at last when the craving was so strong that|it could no longer be repressed. "A breath of sea-air \_ a sight of the Deeside hills - they would do|me more good than all the|medicine in the|world.

They took her home, and so ended the visit which was to|have done such wonders and upon which Aunt Jeanie had built so many hopes.

The very first evening of their revival [*sic*] in Aberdeen, Maggie's health seemed to|revive. Barbara surveyed her with satisfaction proportioned to the|gloominess of|the|forebodings which had possessed her <wh> once she heard they were coming home and even Aunt Jeanie's spirits rose.

Maggie sank that night into a peaceful contented sleep. For many days her step was lighter|her air more full of life. Was she not near Hamish once more, under the|same sky breathing the same air with him? It was a thought which would have given her happiness even amid the|shadows of the|Dark Valley itself.

In a fortnight's time her health was so much improved that she resumed some of her old occupations, amongst others,|that of visiting|the|families of her Sunday-school



children. She had not been out for months|but such a spell of <bright> mild warm weather came about|this time to brighten|the|grey streets|of Aberdeen that even her delicate throat and chest could bear the|open air without danger.

One morning she set out to|visit a poor family living in a road opening out of Union Street. She reached the|house and knocked. There was no answer. Gently|opening the|door she passed in, through a [43<sup>l</sup>] long stone passage and entered the|kitchen at the further end so noiselessly that her presence was for a few moments|unnoticed|by its inmates.

There a sad scene met her view. On a <little> bed near|the fireplace lay a poor little|boy<sup>6</sup> panting and gasping for breath. The look of distress|in the <poor> blue eyes, the hectic flush; the|laboured breathing all told|the|same tale. It was a<n> {dangerous} <aggravated> case of bronchitis. <His little sister and brothers> {other} Children were scattered about the room while on a sort of shake-down in one corner lay the|poor mother only just recovering from her confinement.

But there|was another|figure in that|sorrowful group. By the|bed-side holding the|boy's hand in his and stooping down to|hear the|feeble gasping answers to|some question he had asked stood - Hamish Graham. Maggie had hardly time to|take in the|fact of his presence when he turned and saw her standing in the doorway.

There was a pause. The children gazed in wondering silence {while} the sick woman on the|farther {corner} raised herself on her elbow with with [sic] a feeble greeting. Over Maggie's heart swept a tempest|of emotion - as brief as it was violent. Woman-like she was the first to|recover herself <to h>. Passing Hamish with a bow she went {up

to|the|mother with} <she passed Hamish> whom she stood talking for some time. When she turned at last Hamish was still there. <and> In another|instant without knowing why or wherefore she found herself at his side.

Poor little fellow!" she said bending down to|raise and smooth the|little sufferer's pillow.

"Can nothing be done to|ease him, M<sup>r</sup> Graham.<sup>†</sup>

He raised his head met her clear calm eyes and moved away to|fetch his stethoscope.

I have done what I could," he said after a while. "A nurse will be here directly. She will see to him."

Then little Ben must be patient" said Maggie, kneeling down by the child. "He must be patient and bear the|pain bravely like a Man

Hamish {Graham} turned to look at <the kneeling figure> {her and as his} face fell upon the pure pale outlines of the|<speak> bending face a<s> quick expression of dread - of alarm - crossed his face. A few hasty|steps|carried {44} [44'] to|him [sic] to|her side.

Come away," he said hastily, "this|is no place - no air for you. You can do nothing. A nurse is coming. You had better go.

He spoke gruffly harshly but as Maggie rose she had {to} pull down her veil to|hide the|sudden light in her eyes, the|quick trembling of her lips. So though he believed her false he had some care, some thought for her still.

At the|threshold she turned back for a moment. Hamish was now standing talking to|the|mother with his face turned away from her. One last lingering look at the|<lingering> {beloved} form and Maggie gently shut the door and went out a quivering April smile on her colourless lips.

I have seen him. I have spoken to|him. I know he loves me still. Now I can bear it.”

After|that day Maggie's walks came to|an end. Cold keen east winds swept for days over the|old|town old town [*sic*] driving the|rich indoors and sowing seeds of disease and death|in the weak and aged. Maggie's cough became very troublesome That combined with oppressed breathing kept her very much awake at nights. In such solitary suffering {times} the|thought of God's Endless Rest was very|precious to|her.

And yet there were moments when Maggie's young fresh life fought against the numbing weakness and powerlessness creeping over it, when she strove|with all {her} strength|to beat back the Hand which was so gently <and> yet irrevocably detaching her from life and the|world which held Hamish and leading her on and on towards|Death the Hereafter. Only moments. And at last the|Fatherly Hand blotted even these out of her life and so divine a sense of love and safe protection wrapped her round that there was no room for doubt or dread.

One morning as she was dressing a strange choking feeling oppressed her. She put her handkerchief to her lips and withdrew it covered with bright red spots. A little weeping, a little trembling, a few natural misgivings, - and Maggie was herself again [44<sup>l</sup>].

She kept this new fact to|herself. It happened several times after|this but even Aunt Jeanie's observant|care knew nothing of it.

At last came April with|its soft breezes and softer|showers. But the|warmer weather only brought added languor and weakness to|Maggie. About this time Aunt Jeanie with|many a pang silently resigned her darling into|God's Hands.

One afternoon she went out|to|do some necessary shopping and left Maggie established

with her work on a sofa in the parlour. After a while the light began to fade; twilight came quickly on. Maggie could no longer see to work so she lay peacefully watching the firelight leaping in and out and dreaming of that other life which her thoughts now handled with a reverent familiarity

Suddenly there came a knock at the street-door followed by a loud ring. Maggie knew that knock. She had not watched and listened for it evening after evening in vain.

"It is Hamish!" she said, springing up with that light in her eyes that flush on her cheek which had always greeted him in the olden time.

A quick firm step came up the stairs and traversed the passage. There was a pause. The door was opened and shut and there in the faint gleam of the firelight stood Hamish.

"Hamish! oh Hamish!" she cried as she sprung [*sic*] towards him. In an instant the blessed certainty flashed across her that the long waiting was over. The moment of re-union hoped for in heaven had come on earth.

"Maggie - come!"

He held out his arms. She crept into them in a silent ecstasy of joy and clung to him trembling. She felt his hold tighten passionately round her; his tears were on her cheek.

"Maggie, my little lassie! Speak to me. I have suffered - God knows I have suffered."

"Hamish! Hamish!" was all she could say. So for a while they stood in silence, an ineffable sense of re-union, of perfect love wrapping them round. At last a trembling and {45} [45<sup>r</sup>] faintness came over Maggie. She clung to Hamish for support

"Maggie!" he said, "Maggie, what {is} it?"

Her head sank on his shoulder; he felt the frail form slipping from his grasp. A great fear

took|possession of him He raised her hastily in his arms and carried her \_\_ ah! it was a light burden! \_\_ to|the|sofa.

He laid her there and knelt down himself beside her. How pale she looked, how changed! In that moment a foreboding of <what> {the} inevitable came to|Hamish, but only to|be dashed from him with|all the|strength of his strong nature.

Speak to|me Maggie!" he urged and at the|sound of his voice the white lids unclosed and a little cold hand sought his. Slowly, slowly life and the|power of speech came back to|her She looked up and her lips framed words. Hamish stooped.

"Tell me - why - how?"

He {made a} mighty effort at self-control. Then bending to|her again \_\_ To-day I heard for|the first time of Robin Macey's marriage with a Miss Margaret Ballantyne. I heard too that|when he was here last summer they had been engaged some weeks. A silence. Maggie's face expressed bewilderment - enquiry. He left her and went to|lean against the mantelpiece. Looking down upon her from there he told|her the|story of the|miniature and thus|explained the|whole mystery of his conduct.

Sharp pain, bitter regret \_\_ they|filled Maggie's heart to|over-flowing {as she listened}.

Such a little thing - and yet it had wrecked two lives!

Oh Hamish!" she cried, a paroxysm of bitterness and despair sweeping over her "It has come too|late. If you had told|me this <but> at first \_\_ but now! \_\_ I cannot stay with|you Hamish, I must go; you cannot keep me. "Oh God! Oh! Father! A little|life - a little time."

<She held out her hands to him.> Hamish came to|her. She held out her hands to|him

with a piteous look.

Maggie," he said, in a low hoarse voice, "What do you mean? Are you so very ill? [45']

The sight of his emotion, - the|sense of the blow that|was about to|fall upon him - soothed her own wild excitement|and despair. She put up her hands drew his away from his face and made him look at her.

Hamish dear, you must try|to|bear it. You have made me very happy, your love is more precious to|me than life, but even it cannot keep me now. There is no hope; the lungs are injured. The end may come at any time."

[§]<He looked at her, at the serene childish face, at> But Hamish's mind absolutely refused to|admit the|truth. He made an agitated incoherent denial which brought a look of pain into|her face. But true to|her tender clinging nature she could not bear to|grieve him any longer, so she said no more, and he, only too|glad to|escape from a subject which he could not bring himself to|face, let it alone too. To him, the|possibility she spoke of was indefinitely|far off - indefinitely distant while to Maggie it was a certainty \_ 'near; even at the|doors'<sup>7</sup>.

She threw it off however and presently there began a quiet happy talk over old scenes and times. Hamish stirred the fire and it blazed out merrily throwing a rosy glow over Maggie's white face and dress and lighting up every corner of the old familiar room. Ha!" said Hamish looking round him with|a long breath It is something to|see this again. When you were away in Edinburgh, Maggie, the|sight of these windows darkened and shut up was almost more than I could bear!"

Poor Hamish!" said Maggie, stroking his large, strong|hand with|her little fingers.

He stooped and raised her in his arms.

Maggie - little Maysie! Have I really got you again? Is it really you speaking, smiling - looking? It seems to|me that all this will turn out to be only a dream, and then will come the|old desolate|life again. Eh! little lassie?"

What can I do or say?" she said, laughing up into|his moved {46} [46'] passionate face.

"Don't I feel substantial enough

"You feel like a feather, Maggie. I could carry you about with me all day and not know there was anything in my arms. Ah well - we will mend all that.

She nestled up to|him with a little shiver. Presently there was a sound of opening doors, a step in the passage \_

"Hamish Graham - Maggie!

It was Jeanie's bewildered voice.

Come here Auntie" cried Maggie merrily "Come here and see what a clever doctor has been here while you have been buying up Aberdeen. Can't you see the effects|of his medicines already?"

Aunt Jeanie looked at her and turned to|Hamish for an explanation.

He gave it \_ with Maggie's help. Miß Phemister|knelt down by her niece and the|two embraced each other and shed a few quiet joyful tears together. After|which a measure of composure <and common sense> {returned to} everybody. Miß Phemister went up-stairs to|take her things off and <endeavoured to compehend what had happened> {collect her scattered senses} in the|silence and quiet of her own room.

Left to|themselves again Hamish and Maggie were very silent. The fire died down, but

Hamish would not disturb the little tired head lying on his arm to replace it. So presently the room was in darkness save for a faint gleam of red light at one end of it.

Hamish sat thinking of the past and future. Below {stairs} he could hear Barbara's cracked quavering voice singing a verse from one of the grand old Covenant hymns.

Through the unshuttered windows he caught a glimpse of a wide stretch of dark blue sky studded with faint stars. All was still within and without and the stillness and peace passed into his heart.

Suddenly there was a little start and troubled cry from Maggie.

Oh! Hamish, save me! Don't let me go.

What is it my darling?" he said, thinking she was <a> half [46'] asleep. "There," bending down to her and raising her more comfortably in his arms "Is that better?"

There was no answer. Her head sank back into its former place on his shoulder<s>. <He bent down and placed his ear to her lips.> An awful dread seized him. He bent down and placed his ear to her lips.

Maggie was dead.



## Chapter twelve

### LITERARY ASPECTS OF BELIEVED TOO LATE (1869)

#### 12.1 THE TEXT

The manuscript narrative of Believed Too Late follows immediately after the fragment A Woman of Genius at the end of A Gay Life in WARD Box VII, Volume 5 in the unbroken A progression. It must therefore have been written when Mary was about eighteen years old, in Oxford, as part of a period of serious fictional experiment. The number of characters is limited, but Maggie, the central character, is a very successful creation.

The narrative is dramatically complete and consistent in mood. It is written in three chapters and contains several of the elements which are brought into play in A Gay Life, but with a tragic dénouement for the heroine. Maggie is a far warmer and more attractive character than Lena, in A Gay Life. Lena's equivalent in Believed Too Late is the strangely motivated and cynical Robin Macey who, like Lena, appears principally attracted by material considerations in matters of the heart. In later novels, Mary makes the hero rather than the heroine the victim of destructive jealousy<sup>1</sup>.

There is no record that she attempted to have this story published and in fact, despite some great strengths, and a formidable fluency and control, too great a stress is forced upon the central tension, jealousy, so that it has to bear the weight of the death of the heroine, which goes against common sense. There is also striking capitulation to some of the literary and moral conventions of contemporary popular and religious fiction. Nevertheless the story has vitality and, especially in the first of the three chapters, great

realism and charm.

## 12.2 SETTING

Mary's visit to stay at Murtle, the large country house near Aberdeen which formed part of her schoolfriend Bessie Thursford's family estate, gave Mary the material for the realistic depiction of Aberdeen in Believed Too Late. The detailed diary<sup>2</sup> which records this month-long stay is found in Volume 3 preceding Script B of Lansdale Manor. The visit took place from June to July in 1867 and gave Mary an opportunity to study the Scots dialect and to gain local colour. She chooses the name of a family servant at her friend's home, Phemister, for the surname of her heroine and her observation of the organisation of the household and recording of local dialect is apparent in the story.

## 12.3 LITERARY INFLUENCES ON BELIEVED TOO LATE

It is possible that the plot of this narrative was suggested by Jane Austen's Persuasion, but only in its barest outlines, and with a tragic ending. Inward circumstances, destructive jealousy, take the place of the measured, if misplaced, received wisdom and external forces which ended Anne Elliot's early romance.

Believed Too Late strives in places for the authorial manner of George Eliot, with whom Mary was to have dinner in Oxford a few months later as a guest of Mark Pattison and his wife<sup>3</sup>. The ultimate death of the heroine, Maggie Phemister, reflects the literary influence of the starkly moral drama of several of the Scenes of Clerical Life, first published in "Blackwood's Magazine" in 1857, which appeared in a cheap one volume edition in 1863. An illustrated edition appeared in 1868, the year before Mary wrote Belived Too Late. The major crises in the Scenes expound the intuitive perception that

the withdrawal of love causes death. Amos Barton's partly unconscious and partly self-willed neglect of his wife results in her death. More significant perhaps in relation to Believed Too Late is the second of the Scenes, Mr Gilfil's Love Story, which contains several features in common, though the social world of the stories is very distinct. In common are the elements of passionate jealousy, though on the part of women rather than men; a wasting disease suffered by the heroine Caterina, who is, like Maggie, an adopted rather than a natural child of the household, and a miniature portrait in gold containing locks of hair.

George Eliot could well have been taken by Mary as her model in striving for authoritative control of local dialect. Mary Arnold's other major literary idols, the Brontës, also write in dialect with great force. Her keen observation for verbal and aural authenticity is clear in Believed Too Late, where Maggie's aunt Jeanie Phemister's genteel Aberdeen tones and the servant Barbara's more robust Scots utterances show her ability to create a convincing verbal landscape. This anticipates the Cumberland dialect of Robert Elsmere and Helbeck of Bannisdale, the Derbyshire and Manchester dialects of David Grieve and the Hertfordshire dialect of Marcella, and the Tale of Bessie Costrell.

It is striking that both in Mr Gilfil's Love Story and in Janet's Repentance the moment of violent withdrawal of love leads directly to the death of a lover or husband. George Eliot also develops this theme later, in Middlemarch, when Casaubon dies just as Dorothea is deciding not to devote her future life to the arrangement of his sterile and labyrinthine research notes. The sex is reversed in Believed Too Late. It is Hamish who ultimately kills Maggie by the withdrawal of his love. The irony of this is observed

poignantly by Maggie's aunt, Miss Phemister: "He loves her," she said sadly, turning away, "and yet he is killing her!"<sup>4</sup>

Elizabeth Gaskell's Wives and Daughters contains some of the elements of this story: a medical practice with a junior partner who is subject to a passionate attachment to the heroine (which is clearly far less important than Hamish's love for Maggie), the arrival with luggage of a male equivalent of Cynthia Kirkpatrick, Robin Macey, who brings far more serious destruction in his wake. Most significantly, the possession of a secret by the central character leaves her vulnerable to misinterpretation, and it is this on which the intense emotions of the narrative hinges. Molly Gibson loses her local reputation temporarily as a direct consequence of keeping the secret of a careless and self-seeking person, the step sister whom she loved, and who also, in her way, loved her. Maggie Phemister loses her life as a consequence of keeping the secret of a man whose self-indulgent behaviour is clearly not worth the sacrifice. However the principle remains the same and it is this which interests Mary most, as her later novels show.

#### 12.4 THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE NARRATIVE FOR LATER FICTION

The tragic tension of passion and isolation between lovers as a result of an intuitive or emotional reaction to an event gives human and dramatic psychological force to Mary's mature fiction. In Robert Elsmere, the terrible emotional frustration experienced by Catherine Elsmere when she loses spiritual communion with Robert does not result in her death, though it gives her great suffering. In Helbeck of Bannisdale, where Helbeck and Laura are caught in a tension between love and personally incompatible moral and spiritual integrity, the result, ultimately, is Laura's death.

Since the manuscript text of Mary Arnold's stories was not available to scholars for critical comment until the 1970s, it is inevitable that little has been written about them. Peterson comments that the villain of the piece, Robin Macey, is the direct ancestor of Langham in Robert Elsmere and 'represents the first appearance<sup>5</sup> in Mary's fiction of a religious sceptic.' (This is not in fact the case, since Edith Lansdale's sceptical cousin Margaret Percy takes this role in Lansdale Manor, particularly in Script C, where a formidable argument on 'women's religion' betters Robin Macey's performance.)

A melancholy air, supposedly the reflection of inner religious doubt, from which Robin implies Maggie may be able to free him by the inspiration of her pure evangelical faith, first attracts Maggie's sympathy to him. This is certainly a very interesting feature, but one which Mary Arnold does not develop consistently in the story.

It is a very attractive feature of Believed Too Late that Mary has a direct and authoritative grasp of human, flirtatious, mutually attractive behaviour between the sexes. This gives vitality and complete conviction to the first chapter of the story, on which the tragic dénouement depends. The domestic sentimentality of the last section of Ailie is mercifully absent, although the final death scene lacks credibility.

## 12.5 THE HEROINE

Maggie Phemister is a direct ancestor of the most striking heroines of Mary Ward's mature fiction: Marcella and Laura Fountain. At eighteen, Mary Arnold's intuitive compromise between her ideals of integrity and the necessity for an overriding moral or religious system of belief find their artistic fulfilment in an immensely attractive

and vital girl of real humour, irony, discretion and charm. Her resistance to her lover's assumption that he has the right of confession over her anticipates Laura's struggles with Helbeck and Marcella Boyce's fight for the right to believe in the innocence of a man whose cause she has championed. Maggie, like Marcella, rises in indignation against what she feels is prejudice and injustice.

She is rejected in an irrational reaction of passionate and destructive jealousy. Mary was to explore the psychology of jealousy and the separation and pain inevitably caused by it in later fiction, notably Sir George Tressady, Fenwick's Career, and Daphne, or Marriage à la Mode. Hamish's jealousy is resolved in the last chapter of Believed Too Late in a manner which is radically unconvincing, sentimental and over dramatic. Nevertheless writing of great verve and potential can be found in this narrative as well as real, mature feeling and engagement with disillusionment and disintegration within the setting of an adult relationship.

There are no living parents in this story. Maggie's only friend is an aunt. This anticipates Vittoria. The domestic affections of Miss Phemister's household represent a convincing departure from the restricting and sometimes cloying family atmosphere found in Lansdale Manor and A Gay Life.

The heroine is vulnerable and acts on her own account and on her own principle in a volatile and uncertain world where she cannot expect effective support. This anticipates major heroines such as Marcella and Laura Fountain in later writing.

## Chapter thirteen

### THE TEXTS OF THE NARRATIVES A WOMAN OF GENIUS AND VITTORIA

(1869)

ago!<sup>1</sup>

26 [26<sup>7</sup>]

2

#### A Woman of Genius

All her life she had been told she was a genius and by this time she believed it<sup>3</sup>.

## THE TEXT OF VITTORIA (1869)

[48<sup>l</sup>]

She paid the cab, dismissed him,<sup>†</sup> And stood a moment at the garden-gate, looking so scared and white and bewildered, that the cabman as he drove off turned to|look at her <as he drove off> standing there <in the|p> under the dreary sky in the|pouring rain, a small shrinking delicate creature. The fire of her great resolve had for the|moment died out and|only the embers of weariness, reaction, terrible misgivings remained behind.

[§] She turned towards the|house at length and started as her eye fell on the shuttered windows, and {noted} the straggl<ed>ing shrubs and uncared-for creeper, growing here and there in the domain she remembered so painfully neat and trim. <To be sur>

Certainly she had not written to|her Aunt to|apprise her of her intended journey; there had been no time for that. But she had taken for granted|that she was at Streatham; the possibility of her being from <fr>home had never occurred to|her - And|now the|shut-up house, the desolate \*{garden}! Vittoria's heart sank, but in another minute she walked|up the drive with a defiant reckless courage in her look and|air, and knocked.

Ah that familiar porch, with its|rustic benches, and the deep shadow cast by the ivy clambering over- {48} [48<sup>r</sup>]<sup>4</sup> head filling its recesses, \_ Vittoria looked round her with a curious feeling, remember<ed>ing the summer <lawn> {shower} the waiting, and that sudden flash of consciousness|from heart to|heart {the|remembrance of <wh>} which stirred the depths within|her now as she stood holding her breath|for the sound of footsteps within, the heavy November rain plashing on the|steps and dripping from the dank ivy leaves.



At last there was a patter|within. Vittoria heard bolts undone a chain carefully adjusted. Then the|door opened a cautious two inches, a glimpse of an aged face appeared through the aperture, and a hostile voice <demanded> {announced} If it[ ]s M<sup>rs</sup> Wootton|you want, she's not at home The doctors took her up to|Lunnon last <for> week for the|operation. There's no one here but \_

"Martha!" cried Vittoria, the|tears choking her.

Eh<!>-h-h-h!"

Such a tone of fright, of utter bewilderment! A moment[ ]s silence then the chain fell, and Martha stood on [*sic*] the doorway, striving to|adjust a pair of antique spectacles with her trembling hands.

Eh! \_ Miß Vittoria, no - sure - Well I never \_ all by yourself, and such a day!

Something's wrong with|the missus I make no doubt.

Nothing's wrong with anybody but|me" said Vittoria with a faint hysteric laugh, "take me in Martha I

Her head<s> drooped her hands fell. Martha rushed forward {49} [49<sup>7</sup>] caught her, poured upon her a torrent of inquiries concern reproaches, got no answer, and finally had the|sense to lead her in, through the long passage, into|the bright warm kitchen. There she put her into|a chair, and proceeded to care for her bodily wants as far as|she understood them.

Martha!" gasped the wanderer when recollection returned

"You must put me {up} somewhere. I must sleep here to-night"

<Why> Aye †Surely!" cjaculated the|wondering Martha by [*but*] why if I may make bold

to|ask Miß Tory are ye come here just now when your Aunt's away and all.

“I didn't know Aunt was away. I came to|see her and on - on - business. \_\_\_\_ Please give me some tea Martha and don't talk to|me just yet awhile Martha did as she was told, and went after|the|tea <and> holding sotto voce conferences with herself the|while Vittoria lay back faint and weary, but with|returning strength creeping into|every limb with|the|pleasant warmth and something of the dogged resolution of the|morning taking shape again within. After all what did her Aunt's absence matter? The business she came to do was not with her. Her presence would have been a protection, {no doubt} a shield too from the|busy tongues and eyes of the|outside world but the work to|be done could be got through without. Aye and that it should be done \_ begun that very evening and [49<sup>h</sup>] finished before the|morrow's sunsetting, Vittoria determined anew, with|fresh force of soul and purpose as she lay outward[|y] resting in luxurious silence within the warm circle of the|kitchen hearth. <sup>6</sup>

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## Chapter fourteen

### LITERARY ASPECTS OF A WOMAN OF GENIUS AND VITTORIA (1869)

#### 14.1 THE MANUSCRIPTS

A Woman of Genius consists only of one sentence which stands by itself at the top of the page on which A Gay Life ends. Vittoria follows immediately after the narrative Believed Too Late and covers only four pages, breaking off one third of the way down a page. The narratives are both found in WARD, Box VII, Volume 5.

#### 14.2 THE NARRATIVE

Both A Gay Life and Believed Too Late have a clearly defined beginning and end. A Woman of Genius is a tantalising line and suggests an unusual, detached yet autobiographical perspective. It is impossible to make informed critical comment upon it. The word 'woman' in the title suggests that Mary is envisaging a change in the independence and potential of the heroine, that she has crossed a threshold to adult maturity.

Many of the heroines of her later novels, from the first, the brilliant colonial actress, Miss Bretherton<sup>1</sup>, to the profoundly philosophical Eleanor<sup>2</sup>, are endowed with unusual talent, insight or sensibility which is an uncomfortable gift, and which at its extreme borders on madness, an example of which is Kitty Bristol, the heroine of The Marriage of William Ashe. A dramatic element, presupposing the unqualified praise of a discriminating audience, is present in many critical narrative moments in her early and late fiction. Inez, in A Tale of the Moors, in her martyr-like integrity, is the focus for all eyes, both in Moorish Granada, and later, in the Spanish court. This theme is a vital

element in the plot of Marcella and Delia Blanchflower as well as a minor theme in The Coryston Family, in all of which novels, the young woman stakes her insight against received conventional wisdom and is eventually vindicated. This stance of integrity, in its way, is an act of genius, performed with the self-confidence of genius, with the attendant serious danger of isolation, and martyrdom<sup>3</sup>.

Julia Sorell struck Tom when he first saw her as a heroine of George Sand, a character of genius or at least of dramatic independence, beauty and flair. Mary Arnold must have been conscious of her own genius. It is fascinating to speculate that she could not continue the story because the story was the script of both her life and her subsequent novels. Many names of the heroines of her stories bear identification, syllabic similarity or consonantal substitution ('l' for 'r') with her own names: Mary appears in the infant Mary Elsmere, the victim of her parents terrible religious differences; Marie, in Ailie; Ailie herself; Marcella and Marcie in Marcella; Marcia Coryston, in The Coryston Family, where Enid, a stunning figure in the same novel is perhaps a descendant of Inez. T. Humphry Ward in his diary at the time of his engagement to Mary refers to her, once, as 'Inez'<sup>4</sup>.

The syllables and solidity of the family name Arnold may bear some relation to the surnames Walter, Lansdale, Fountain. The concept of 'fountain' appears in an early letter which Tom Arnold sent home to his mother from Van Diemen's Land in which he describes baby Mary as a 'sparkling fountain or a gay flower in the house, filling it with light and freshness'<sup>5</sup>. This letter was kept in Fox How during Mary's childhood there. The image suggests an analogy with Marie La Rivière.

Vittoria, a Spanish version of the name, sounds more sophisticated than the earlier heroines. It is likely that Mary may have been influenced by George Meredith's novel of the same name in her choice, though significantly perhaps, there is no title given to this fragment, which has caused uncertainty among bibliographers as to whether it should be included as a development of the Woman of Genius title which occurs earlier in the notebook just before Believed Too Late. The manuscript suggests they are quite distinct.

In so far as it is Latinate in character, the heroine's name resembles that of Marcella, and Felicia, a central figure in The Mating of Lydia, though it must be admitted that Felicia was also the name of the novelist Miss Skene, who was to prove so significant at about the time of the composition of these fragments. She helped Mary publish 'A Westmoreland Story'<sup>6</sup>, a narrative in direct line of development, and bearing several points in common with A Gay Life and Believed Too Late schematically in terms of plot. Mary's own second name, Augusta, might be deemed to belong linguistically to this group.

Often the genius given to heroines of Mary Ward's fiction is of a social kind; an inspired talent for organising a *salon*, a skill which Mary herself valued very highly and aspired to practice. Heroines of this kind are: Julie le Breton, in Lady Rose's Daughter, and Caroline Wing in Eltham House.

In Vittoria, the last fragment to survive, the reader is presented with a resolute, mature heroine who acts independently in what is clearly a crisis, though the nature of the crisis is not made clear. There is a parallel with Ailie's recollection of a past moment, which represented in some way a critical decision or movement between lovers<sup>7</sup>.

Vittoria arrives in London to find that her aunt is absent, in hospital, and her aunt's servant is timorous and clearly unable to sustain any independent action. Mary's successful evocation of Martha's character and control of dialect builds on her experiment with Barbara in Believed Too Late and the descriptions of servants in her Scottish Diary. It anticipates the success with which she was later to depict households in the novels: The History of David Grieve, Robert Elsmere and Helbeck of Bannisdale. It is suggested that Vittoria has been in love but she herself, alone faces a crisis, perhaps a change of heart requiring a painful decision. Mary Arnold has now reached maturity.

In Vittoria, Mary creates a heroine who no longer hides behind the Arnoldian father or guardian, and who is not threatened or unbalanced by a warning figure emotionally based on her mother's turbulent and dramatic character. She is writing with economy and confidence, in control of detail, anticipating the development of characters such as Catharine and Rose Elsmere, Marcella Boyce and Laura Fountain.

Sutherland's critique of Vittoria suggests that it represents a watershed in Mary's fictional career<sup>8</sup>. The writing certainly shows energy, subtlety and control. The handwriting is a fluent, adult hand, slightly differentiated from the handwriting of the other narratives in the notebook, and mature, though not as decisive as Mary Ward's final, established hand. It fills the last two available page openings in the A progression of the notebook. Probably it will never now be known whether a further notebook existed with a fuller development of the plot. Although only a fragment of narrative remains, Vittoria is clearly delineated; she is as determined and fascinating a character as Laura Fountain or Marcella Boyce.

## Chapter fifteen

### CONCLUSIONS

The primary concern of this thesis is to document and publish Mary Arnold's earliest extant fiction in an edition which is intended to give scholars the closest possible experience of the text. Evidence of Mary's other early literary activities has been included in the appendices to give a sense of the context in which her earliest stories were produced. Her surviving Juvenilia help construct a complete account of the development of her mature fiction.

#### BIOGRAPHICAL AND PSYCHOLOGICAL ANALOGIES WITHIN THE ARNOLD FAMILY'S LITERARY INHERITANCE

It may be argued that Mary's experience of the 'anxiety of influence' as Dr Arnold's eldest grandchild inhibited her creativity, since it obliged her to take on an undue responsibility for the moral outcomes of her stories if she chose to accept and make much of the connection. Her uncle Matthew Arnold arguably had no choice, although his adoption of a foppish and ironic outward manner has been read as an implicit subversion of Rugbean 'earnestness'. Some of his work witnesses to the power and ambivalence of relationships in the Arnold family. His poem Sohrab and Rustum is one example. The mighty father slays his son, whom he believed to have been born a girl, at the moment of recognition in single combat. Psychological accounts of The Forsaken Merman argue that Matthew's relationship with his mother, a Cornishwoman by ancestry, and a Celt, had even greater creative significance. The mortal woman who returns to the land, leaving 'lonely for ever the kings of the sea' is an even more eloquent image of

ambivalence and separation, despite longing for harmony. It is possible that one of the stories by Matthew's mother, 'The Elysium of Fishes', (pages 475 to 483 of Appendix B) which all the children knew, and in which she, a mortal, enters an immortal dimension in the depths of the sea, provided a critical stimulus to Matthew's imaginative life as a child.

Mary Arnold's fascination with her mother's problematic history and character can often be discerned in her fiction. A Gay Life perhaps represents the beginning of this process. Readings of some of the finest passages in Robert Elsmere and Helbeck of Bannisdale which identify the 'battle of love' in religious difference with Mary's witness of her parents' marriage carry conviction. There is nothing of comparable stature in the Juvenilia, although religious debate and practice are evident and many of the scenes prove to have been apprentice work for later fiction.

Mary's earliest story, A Tale of the Moors (1864), depicts a motherless girl who witnesses against the man she believes to be her father and is condemned to death by his betrayal, though she survives, to discover another identity. Mary's relationship with Tom Arnold, which is uniquely revealed in fictional terms in Lansdale Manor, was, as Françoise Rives cogently argues in her thesis Mrs Humphry Ward, Romancière, (1981)<sup>1</sup> the defining one of her life. Her father's death brought to an end the period of her literary creativity, though she continued to rework old themes in interesting ways for a short time, before the exhausted and sterile final phase of her writing. The punishing writing schedule she accepted to meet her son Arnold's massive gambling debts has recently been fully documented for the first time<sup>2</sup>.



#### LITERARY EXPERIMENTATION ON HER OWN ACCOUNT

The first of Mary's stories was written, as far as is recorded, without formal adult supervision, interest or stimulus. It seems to have been a private literary experiment. The second narrative is more evidently intended for the public domain, even if only within the family. It is formally dedicated to her grandmother Mrs Arnold and copied carefully into two separate notebooks which, uniquely among the surviving Juvenilia, contain no other material. As such the story resembles the 'printed' volumes of her grandmother's writing before her marriage which appeared in 'The Gossip' (Appendix 3). Mary's third narrative, Ailie, whose opening pages have unfortunately been lost, launches into independent fictional experiment. The remaining three stories explore varying narrative perspectives. The plots of A Gay Life and Believed Too Late have a close relationship, being in some ways almost a mirror image of each other. Vittoria, though only a fragment, seems to possess maturity and potential.

#### JUVENILIA: THE CULTURE OF IMITATION

Mary's earliest narratives show a responsive capacity for stylistic imitation, which is particularly transparent in the first story A Tale of the Moors. Close verbal echoes in this story reflect Mary's enthusiasm for Porter, Aguilar, Lytton, Scott and the Brontës. The dramatic and Romantic idealism of these novelists derives ultimately from a Byronic individualism and intransigent scorn of compromise harmonised in ideal characters with a high view of freedom and integrity. This is an abiding characteristic of later heroines.

The surviving evidence of Mary's early reading is inevitably accidental and contingent. There are very significant gaps. One example must be Harriet Martineau, a

local friend of the family in Ambleside whom Mary knew personally. Martineau's literary method and purpose may well have been even more significant an influence on Mary than that of Charlotte M. Yonge but no reference to her reading Martineau's tales exists. Similarly, it is on record that Tom Arnold admired Mrs Oliphant most among contemporary novelists. Her plots and the issues raised in the novels must have been the subject of family dinner table conversation but it is impossible to be certain how strong her influence over Mary's writing actually was or whether, in fact, Mary read her novels at all.

Conversely, Mary mentions her enthusiasm for Ruskin and for Hawthorne, and to a lesser extent admiration of Carlyle, yet except in comparatively minor details their influence over the finished surviving stories does not seem marked. She mentions the novels of Scott, which seem not to have left a trace on the narratives which follow A Tale of the Moors. Clearly the influence of Tennyson was very strong and The Princess in particular seems to have inspired her. His poetry is found in the texts of Ailie, and A Gay Life.

Mary Arnold's Juvenilia represent diverse, energetic experimentation in fiction, moving from late Romantic prose through episodic domestic realism towards a more experimental exploration of the limits imposed on feminine aspiration, sexuality and socially effective thought and action in the manner of George Eliot. Her Juvenilia therefore echo major shifts in the development of serious English fiction in the nineteenth century.

## PART THREE

### APPENDIX A

#### EXTRACTS FROM THE 'FOX HOW MAGAZINES', 1839 - 1842

When Dr Arnold built his family a holiday home in Ambleside, he took the advice of William Wordsworth, whose home, Rydal Mount, was close by. The chosen plot of rising ground was called Fox How, and the Arnolds' home was named after it.

Wordsworth designed the chimneys to resemble those of his own design at Rydal Mount and took a close interest in the building of the house during the school terms which the Arnold family spent at Rugby. It is clear that the very name Fox How, which means Fairy Mount, was magical for the Arnold children. The plot of ground was purchased in 1832 but the building was not completed for at least two more years. In her Writer's Recollections (1918), Mary Ward was to give the date of the building of Fox How as 1834. Her arrival at Fox How, at the age of five, having travelled across the world from Tasmania to get there, is the 'first point that stands out' in her mind and the first detail of her life which she evokes, after a general introduction, on the third page of her autobiography.

For her father's generation, the journey to Fox How was one of great excitement and hallowed ritual. Dr Arnold personally found the countryside around Rugby very depressing and his own excitement when he reached the house, and great pleasure in it<sup>1</sup>, was easily communicated to his children, who, no doubt, associated Fox How with a family integrity which it is not likely they enjoyed at Rugby, where their father was public property.

Nevertheless some occupation had to be found for the children on wet days during the holidays and it is clear that some sort of schoolroom life persisted into their time at Fox How, though no doubt it was informal in character. They seem to have travelled to Ambleside twice a year; at the New Year and during the summer holidays.

Dr Arnold died very suddenly and completely unexpectedly of angina during the weekend immediately after the end of the summer term in June 1842 when most of the family had already travelled up to Fox How. Only Tom, Mary's father, had been with Dr Arnold. He was seventeen when he witnessed his father's death and its impact upon him was far-reaching. Fox How became the family's permanent home after that.

The first extant 'Fox How Magazine' is dated 1839, when the elder children were in their teens. The Arnold children; 'the dogs', as Dr Arnold called them among many other nicknames, were born in the following years: Jane, the eldest, in 1821

Matthew, the eldest son, in 1822

Tom, Mary's father, Dr Arnold's favourite son, in 1823,

Mary, in 1825,

Edward, in 1827

William Delafield in 1828,

Susanna, in 1830

Frances, in 1833, and

Walter, in 1835.

All the children had nicknames: Jane was 'K'; Matthew, 'Crab', perhaps because he had to wear a caliper as a child; Tom, 'Prawn'; Mary, 'Didu'; Walter, 'Corus', to name only a

few. Their father's tendency to extemporise nicknames for them is well illustrated in an undated extended biographical narrative written in 'The New Magazine' in 1840 and illustrated by Jane, called 'The Little Rugbaeans'. This, with 'The Criticising Observer', written by William Arnold, is clearly the work of one author. All the other Juvenilia which survive from this period, the 'Fox How Magazines' are communal editorial enterprises, including contributions from the youngest child to Dr Arnold himself.

The influence of classical Latin poetry is evident in the titles for such pieces as 'The Caviad', 'The Lakiad' - a poem about six children gradually sinking into one of the Lakes. A piece of classical translation by Matthew from the Aeneid is included along with a great deal of verse on every conceivable subject; some high flown and much comic.

The 'Fox How Magazines' were treasured in the family; greatly appreciated and much read, from generation to generation.

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[63: *frontispiece*]

Fox How Magazine<sup>2</sup> FOX HOW MAGAZINE<sup>3</sup>

NO. IV {64}

Happily in work & play

Weeks & months have passed away

Till once more we here are seen

To greet the Fox How Magazine

And as t'was then a winter greeting

A fireside January meeting

So now 'tis right in Rhyme & reason  
To chuse the joyous summer season  
Then all the woods were bare & brown  
The mountain streams came tumbling down  
And snow which capped the highest Fell  
At times descended to the dell  
And set I ween your fingers aching  
As you the famed snow House were making.

{65}

Such was the scene, when then as now  
We met at this our dear Fox How  
But such a change! now all is gay  
In springs & summer's rich array -  
The lingering primrose yet is found  
Hiding its'† sweetness on the ground  
While the tall Fox Glove spreads his leaves  
And asks the homage she receives. \_  
Nature is changed! but dear ones, still  
'Midst outward change of good & ill  
Midst winter storms & summer flowers  
Unnumbered blessings still are ours \_  
May humble thankful hearts confest

How undeserv'd such happiness!\_

And strive to reach that peaceful shore

Where change and time shall be no more!. AM

{66}

the Bunsens are come to Fox How With us. George and †henry came almost every night  
to play French and †english With us and I am umpire †susy ows<sup>fl</sup> me twopence for  
ducking my head When †i bathed BB<sup>4</sup>

[67]<sup>5</sup>

{67}

On the first of July. 1839.

The first of July it is a grand day

When all of us do have our pay.

Leaving out none from Jane to Fan

Even great Matt though he's not a man

There's chim<sup>2</sup> and the cat who are very fat

Then runs independent <sup>x</sup> as thin as a rat

But who comes here: it is the smash hand

And †corus whose arms are as soft as sand

... BB-AB

<sup>x</sup> if the public do not understand who independent is it is Mr E P arnold.

[68]<sup>6</sup>

{68}

There is a pool high up on Loughrigg lying,

Which far to north & south the Eye embraces

Skiddaw and Ingleborough, & thence retraces  
Each nearer Spot with fairest Landscapes vying  
Silent the Pool and lonely: - Months will paß  
And never Foot will climb there; never Voice  
Will break the Silence, - while the Sheep rejoice  
To feed unstartled on the quiet Graß.-  
Yet there are Voices now, & lively Feet  
Preßing that Pool's lone Margin; - and I see  
Small boats with tiny Sails in Mimicry  
Stoutly against the little Billows beat. -  
Nor lacks the Pool image of rocky Shore  
With low Savannahs varied; - Shoals {there} were  
To stranger S[?easons] perilous; - Islands bare  
And ancient Cliffs oe'rgrown<sup>†</sup> with Lichens hoar.  
Nor leß that tiny Fleet its'<sup>†</sup> Honour claims,-  
The Caesar bears down on the adverse Line, -  
{69} Against the Rotha, Fox and Caroline, -  
Their mighty Deeds well matched with mighty Names, -  
Victoria, Water Lily, Water Witch, -  
I can no more, - here my Verse finds a {Hitch}\_<sup>7</sup>



[ *The following two pages are a translation from Virgil by Matthew Arnold*]

60

Translation Vir Aeneid VII Line 293 to 320.

Alas! that Race accursed! those Fates of Troy

That, adverse still, forbid me to destroy!

Alas! they fell not on Sigorus' plain

But still preserved, though captive burst their chain

Troy's fall oerwhelmed not them, mid fire & flood

Mid war's embattled lines unharmed they stood!

What! hath my wrath departed from my breast

Gorged with destruction, eager for its'† rest?

Nay! as they fled, o'er Ocean's billowy wave

In clouds I come to curse, & not to save;

Yes! wind & wave, all eager to destroy

Raged vainly 'gainst the Charmed Barks of Troy -

Vain were the Syrtes, vain was Scylla's cave

In vain Charybdis <spread> {toBed} his whirling wave

In Tyber's promised stream their veßels lie

Safe from my power, & Ocean's swelling high

Mars slew the Lapithae at will, & Heaven

To stern Diana Calydon has given

Yes! those the Gods forbade not to destroy  
Though scarce so guilty as these sons of Troy \_  
But see \_ the Thunderer's Bride whose \_\_\_ wrath  
Hath tried each means to aid our vengeful Path  
Yes! we all powerful, victors in the field  
In might unconquered to Eneas yield!  
But if my might sufficeth not \_ if Heaven  
Into its mightest sons no power hath given  
Infernal Powers! - aßist - my purpose well  
If Heaven be unrelenting, aid me Hell!  
Yes! let the Latian sceptre glad his pride  
Yes! let him clasp Lavinia for his bride  
But long delay shall heap those plains with dead  
And Death shall hover constant round his head:  
Be this thy marriage compact with thy Sire  
With seal of Blood, in characters of fire  
And Thou! fair Maid, a dear bought Bride shall be  
By choicest blood of Troy & Italy  
Purchased by ravaged lands & bloodstained sea  
Bellona bears the marriage torch for thee! \_ CCC<sup>8</sup>

## APPENDIX B:

### EXTRACTS FROM 'THE GOSSIP'

The unpublished writing of Mary Penrose (1791 - 1873), who married Dr Thomas Arnold in 1820.

Mary Penrose, the youngest daughter of Rev John Penrose, Rector of Fledborough, in Nottinghamshire, was the sister of Trevenan Penrose, one of Thomas Arnold's oldest school friends<sup>1</sup>. She and Thomas Arnold were married on 11th August 1820. The writing which survives from the period before her marriage takes the form of a hand-written periodical, 'The Gossip'. This is a series of articles and letters written by hand in two beautifully bound volumes, which were given to her as a wedding present on 3rd August 1820 by her friend Susan Williams. They are now in private hands. It is clear that Mary herself was one of a number of contributors to the periodical. Many of the entries are accurately dated. The three articles by Mary Penrose appear in Volume one of 'The Gossip' in Number 24, dated Saturday March 27th 1819; in Volume two in Number 37, dated Monday, December 6th 1819, and Number 39, where her article is undated. The opening inscription states that the pieces were written during 1819 and 1820. Since Mary was born in 1791, she was in her late twenties at the time of the composition of these articles.

After her marriage Mary became a prolific writer of letters but she wrote nothing for publication. Her writing as a young woman before her marriage cannot perhaps be considered Juvenilia in the same sense as the 'Fox How Magazines' and Mary Arnold's narratives which were all produced by children or adolescents. Nevertheless the writers

of all the subsequent juvenilia produced within the family were familiar with their mother's (in Mary Arnold's case grandmother's) writing in 'The Gossip' and it is clear from one entry in the 'Fox How Magazine' at least, that she took a very active interest in her children's writing, directing them to write and giving them a subject if they could not think of one for themselves.<sup>2</sup>

'The Gossip' was collated by a friend of Mary Penrose's who assumed the name of 'Mrs Tabitha' and the prevailing image is one of a group of companionable cats. Mary Penrose forms part of this group, all of whom notionally addressed their letters and articles to the editor, Mrs Tabitha, under various pseudonyms.

'The Gossip' has much in common with eighteenth-century periodical literature, which it follows carefully in form and, to some extent, in content, with witty articles and letters discussing and mocking the provincial lives and pretensions of the inhabitants of the city of Lincoln and the preoccupations of its own correspondents, which is comparable to the irony and propriety reminiscent of the social world depicted in Elizabeth Gaskell's Cranford. Mary's own articles, as will be seen, are abstract and imaginary in tone, although all relate to real life and experience in a robust way, 'earthing' the appeals to human consideration which her fish and fossil objects put forward. She specialises in choosing a highly original perspective on human behaviour and in giving an abstract quality, animal or mineral a voice and a valid point of view. She writes prose and verse. Her vocabulary is wide and her style fluent.

The writing was clearly an amusement but many of the ideas and mocking reversals bear a seriously feminist interpretation. Each contributor assumed a fictitious

name, a practice which was carried down to the children of the next generation. In 'The Gossip', the initials of the contributor's real name appear at the end. In the case of three articles, therefore, M.P. can be identified as Mary Penrose. There is no doubt about this in family tradition.

The actual copying into the book was not necessarily done by the writer of the original article. In order to present a formal appearance, it seems that one scribe copied up all the work in a beautiful, almost faultless early nineteenth-century cursive hand. It was obviously in keeping with the book's character as a wedding present that unusual care was taken. The whole activity is reminiscent of Jane Austen's Emma Woodhouse and Harriet Smith and the employment of their idle hours.

The index and Mary Penrose's contributions to 'The Gossip' are reproduced here. Mary Arnold read these as a girl. The fact of their existence as prized literary productions of her grandmother is more significant than their form or content, which have perhaps only one verbal echo in her grand-daughter Mary Arnold's writing, the word 'Elysium'<sup>3</sup>. The fine intelligence, ingenuity and imagination shown in Mary Penrose's treatment of her chosen themes express an ironic control and engaging essay style.

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Appendix B: 'The Gossip'

[ *Title Page of the first volume:*]

The Gossip a Periodical Paper

Written by a party of friends for Their Amusement In the Years 1819 and 1820

“Cat Gossips full of Canterbury Tales”

In two volumes; Vol. 1<sup>st</sup>

Printed [*in fact hand written*] for Mary Penrose by Susan Ellison Williams Lincoln

August 3<sup>rd</sup>

[*Inside, a loose sheet of paper:*] Will my dear Mary, accept of this from Her affec<sup>ate</sup> friend

S. E. Williams -

Index:

No 1	Introductory Paper.	Page 1.
2	Letters _ Kitty Flirt _ Susanna Peep.	Page 6.
3	Letters _ Jeremy Squint _ Griselda Greybeard - Advertisements.	Page 12.
4	Letters _ Tabitha Frump _ Antoninus Fudge _ Molly Wise _ A.W. Verses .	Page 18.
5	Story of Miranda _ Letter Tiffy Trip.	Page 24.
6	Letters _ Euphemia Cash'em Crab.	Page 30.
7	Letters Siberiana Crab.	
	Patrick Lovesick _ Biddy Barefoot _ description of M <sup>rs</sup> Tabitha's Party.	Page 36.
8	Letters _ Griselda Greybeard Tabitha Frump _ Jeremy Squint _	

Sensitiva Sensibility.	Page 45.
9 M <sup>r</sup> Jeremiah Squint’s dream _ Letters _ Priscilla Forward _ Polly Popabout.	Page 52
10 Letters _ Adventuratas _ Peter Prattle.	Page 62.
11 Letters _ Ebenaezer Weary _ Timothy Theophilus Squander Jenny Tweak - Mary Trim - .	Page 72.
12 Letter 4 of Clubs _ Verses to M <sup>rs</sup> Deborah Scarecrow.	Page 32.
13 Story of Jeßie Douglaß.	Page 40.
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No 24 Saturday March 27th 1819

---

“Come with me and we will go  
“Where the rocks of coral grow.”

---

Dear M<sup>rs</sup> Goßip,

It has long been my intention to distinguish myself by furnishing a paper to your fashionable work, and I have been considering whether for that purpose I shall have a dream or vision, or whether the machinery of the businessß shall be managed by Fairies or Genii, or Dwarfs, or Giants.

My meditations however have been interrupted by a presumptuous wish that my dream or vision, might not be like the dreams and visions of all other scribblers for

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periodical publications, and I have even gone so far as to wish it possible that neither bowers, nor Temples, nor straight Roads, nor croß Roads, nor Bridges, nor Precipices, nor Thorns, nor Roses, might find place in this dream which is to be dreamed. Certain it is that, unless I stumble upon some novelty, my readers can already tell me with what I mean to present them: they know that I shall fall fast asleep; that I shall have a dream; that instead of resting quietly upon my bed, I shall suddenly find myself in the midst of a large plain; that I shall see people hurrying to and fro, that some paths will be narrow and full of thorns {203 **The Gossip**<sup>†</sup> No24} and briers, while others will be wide and attractive, and embellished with lilies and roses; and in short they know perfectly well that those who are so good as to choose the narrow path, the thorns and briers, will at last attain perfect happiness, while those who are simpletons enough to prefer the lilies and roses, will finish with endless misery.

All such images being exhausted, I almost despaired of making my dream different from those of other people, when the unexplored regions of the ocean flashed upon my recollection.

I thought nothing could be more convenient than to seize upon space so unoccupied, and while my imagination was full of this subject I happened to fall asleep, which I know is exactly what my reader expected. My only hope is that he does not know what to expect next.

In an instant I found myself at the bottom of the sea; above me I heard the distant rushing of the waters, but all around me was still and transparent; and, what was singular enough, I did not suffer the least inconvenience from such a change of element, but found

myself as able as willing to survey the new scene around me. Every thing had the appearance of an inhabited country: I was surrounded by mansions which marked different degrees of importance in their possessors, but there was this difference in their structure from those which I had been accustomed to see on terra firma, that brick, or mortar, wood, or stone had no part in their construction.

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The edifices around me were principally formed of coral and shells of the most beautiful polish and the brightest colours roofed neither with thatch nor tiles, but with every variety of sea weed; while the pavement on which I stood and which I beheld all around me was formed of the most brilliant agates, cornelians, jaspers, and every variety of precious stone which the depths of ocean could supply. For some time I contented myself with gazing on this scene of wonders, and thought I could not be weary of admiring its beauties, but, without any one to whom I could discourse on the impressions which it occasioned, and the ideas to which it gave birth, I soon found that even novelty could tire, and I began to wish myself once more in my own chimney-corner, when all my attention and interest were again roused by beholding an inhabitant of this novel country. I had remarked that one of the glittering mansions before me was much more elevated than those around it, and altogether more distinguished in its appearance.

While carefully observing it, I saw a stately fish glide forth, which to my surprise directed its course towards me; but my surprise was heightened into astonishment, when in very good English it thus addressed me.

“You are welcome, O stranger, to this my abode. Approach without dread, for

from me and my subjects you shall receive such courtesy as was formerly denied to us in the

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country of which you are an inhabitant." To this speech I made reply that I thanked this gentle Fish for his good intentions, and entreated him to tell me his name, and wherefore he complained of my countrymen.

"My name is Whale!" he answered, "you have doubtless often heard of our race, and know me to be of an ancient and noble family. The injuries which I formerly received from creatures like yourself, I will hereafter relate; but in the first place you must understand that I am now beyond the reach of such misfortunes; for you behold around you the Elysium of Fishes, where I and my subjects reside in perfect security, and where a net, a hook or a harpoon can never molest us again.

So secure indeed do we feel, that even your presence, though it reminds us of former persecutions, excites no alarm; and if you will enter yonder mansion, you shall hear more largely of our first and present condition." Full of surprise at such an invitation so given, I accompanied my courteous host to his Palace while to my steps, unused to such an element, he graciously accommodated his majestic swim. He was received at the door of his dwelling by a crowd of attendants, whose bright and varying colours might vie with those of the rainbow, and whose glittering scales were more ornamental than the lace and liveries of earth born menials. The Porpoise, the Sea-Calf, the Cod, the Ling, the Salmon, the Turbot, the Mackerel, the Herring, the Pilchard, the Crab, the Lobster, the Oyster, and in short a huge shoal

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consisting of every variety of Fish, known and unknown, hasted with waving fins and tails, to bey obedience to their Sovereign.

Having, thus attended, made our entrée into a grand saloon which was filled with waters of the greatest transparency and beauty, my companion ordered his subjects to take their station around while he unfolded to me the history of his early adventures. He did not, like too many story tellers, begin with events /{that} occurred before he was born, but with great dignity commenced in these words.

“It chanced one day as I was sporting in the Atlantic, that a Whaler from Newfoundland drew near, and in an instant I felt pierced by the cruel instruments darted at me by the skilful harpooner, employed in these seas for the destruction of my race. I sank to the bottom of my own element, but returning to breathe the air, their attack was renewed, and I was deprived of life, and perhaps my assailants thought of consciousness also, but how much were they mistaken! For too well do I remember how they sliced away my fat, and hacked my bones, leaving the rest of my carcase a prey for ravenous bears. I will not detain you with a long detail of the barbarous way in which they crammed my blubber into the hold of the vessel, or of my uncomfortable passage to England; suffice it to say that my sufferings were not then over, for I was boiled and melted down into train oil; after which I served to enlighten your Metropolis, and was even employed in a Lighthouse to guard those

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very vessels from destruction, which were bringing home others of my race for similar

treatment. I hear however from one of my subjects, who is lately arrived from your land, that the persecutions against us are abating, since your ladies have discovered that it is not essential to their health or beauty to be cased in our bones, and since some chemical experiments have been made, which enable you to throw light on your streets without our aid. But here I will have done; a good Monarch should never dwell so much on his own distresses as on those of his subjects: therefore swim hither Ling, and make your complaint."

"Please your Majesty," said the Fish, "I was taken in the residence which you had assigned to me, by some fishermen from the Scilly Islands; after which I was cruelly killed, salted, and dried; but this was not all, for on an ensuing Ash Wednesday I was greedily devoured by a conscientious family in the country of this stranger, and now that I look at him more particularly" - I shrank from his penetrating eye, for I well recollected having on that very Ash Wednesday made an excellent dinner on salted Ling. "You may retire", said the Whale. "Yet stranger, allow me to take this opportunity of observing, that there are some days in the year, (to speak according to your way of reckoning time,) when more especial war seems to be waged against my unhappy subjects. The intention is in some I am aware so good that I would be contented to sacrifice many of my finny

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people for the object proposed; but when we are devoured as heartily and as readily as your beef and mutton, I must think the practice inhuman to us and useless to yourselves.

But I see the Herring wishes to speak."

“Your Majesty,” said the Herring, “must confeß that my case is a hard one, and as such I wish it to be represented to this stranger, that on his return he may plead for a mitigation of punishment\* [*The footnote corresponding to this asterisk appears on the bottom of the manuscript page, beneath an unbroken line after the word “waiting”.*] My wretched race is taken in shoals; we are opened, salted, pickled, placed on sharp spits, smoked, barrellled, and devoured.” “Enough”, said the Whale. “Your list of grievances is indeed considerable; but the Oyster is unusually agitated, and seems to demand a hearing.”

At these words the Oyster threw open his shell, and exclaimed, “O cruel Englishman, remember how many of my persecuted race you have devoured at a meal, not even waiting

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\*Should I undertake the cause of the herring, I fear I should not be likely to succeed in my wit, for Willoughby in his History of Fishes observes, that Will Buchelzu<sup>4</sup> rendered his name immortal by the discovery of the secret of curing and pickling Herrings. He adds that the Emperor Charles 5<sup>th</sup> coming into the Low Countries, made a journey to the Isle of Bier Ulict, with the Queen of Hungary on purpose to view the tomb of the first Barreller of Herrings. No bad burlesque by the way on the tribe of Tomb hunters.

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for our death, but burglariously breaking into our house with sharp instruments, and then at one gulp swallowing down its inhabitant. And those delicate fair ones, whom you boast as the pride of your land, what is their conduct towards us? They are forsooth, too

---

refined, too human, to eat us alive, and therefore fret us to a living death, by roasting or boiling us, listening all the while to our dying groans. I might proceed to complain of the pickling, scolloping, and sauce making, in which we make such a conspicuous figure; but I see my friend Lobster at my side, and there are also in the distance some former inhabitants of fresh water Lakes and rivers, that by the movement amongst them appear impatient to be heard."

A fine Eel was in fact darting towards us, when, with a tone of authority King Whale demanded silence.

"My desire," he exclaimed, "is not to overwhelm but to instruct. You will observe, O Stranger, that were we now to return on you the injuries formerly inflicted on us, I should drain away your fat, and employ it to enlighten these submarine habitations; the Ling would salt you; the Herring would smoke you; the Eel would flay you; the Lobster would tear you limb from limb; and the Oyster would swallow you alive. But I have not been in your country for nothing, for I have learnt that, though it is excellent to have a giant's strength, it is tyrannous to use it as a giant<sup>5</sup>, therefore, Stranger, Adieu! return to your own land and sometimes "

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**The Gossip<sup>†</sup>**

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What advice his Majesty was about to give, I cannot say; for in an instant of time, I found myself, not at the bottom of the Sea, not amongst an assemblage of Fishes, but rubbing my eyes in my own bed at home, and exclaiming between sleeping and waking to my servant who stood at my bed side,

"You may tell the Cook that I shall not eat a Herring with my breakfast today, and

that she need not provide any Oysters for my supper.”\*

M.P. \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

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No 37. Monday. December 6<sup>th</sup> 1819

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“My favourite Study at present is Anatomy, though I am almost equally fond of Astronomy, Theology, Botany, Geology, Mineralogy, Conchology, Philology, Zoology, Entomology, Chemistry, Mechanics, Metaphysics, Mathematics, and the various branches of Natural Philosophy.”

Priscilla Forward.

Before I left Edinburgh, M<sup>rs</sup> Bridget Bluestocking entrusted me with a small packet for M<sup>rs</sup> Forward, which she desired I would take particular care of as it contained an inestimable treasure, the newly discovered root of a Greek Verb.

The severe frost however has prevented me from making use of my donkey chair, or even venturing out in a sedan to deliver it myself, so I yesterday despatched Frances on the errand, and told her to ask M<sup>rs</sup> Forward if the root flourished in her garden, to let me have a slip of it in the Spring to plant in one of the boxes in my little balcony.

M<sup>rs</sup> Forward and her daughters were not at home, and Frances left the packet and amused herself for half an hour with looking at the young ladies’ collection of curiosities. On her return we found a roll of papers fastened into the hood of her cloak.

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As their contents were addressed to me, I take the earliest opportunity of making some of them public; if I find they have any effect in removing any of the evils of which the writers complain, I shall present my readers with the rest.

Frances is of opinion that they are the production of Miß Priscilla's pen; I am more inclined to believe that they are what they profess to be, the complaints of the unhappy victims of science confined in her museum.

---

No.1 is the address of the Cockle Shell, which I select because of the humility with which it is worded, and because of a sneaking kindness I have always retained for the Cockle Shell from the days of my childhood. My readers may not perhaps recollect the lines which occasion this association, I will therefore transcribe for them the whole stanza.

“M<sup>rs</sup> Mary,

“Quite contrary,

“How does your garden grow?”

“With silver bells,

“And Cockle shells,

“And pretty maids all of a row.”

---

No.1 The Cockle Shell's Address

Good M<sup>rs</sup> Gossip, hear I pray,

A Cockle Shell's disastrous lay,

---

No 37

**The Gossip<sup>†</sup>**

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Who now makes one on the long list,

Of a profound Conchologist.

Many there are who mourn with me

This state of sad captivity!

For though we lie on a cotton bed,

And look so bright and polished,

And repose in a gilded cabinet;

Yet still alas! we can't forget

That luckless day when cruel hands

Purloined us from our native sands.

But now no more - for well I know,

It is in vain to tell our woe;

For this our suit will all reject,

And still Collectors, will collect!

I have a fine name all in Latin,

But here it would not come so pat in

As just to say \_ I wish you well

Your humble Servant,

Cockle Shell.

---

\_\_ No.2 \_\_

Oh Lady ! be humane and docile

And listen to a hapleß foßil!

I once was bedded in a rock

Which might of ages stand the shock,

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**The Gossip<sup>†</sup>**

No 37}

But not alas! the ruthleß wrists

Of searching Mineralogists,

Who armed with hammers of all sizes

To which we fell the sacrifices

And seeking for remains organic

Antediluvian or Volcanic

Tore me and many more away

And dragged us to the light of day.

It always has been understood

That I was born before the flood:

Oh! how this theory were shaken,

And men would find themselves mistaken,

Were I my story to begin,

And fairly tell my origin;

But no! I will not set them right,

To see them wrong is my delight,

And all the pleasure I can take  
Is in the blunders which they make  
Thus therefore I will end my song  
By saying all are in the wrong.

Cornu Ammonis.

---

The conclusion of this address is written in such an impertinent strain that I cannot forbear telling the writer that the world is not longer "All in the wrong." The complainant would not

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have spoken of his origin had he been aware that M<sup>r</sup> Walter Scott has fully explained the mystery in the following lines, and truly it is not an origin to boast of

----- "Of a thousand snakes each one  
"Was changed into a coil of stone,  
"When holy Hilda prayed.<sup>6</sup>"

---

No. 3 The complaint of the Dandelion.

---

Bestow M<sup>rs</sup> Gossip a goodnatured sigh on  
The fate and misfortunes of poor Dandelion;  
Since I and my race have for ever so long  
Been the victims of ruin, and rapine and wrong,

---

For ever since Botany came into fashion  
We have been in a state to demand your compaßion!  
Our cruel tormentors divide us asunder,  
They look at us over, they look at us under,  
They tear our sweet little bloßoms apart  
And are never content till they get at the heart;  
Nor this is enough \_ for they pull us and pick us,  
And put us to dry in their huge Hortus-siccus,  
Where they squeeze /{us} and preß us, & make us look  
frightful

And think all the while we are very delightful.  
But oftener still we are rudely thrown by  
And left unregarded to wither and die;

Then

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**The Gossip<sup>†</sup>**

No 37}

Then Oh M<sup>rs</sup> Gosßip, bestow one kind sigh on  
The fate and misfortunes of poor Dandelion.

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The case of poor Dandelion seems a very hard one, its tormentors appear to destroy it merely for the sake of mischief, if indeed the flowers were good in salad, or of any use in making dandelion tea, it would be a different thing.

---

The next complaint has completely perplexed me. From reading an account of the miseries of the Whale\*, I had become a great advocate for lighting every place with gas, but now that the gaßes complain, what is to be done? are we to have no artificial light at all? if so we must follow the advice of Goody Twoshoes, and "rise with the lark, and go to bed with the crow"; perhaps it would be better for us if we did.

"For early to bed, and early to rise,  
Make a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

---

\_ No 4 \_

We hear that the victims of science petition,  
Against the mishaps which attend their condition.  
But Oh M<sup>rs</sup> Goßip! can any compare,  
With the Chemical woes we are fated to share,

\* See No 24 \_ Vol.1<sup>st</sup> \_

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We feel persecutions of every sort,  
We are tied in a bladder, \_ we fill a retort, \_  
We are put in receivers, \_ exhausted, \_ compreßed \_  
In short my good Lady are never at rest.  
But all this might be borne \_ if the Chemical rage  
Were either confined to one sex, or one age,

But the case is not so, for enquire \_\_ Alas!

And there is not a child that can't talk about Gas.

You are old to be sure, and perhaps do not know

That this generation expose themselves so,

But dear M<sup>rs</sup> Goßip, examine what passes,

And then you must pity your poor friends,

M.P.

The Gaßes.

No 39

## The Gossip<sup>†</sup>

57

Letter 2<sup>nd</sup>

“What’s my thought like”?

## Ancient Pastimes

My dear M<sup>rs</sup> Tabitha,

In these days of police and good regulations, it is to me a matter of great concern and surprise, that no arrangements should have been made to secure one particular vagrant of such truly vagabond habits, that his being allowed to wander abroad without any check is I am persuaded of great mischief to the community. This brief description of him is probably enough to tell you that I allude to that idle fellow Thought, and his wandering race.

You formed I have no doubt an early acquaintance with him, and the experience of 97 years may have taught you how to manage him, and keep him under some controul, but this is far from being my case, since instead of being my slave as was originally intended he is become my master, and unless you or some of your wisest correspondents will tell me how to subdue his impertinence; to keep him at a distance when I do not want him and make him ready for service when I do, I must give up the matter as hopeless and remain in bondage to his capricious whims. My case is a hard one, and I will attempt to describe it that you may be better able to apply a remedy.

This said Thought whom I now find to be so idle and trou{blesome}

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was given me when I was very young, and I must with all humility confeß that he was then docile and obedient, and that I can never be grateful enough for the original gift, for I have very good reason to know he was bestowed on me with the design that under my care he should prove an invaluable blessing to me, and that through his assistance I might be enabled to conquer difficulties, and enjoy pleasures which without his aid would be out of my reach.

Of all this he was I am convinced very capable by his own nature, but with a sorrowful heart I must confeß that I spoilt him by early indulgence and by not following with him a sufficiently systematic plan of education. In the present National Schools he would I doubt not be trained a great deal better, and obliged to mind his proper business, but with me he became a truant from his very childhood, and often when I have wanted him most has been at such a distance that I could not recall him.



He very early fell in with a playfellow called Curiosity, who encouraged him in many an idle frolic, though I must confeß that while in the company of this favourite play-mate, he often brought back from his rambles something worth preserving, but even then he was such a bad manager that he did not know how to secure it, and his choicest treasures were generally lost in consequence of his intolerable careleßneß. Alas! had I in those early days been properly strict, and always obliged him to keep at home \_ what a counsellor, a friend and aßistant might he not have become!

As time paßed on, the young wanderer became bolder in his

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expeditions, the length of his absences increased, and often on his return he could give me but a very unsatisfactory account of what he had been about. On one occasion I remember he told me he had left the work about which I had particularly set him (it was as well as I recollect to solve a mathematical problem) and had followed the steps of a very charming lady, who had led him into a lovely garden of flowers, and after entangling him in its mazes, told him her name was Fancy, that she had nothing for him, and that he might return home again, but she sent him by a shorter way, without any of the charms which embellished his path as he went.

He had been settled for a very short time at home, when he again disappeared from the task which I had aßigned him, and which I hoped might prove a useful exercise. With painful exertion I traced him out, and after travelling very far indeed in the pursuit, discovered him on the pinnacle of a very high castle, on which I found that a notorious cheat called Hope had placed him. He encountered her by accident, and she was not

satisfied till she carried him to this elevated situation, though nothing could be more dangerous, for the Castle though built of the finest materials, and abundantly ornamented by her active assistant Imagination, had literally no foundations, and if I had not seen the danger of my charge, and rescued him from it, he might have suspected he was secure on his giddy height \_ and thus have felt more severely the fall which was inevitable. So many indeed are the difficulties

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**The Gossip<sup>†</sup>**

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to which both he and I are exposed by his incorrigible propensity to wandering, that it would be endless to attempt to recount them, or to give you an idea of his whims and caprices. If I determine ever so earnestly to make a reform, and set him to work ever so diligently, he is perhaps in the twinkling of an eye, with the adventurers who are attempting to find a passage across the Pole, or he is actually penetrating through Lancaster's Sound, or he is accompanying Madame Blanchard in her last flight in her balloon, \_ or he is keeping worse company by attending on M<sup>r</sup> Carlisle [*sic*], or joining in a meeting of Radical Reformers.

In short there is nothing too high or too low, \_ too near, or too distant, for the wandering spirit of this my troublesome charge, and I must own that I am hopeless of removing the mischief.

Solitary confinement so effectual in most cases, would here be absolutely fruitless; \_ \_ he would escape through all the patent bolts and bars in the universe.

Such is my complaint, and I can assure you that it is not overcharged \_ in proof of which I will if you please, tell you what this simpleton is now about \_ nothing less

whimsical than an excursion in search of himself.

I remain my dear M<sup>rs</sup> Tabitha,

Your very humble Servant.      MP

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## APPENDIX C. i.

### EXTRACTS FROM MARY ARNOLD'S LETTERS (1857 - 1865)

#### 1857 - 1859: MARY ARNOLD'S READING AND WRITING IN EARLY CHILDHOOD

The first letters extant<sup>1</sup> are written by Mary's aunts before she was able to control a pen or pencil herself. They date from the beginning of the long permanent separation from her parents and siblings which occurred after Christmas 1856 when Tom and Julia settled in Dublin with all the children except Mary.

There may have been several reasons for leaving Mary behind in England. The family was in considerable financial need and, on the most basic level, she was one fewer mouth to feed. She was a highly intelligent child, and her intelligence may have masked her emotional needs, although it was recognised that she had a volatile temper. She was the eldest Arnold grandchild and her grandmother and Aunt Fan, the youngest of Dr Arnold's children, were well able to manage one child at the family home of Fox How. Tom's conversion to Roman Catholicism brought with it a measure of religious difficulty for the Arnold family, and his wife certainly wished to protect her eldest daughter from its influence. Whether her feelings on the subject could have been strong enough to separate herself from Mary for that reason alone must seem doubtful. It is possible that Julia visited the difficulties of the marriage on Mary, and possibly unconsciously resented Tom's pride in her. Anne Jemima Clough the sister of the poet Arthur Hugh Clough, Tom's closest friend, ran a small boarding school at Eller How, Ambleside, and this would probably have been the deciding factor.

Clearly in the early months of 1857, Mary, then five and a half, was tended very solicitously by her aunts in turn. In some ways she was spoiled at this time - given expensive presents and a great deal of loving attention by highly intelligent, affectionate and civilised people in substantial, though not grand houses. Apart from Miss Clough, she could hardly have experienced anything to match this in the lonely schooldays which followed.

Mary clearly dictated the first letters we have, which were written down by her Aunts Jane, Susy or Fan or her grandmother. Their attentiveness to her actual words is clear; verbatim childish errors of grammar are found, for example in her insistence that a letter should be forwarded to Julia's sister Augusta, her Tasmanian godmother and aunt. The letter reads, 'Mamma could you when you write to Aunt Gußy put my letter with it which is going to be writed to Aunt Gußy'<sup>2</sup>. She had known her antipodean relatives all her life. The Arnold aunts were comparatively unfamiliar to her; she had known them well only for a few days, or, in the case of Aunt Jane who met her in London, weeks. The first letters refer to toys and gifts and a little garden of her own. Objects which she was given include: a little 'doll looking-glass' and 'a little doll dressed so prettily' (13th February 1857); 'a hoop' (16th February 1857); 'a Box of Bricks; a Noah's ark, and a number of little pictures, and some sweets, and a little box to put the sweets in' (a second letter written on the same day: 16th February 1857).

A very early letter to her parents, sent from Fox How in January 1857, mentions picture books, and possibly story books:

I have also been painting this morning - at a picture - in a book -one that Aunt Forster gave me; and I am having my lessons with Aunt Fan now and next week I

shall have them with Aunt Mary [...]. I have found a book which I like very much and there's a picture in it of little Moses in the Bulrushes, and I have been to M<sup>rs</sup> Roughsedge's and got such lots of presents - two books - and lots of pictures - and some flowered pictures [...] and Fairfield looks so beautiful with the snow upon it - and thank you Mamma, for that nice copy of the 'burning deck' you sent me. [...] I hope Dido will be all well when I come there. I am now allowed to have "Ministering Children" up in the Nursery. And how do you do without your writing case Mamma? and is Papa busy writing to anybody?<sup>3</sup>

Her literary education is first mentioned when she is five years and eight months old:

I have learnt to write F & G, and I will soon know now the whole Alphabet.

Grandmamma at Wharfedale was telling me a story about the river Trent.<sup>4</sup>

Her appreciation of the communicative powers of the written word is reflected movingly one month later when she writes 'I liked your letter very much which you sent me, and I am now staying at the Vicarage [...]. O Mamma how I love you! I wish to come to you very much[...]<sup>5</sup>'.

The second letter which makes specific mention of a book refers to a fairy story. This occurs among other gifts in a letter written by her grandmother, Mrs Arnold, but clearly dictated by Mary:

I went yesterday to dine with M<sup>rs</sup> Stansfields and I had a writing case given, and a little Dolls looking glass & a little Book that was called Three Bears - & a Jack in the Box, and three funny men were given me & this is the paper out of my writing case<sup>6</sup>.

1859 - 1865 CHILDHOOD. MISS CLOUGH'S SCHOOL, ELLER HOW, AMBLESIDE, AND ROCK TERRACE SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, SHIFNAL

Writing to her mother when she was eight years old, from school, in March, 1860, Mary mentions her reading of Walter Scott, writing 'I have got two works of Sir Walter Scott "the †lay of the †last †minstrel," and the Lady of the Lake"<sup>7</sup>.'

The influence on Mary of her reading of Scott is apparent in a letter to her mother written the following spring:

It is a beautiful cool evening and the lake looks so peaceful that it reminds me of Scott's description of Loch Katrine He says "mildly and soft the Western breeze, Just kissed the lake just stirred the trees The mountain shadows on its breast were neither broken nor at rest"<sup>8</sup>.

She mentions a book which attracts her in another letter written from school in the same month:

[...] It is only three weeks to the holidays. We break up on the 5th. Mrs Rodwald's little baby that I told you about, is dead. I am reading a very nice story called "Adelaide and her godson." It is a wet evening. We have been learning a very pretty hymn<sup>9</sup>.

In March 1861, the following year, in a long letter to her father, she quotes a poem in a manner which suggests that it was common for them to exchange allusions and ask for the sources of poems:

I hope the boys are quite well and that <Willie> {Dido} liked the little book I sent him. Oh! how I wish I was seventeen that I might go home and stay...Have you ever had the poem called "I'll <will> seek a four leaved shamrock in all the fairy dells". Miß Davies repeated it at breakfast and I thought it very pretty<sup>10</sup>.

It is not clear whether Mary had read personally any of the poems written by her father's closest friend but she sends her father her condolences on his death, writing 'I was very sorry to hear that M<sup>r</sup> Arthur Clough was dead<sup>11</sup>'.

She had by this time begun to write to her father letters in French and, apparently, though none survives, in German. She later mentions a German class reader called the life of Joan of Arche<sup>12</sup>. The following summer, May 1862, just before her eleventh birthday, her proficiency in reading German poetry has matured to the point of reading

Schiller's drama Maria Stuart (a reference to which occurs in Lansdale Manor). She writes, 'It is very beautiful. I like it so much. We are coming to the meeting of Mary with Elizabeth in Fotheringham [*sic*]<sup>13</sup>'.

It is possible that the Schiller, which is linguistically very demanding, was published in a school book of extracts. Tom and Mary's brother William inherited Dr Arnold's considerable gift for classical languages and Mary was later to lament her exclusion from the world of schoolboy Greek and Latin, which she acquired later. Her first letter in French to her father is dated November 1863 and was sent from Clifton.

Further letters from school attest her reading of Longfellow. In a letter to her father dated 'March 1862', Mary asks him whether he knows Longfellow's poem called 'Gaspar' and another called 'The Bridge'. She writes to her father about her interest in new school books including an Atlas. It is clear that teachers lent her extra books of their own to assuage her intellectual curiosity:

Miß Davies has lent me "Italy in the nineteenth Century" by Whiteside to read and I like it very much indeed - I have said this morning the latter part of the Lady of the Lake Oh it is so spirited. But what do these lines mean spoken by the king:

Ah! little traitress none must know,  
What idle dream what lighter thought  
What vanity full dearly bought  
Fixed to thine eye's dark witchcraft drew  
My spell bound steps to Bienvenue<sup>14</sup>?

Does it mean that he was in love with Ellen and yet it does not say so in the poem. What then was the "idle dream" the "lighter thought[ "]? We have given Miß Davies such a nice edition of Tennyson[ ]s poems bound in green morocco and richly gilt.<sup>15</sup>

She writes a long and interesting letter to her mother at about the same time, also mentioning Whiteside's History of Italy and an episode which throws a very fascinating light on A Tale of the Moors, which she was to write out in the earliest surviving



notebook eight months later.

Do you know the history of Guido's beautiful and touching picture of Beatrice Venesi {Cenci}.<sup>†</sup> She was executed in supposition of having murdered her father Fancesco Cenci but she was innocent. She was wondrously beautiful and Guido asked to be admitted in order to sketch her. At first she did not like it but afterwards she said with a touching earnestness "Perhaps in after ages my picture will awaken compassion if you write on one of its angles the word innocente".

Mary then mentions the present of the Tennyson to Miss Davies and asks a question about a book by Grace Aguilar which she has recently discovered:

Have you got [ 'the days of Bruce[ ' ] yet to read and if so do you not like it. It perfectly fascinates me[...]

At our concert at Midsummer we are going to act some scenes out of Shakespeare and I am to be Princess Katherine the French wife of Henry 5<sup>th</sup> where her maid is trying to teach her English. I am learning Mendelsohn's [ "Songs without Words" ] they are so beautiful. There are none such masterminds now; not any that can say as M<sup>rs</sup> Hemans makes Mozart say:

Like perfumes on the wind  
Which none may stay or bind  
The beautiful comes floating through my soul  
I strive with yearnings vain  
The spirit to detain  
Of the deep harmonies that past me roll<sup>16</sup> \_

She mentions the book by Aguilar again in a later letter:

Oh! Mother when I come at Easter I must try and get "the days of Bruce" by Grace Aguilar. I never read <an> a book that so completely charmed me and excited me. It has left such a sense of joyousness as if the exalted chivalry of which it speaks made you feel its inspiring influence still. I have been trying to illustrate it out of my own head this evening.<sup>17</sup>

On 19th November 1863 Mary wrote to her father a letter in French. In it she expresses an interest in reading an article by her uncle Matthew in 'that magazine' and goes on to write: 'I hope you have some literary work with which I shall be able to help you. Will you advise me on my choice of books when I return at Christmas.'<sup>†</sup> I shall

spend all my money on books.' Evidently this is a request which Mary knows will please her father but it presumably reflected her own free choice too.

Many letters were sent and only a few preserved. The fact that many of those which survive are concerned with her expression of a Romantic sensibility in response to nature, poetry and general reading suggest that these qualities were highly prized by her parents.

#### 1865: LATER EDUCATION: MISS MAY'S SCHOOL, CLIFTON, BRISTOL, AND OXFORD

When she was at Shifnal, Mary was shown kindness by a childless couple, Rev. Cunliffe, the Vicar of Shifnal, and his wife. Occasionally she was invited to tea at the Vicarage. One such occasion was recorded as a diary item in her fiction notebook after the completion of A Tale of the Moors and dated 10th December 1864. From Mary's side an intensely emotional friendship developed.

When she had left Rock Terrace school and had been moved to another boarding school, in Clifton, Bristol, she wrote some letters to Mrs Cunliffe and evidently continued to be invited to visit and stay occasionally at the Vicarage. One of the letters describes Mary's current academic interests, in a formal and rather general tone which perhaps takes account of the tastes of its recipient, who was an evangelical.

Do you know that we are now living at Oxford. My father takes pupils and has a History lectureship \_ We are happier there than we have ever been before I think. My father revels in the libraries, and so do I when I am at home though of course in a secondary degree.<sup>18</sup>

This restraint of an appetite for reading is reflected in the moral of Lansdale Manor which she was beginning to work on at the probable time of the composition of



the letter, which is undated, but from internal evidence could not have been written before the late summer of 1865 and might have been written as late as early 1866.

Other clues to Mary's reading at this time in her life are found in the narratives themselves and her reflections on childhood reading which appear in later published and unpublished work. The list of Marcella's favourite books is examined earlier in this thesis in relation to A Tale of the Moors<sup>19</sup>. The most significant other later source is A Writer's Recollections (1918). In it she gives a vivid description of her identification of some of the heroines of Scott's novels with the young and beautiful wife of a family of country gentry, the neighbours of one of her aunts<sup>20</sup>, her great pleasure in reading Ruskin<sup>21</sup> and her attentiveness to her uncle Matthew Arnold's writings and lectures<sup>22</sup>.

A complete list of all the titles or authors mentioned in the stories, letters, diary items or later writings relating to childhood reading, in editions which were available during the 1850s and 1860s, appears in Appendix D.

## APPENDIX C. ii.

### Additional Material from WARD, BOX VII, Volume 1

This is a clothbound brown octavo notebook with marbled external page surfaces. Its original cost was one shilling, and it bears a small oval sealing wax red mark: 'Beddow Booksellers Shifnal'. The lined paper is watermarked 'Joynson 1859' at the B opening and 'Joynson 1860' at the A opening. The contents are described as follows by the Honnold librarian, who, beginning at the A opening, numbered the leaves 1 - 38 in pencil at the top right hand corner of each page opening:

Commonplace book, (1863-65): "Mrs Ward's first notebook"

containing random poems and

prose (fragmentary)

1a - 9b

Letter from Thos. Arnold to "Dear Polly" - insert between 9b & 10a

Volume in reverse Diary entry [in pencil] Jan 14 [1865] 38a

Verses "own compositions": Rienzi/ The Mountains 37b - 37a

A Tale of the Moors 36b - 15a

Diary entry. Dec 10 1864

14b

Random verses

14a - 11

The name 'M. Arnold' and the date 'Nov 13<sup>th</sup> 1863' are written by Mary Arnold in ink. The Honnold librarian has added in pencil: ' - Jan, '65'.

Mary Arnold copied out three favourite poems from Adelaide Anne Procter's Legends and Lyrics (1858), to which she also refers in Lansdale Manor, a narrative

which appears in the next three notebooks extant. The pages of the A opening of Volume 1 proceed as follows.

[1<sup>r</sup>] 'The Angel's story' [3 verses]

[2<sup>l</sup>] .. [3½ verses]

[2<sup>r</sup>] .. [3½ verses]

[3<sup>l</sup>] .. [3½ verses]

[4<sup>l</sup>] .. [.. ]

[4<sup>r</sup>] .. [.. ]

[5<sup>l</sup>] .. [.. ]

[5<sup>r</sup>] .. [.. ]

[6<sup>l</sup>] .. [2½ verses] Miß A.A. Proctor Nov. 15<sup>th</sup> 1863.

[7<sup>l</sup>] and [7<sup>r</sup>] 'A Vision' [*A poem about a graveyard, also by A.A. Procter*]

[8<sup>l</sup>] 'Give me thy heart' [*A religious poem by A. A. Procter*]

[8<sup>r</sup>] 'Wallace's Execution' [9<sup>l</sup>] end of 'Wallace's Execution'.

[*A poem: 'Countess of Buchan', in what seems to be Tom Arnold's hand but which may be a correction by him, written out in full, of a poem which Mary had originally sent him.*] [9<sup>r</sup>] end of 'Countess of Buchan'

[10<sup>l</sup>] 'Mrs Cunliffe' [*a poem*]. [*This is followed by a pencil diary entry in rather wild handwriting Jan 19th? 1865?*]

At this point a letter from her father and some loose poems are contained within a folder or envelope which is glued into the notebook and tied with ribbon to secure the contents. This marks the centre of the book. The A progression comes to an end here.

[Two poems from the A opening of this notebook follow:]

{8} [8<sup>r</sup>]

Wallace's Execution

The scene is on a scaffold dread  
And round it many a drooping head  
For Scotia's Knight stands there to die  
Sad sign of Edward's victory.  
But there's no fear upon that brow  
The proud eyes are as fearless now  
As when in Falkirk's battle-field  
His arm was Scotland's truest shield  
But hark that deep voice clear and loud  
Breaks the still silence of the crowd  
Drew every look and fixed each eye  
Upon that form so fierce & high  
Oh! Scotland fair land of my birth  
To whom my love was given on earth

[9<sup>r</sup>]

For thee a brighter morn shall beam  
Radiant as ever patriots dream  
The Gallant Bruce shall soon arise  
And then to the far-spreading skies  
Shall rise the shout of vengeance sweet

Vengeance so full and so complete

That ye shall rue the fatal day

When ye called the Scots to bay.

---

[10<sup>4</sup>]

M<sup>RS</sup> Cunliffe.

I love thee <b> as some far off angel guide

Too pure too holy for this world of sin

And when in adoration kneeling at thy side

No thought but rest and peace can enter in.

---

And in thy clear deep eyes God's impress set

Shows thee a queen o'er others [?:*minds*]

The mark of sharpest sorrow met

*[On the same page, below this poem, in reverse, in pencil, a diary entry in more mature handwriting, thought to date from 1865:]*

Jan 19th Drawing in the|morning at the School of Art - drawing in the evening at home.

Read some of Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus". How wonderful in its defiance is that

"Everlasting No<sup>†</sup>, something which makes me feel the mystery|of|life & the dignity and

thank|God that we are such glorious things as [?: human ??:holy] souls.

---

[*The B opening, upside down and in reverse, proceeds as follows:*]

[[38<sup>r</sup>]] M. Arnold [*pencil:*] Arras.. Agincourt... Amiens.. [*History and Geography of France interspersed with heavy scribblings which may pertain to the diary entry, written later.*]

[[38<sup>r</sup>]] [*The bottom half of the page is covered with a January 1865 diary entry upside down, clearly written in later when Mary needed to find available space in which to express her feelings.*]

[[38<sup>l</sup>]] Own Compositions. [*3½ verses of 'Rienzi'*] [[37<sup>r</sup>]] [*poems: 'Rienzi', and 'The Mountains'*]

[[37<sup>l</sup>]] - [[15<sup>r</sup>]] A Tale of the Moors.

[[15<sup>l</sup>]] [*Diary Entry - Visit to the Cunliffe's Rectory. Dec 10 1864.*]

[[14<sup>r</sup>]] - [[10<sup>r</sup>]] [*Random verses. Then the envelope containing poems which is glued into the notebook as described above.*]

[The B opening:] 1/- M. Arnold

{{38}} [[38<sup>r</sup>]] [*Pencil diary item, upside down, clearly written later than the rest of the items:*]

Jan 14<sup>th</sup> [1865] Went to Merton in the morning. Oh how bitterly bitterly have I failed this holidays with regard to my brothers. If in one thing the struggle is successful in another it is as weak as evil if not more so. And [*heavy scribbling*] writing in miserable pain & expect to be awake half the night what if reason should go altogether some day.

[*The B opening continues with the following poem, 'Rienzi'. There are two versions of this poem in the notebook, one dated on a loose sheet in the enveloped glued into the*



*centre of the book, the other copied out neatly on this page. I have given the wording of both versions of the poem here, indicating by deletions the earlier discarded lines or phrases. The date is given only on the loose sheet, not in the notebook, which was presumably copied out later.]*

[[38<sup>l</sup>]]

Own Compositions

Hark to that deep sound! Hark

See yon heroic form

And on his brow the mark

Of one to ride the storm

Far-famed Rienzi.

Firm and erect he stood

As one born to command

And on his head no hood

Rome's banner in his hand

Death doomed Rienzi.

"People of Rome forbear!

Touch me not neither harm.

In you my rights of care

For you my forthright arm

Touch not Rienzi.

Far to the spreading skies

Rose that death-dooming shout

A thousand weapons rise

A thousand swords leap out

Death to Rienzi.

<Wert thou thus doom'd to die>

Was this thy doom - to die

<Rome's last and bravest>

Rome's last and noblest

<Fell o'er thy corpse no sigh>

Without one mourning sigh

<From those whose life thou gavest>

From those thy rule has blest

<Mighty Rienzi> Rienzi.

No earthly grief wept o'er him \_ \_ \_ \_

<But> Rome's angel shed a tear!

Weep <Romans> till your eyes are dim

Weep o'er Rienzi's bier

<Fated Rienzi> People of Rome.

Written after reading Bulwer's delightful novel of Rienzi by Mary Arnold Nov 18<sup>th</sup> 1863.

---

[*This is followed in the notebook version by an incomplete poem:*]

The Mountains

Wild dreams arise within my <soul> heart

And yet unutterably sweet

{{37}}

[*A Tale of the Moors begins on the opposite page.*]

[*Examples of poems which follow after the diary item which follows the end of A Tale of the Moors continue:*]

[[14r]]        How sweet t'would be to find a home  
  
Where peace should reign supreme  
  
Where sin & woe could never come  
  
Where love & joy should ever be without alloy  
  
Such home in part we find <on ea> below  
  
In love if deep and true  
  
Yet earthly love from sin & woe  
  
Its loved one cannot shie{1}d or keep in perfect joy  
  
Oh! bitter! bitter! t'is to yearn  
  
O'er loved ones past<sup>fl</sup> away  
  
To watch the summer months return  
  
The flower-crowned earth, the lengthening day And live alone

{{14}}

[[14l]] [§]        <Oh! Saviour guardian brother Friend

Thy love alone can never die>

We watch on earth our hopes decay

Our pleasures & our <hopes> {joys} o'erthrown

Yet wait we for a brighter day

When gathered round the golden throne Our sorrows cease

Oh! Saviour, precious guardian <friend> guide

Thy love alone can never die

How blest to feel when safely at thy side

That <thou didst n'eer forget> {only by thy love thy presence ever nigh

Our souls were {kept}

How glorious then t'will be to stand

Knowing all things even as we are [[ 13<sup>r</sup>]] known

Safe from the perils of the hostile land

For ever & ever neath thy great white throne

To rest in peace.<sup>1</sup>

[§]

watch & pray<sup>2</sup>

The night is dark \_ behold the shade was deeper

In the still gardens of Gethsemane

When that calm voice awoke the weary sleeper

“Couldst thou not watch one hour alone with me.

O thou so weary of thy se<f>lfdenials

And so impatient of thy little cross

Is it so hard to bear thy daily trials

To count all earthly things a gainful loss?

What if thou al<l>ways suffer'st tribulation {{13}}

[[13<sup>h</sup>]]

What if thy Christian warfare never cease?

The gaining of the quiet habitation

Shall gather thee to everlasting peace

---

Here are we all to suffer,?<sup>†</sup> walking lonely

The path that Jesus once himself hath gone;

Watch thou this hour in trustful patience only,

This one dark hour before the eternal dawn

---

And he will come in his own time from heaven,

To set his earnest-hearted children free;

Watch only through this dark & painful even

And the bright morning yet will break for thee

---

Lyra Anglicana

March 26th 1865.

[[12<sup>7</sup>]] 30, 58, 70, 74, 82, 94, 102, 122, 140, 29 [*These numbers possibly refer to favourite hymns or hymn tunes.*]

Repentance & Faith.<sup>3</sup>

There was a ship one eve autumnal, onward  
Steered o'er an ocean lake:  
Steered by some strong hand ever as if sunward;  
Behind an angry wake.  
Before there stretched a sea that grew intenser,  
With silver-fire far spread  
Up to a hill mist-gloried like a censer,  
With smoke encompassed;  
It seem'd as if two seas met brink to brink  
A silver flood beyond a lake of ink

---

There was a soul that eve autumnal, sailing  
Beyond the earth's dark bars  
Toward the land of sunsets never paling

{{12}}

[[12<sup>h</sup>]] Towards Heaven's sea of stars  
Behind there was a wake of billows tossing  
Before a glory lay.  
O happy soul! with all sail set, just crossing

Into the Far-away.

The gloom the gleam, the calmness & the strife

Were death before thee & behind thee life.

---

And as that ship went up the waters stately

Upon her topmasts tall I saw two sails, whereof the one was greatly

Dark, as a funeral pall

But oh! the next's pure whiteness who shall utter?

Like a shell-snowy strand,

Or when a sunbeam falleth through the shutter

[[11<sup>r</sup>]] *[An essay on Greek tragedy in pencil entitled 'the origins of drama' follows, covering 11<sup>r</sup>; 11<sup>l</sup> and the first eight lines of 10<sup>r</sup>. It is very well informed and detailed dealing with playwrights; sacrifices; staging and audience.]*

[[10<sup>r</sup>]] *[a poem in ink:]*

Beneath the oaks of Fotheringay

A royal couple stood

Oh who could tell oh {who} could say

How near how close in blood.

The one in robes full rich and fair

With jewels blazing bright

The other - nought save her golden hair

---

Relieved her robe of night.

---

But beauty no <jewel> {gem} can give I trow

And riches can never buy

Rested enthroned on her pallid [unfinished].

*[Here an envelope is glued in, containing the following loose sheets, not all reproduced here:]*

*[An undated letter to Mary from her father:]*

Dearest Polly,

The strong theme of these is far better than in any of your verses that I have seen; I like them very much. I have made one or two little corrections to make them run smoother. Perhaps the last line would be still better if it ran thus, -

‘And duty accomplished - die.

but at any rate the “then” must be inserted, for the line is a syllable too short without it.

Keep a brave heart, dearest child; God bless you.

Your loving father

T. Arnold.

*[The poem to which this letter refers follows:]*

#### A Dream

I sat by the fire one winter’s eve

Dreaming a lovely dream

---



Such wild sweet dreams I loved well to weave  
By the fire's ruddy gleam

---

It was the wild dream of the day gone by  
Of heroes strong & brave  
When men were fearless & courage was high  
And no one feared the grave

---

By impulse moved I hastily said  
Oh! that then I had been born  
that in Honour's cause I might have bled  
And Oppression's bonds have torn

---

But then a voice in soft accents and sweet  
thus<sup>2†</sup> to me<sup>1†</sup> made reply  
Do thou what God for thee thinks meet  
And having done all - die.

---

My own.

*[On another loose sheet of notepaper:]*

To my darling (M<sup>rs</sup> Cunliffe)

I love thee as the thirsty flourets turn

---

To worship the heaven on high  
As the wave that rolled so <h> dark and stern  
Falls neath the magic of the moonbeam's eye  
So passions in my heart when all whelmingly they wake  
Are hushed by thoughts of thee & conquered for thy sake.

---

Fond reverence deep as for an angel fair  
Shr[ɪ]nes thee in holy light within my heart  
And were it not for thy <universal> {gentle}  
Love on this lone earth so rare  
We might have thought <sp> a spirit  
Pure had chosen to depart  
Through love to man from the far heaven of love  
To guide & lead earth's erring soul to the haven of rest above.

---

1863?<sup>4</sup>

---

Address to the stars

Oh ye fair stars that shine so pure  
Above this world of sin  
Ye Realms that to Eternity endure  
Look my weak heart within

---

On Marriage bells

Ring on ye peals of gladness

Ye make my heart rejoice

Ye chase away the sadness

That stifles Pleasure's voice

Here I may not long remain

Soon I shall pass from earth

To the land where there's no pain

Where all is joy and mirth

Only for thee O God I live

For me earth has no ease

For thou Lord hast thought fit to give

Not earth's but heaven's peace.

May you be happy sweet bride

May you by God be blest

Oh that in him you may abide

Till you in heaven rest.

Mary Arnold.

## APPENDIX C. iii.

### Additional Material from WARD, BOX VII, Volume 3

The contents of this volume are described on the following handwritten list for the use of the Honnold Library. The list is pasted onto the inside red marbling of a substantial hand bound maroon cloth quarto notebook, originally priced 24/-, containing ninety blank pages watermarked 1864 and with a thin gold leaf line round the outside edges of the pages:

'Opening A. Commonplace book 1866-67	2a - 4a
"Aspirations" poems Mar 1866	
Journal of my First visit to Scotland	5a - 16a
[ <i>with several sketches</i> ] June 7 - July 8, 1867	
<u>Lansdale Manor</u> (variant) (written on alternate pages)	17a - 36a
Volume in reverse & on alternate leaves	
Notes continued, poems, hymns etc.	90b - 82b
<u>Ailie</u>	81b - 21b & first fly leaf'

The pages of the A opening, the first dated progression, follow. It should be noted that the dating of this notebook is more difficult than that of Volume 1. Although all items in the A progression follow each other chronologically, there is a gap of over a year from the heading 'Aspirations' to the diary item which follows it. It cannot now be known whether the B opening was begun at the same time but for different purposes.

[1<sup>h</sup>] Index

“Aspirations” Page 2

[Notes in pencil towards a speech about some aspect of British Rule in the Far East, which follow the orientation of the A Opening, are obscured by an alternative passage of the narrative Ailie, a trial piece of writing which relates to the Indian tragedy and which is transcribed in the edited text on page 331 and 332 of this thesis].

{1} [1<sup>h</sup>] MAA.  
1866.

[2<sup>h</sup>]  
“Aspirations.”<sup>1</sup>

{2} [2<sup>h</sup>]  
Part. 1.

\_\_ . Tree after tree stretched shadowy and dark into the misty distance, \_\_ the air was heavy with the scents of morning, and faintly flushed with the rosy sunrise, \_\_ the dank creepers hung listlessly athwart the avenues. \_\_ †the tired flowers drooped heavily on their stalks; \_\_ all the forest life lay hushed in deathlike stillness when I the spirit of the violet<sup>2</sup> woke, on that lovely summer morning long ago. \_\_

That early dawn world was very lovely, methought, as I gazed upon the silent scene. In these calm shades each hour of the long summer day had its own especial charm, noontide, when the sun in its prime wooed each leaf with light

[3<sup>h</sup>]<sup>6</sup> {3} [3<sup>h</sup>] [This page is devoted to a pen and ink sketch depicting three figures, two apparently girls holding flowers, one in a doorway.]

[4<sup>l</sup>] V

{4} [4<sup>r</sup>]

### Puss, and Her Three Kittens

Our old cat has kittens three;

What do you think their names should be.

One is a tabby with emerald eyes

And a tail that's long and slender

But into a temper she quickly flies

If you ever by chance offend her

I think we shall call her this

I think we shall call her that: -

Now don't you fancy Pepper-pot

A nice name for a cat.

One is black with a frill of white,

And her feet are all white fur too

If you stroke her, she carries her tail upright,

And quickly begins to purr too.

I think we shall call her this

I think we shall call her that: -

Now don't you fancy "Sootikins"

A nice name for a cat.

One is a tortoiseshell, yellow and black.

With a lot of white about him

If you tease him, at once he sets up his back

He's a quarrelsome Tom ne'er doubt him!

I think we shall call him this

I think we shall call him that, \_

Now don't you fancy "Scratchaway"

A nice name for a cat? V

V      Our old cat has kittens three,

And I fancy these their names will be:

"Pepper-pot" \_ "Sootikins" \_ "Scratchaway" \_ There

Were there ever kittens with these to|compare?

And we call the old mother \_ now what do you think?

"Tabitha Longclaws Tiddleywink!"

Radcliffe May 16<sup>th</sup> 67.

[5<sup>l</sup>] [*A very expressive pen and ink sketch of an elderly woman asleep occupies this page.*]

{5} [5<sup>r</sup>]

### Journal of my First

1867

Visit to

Scotland

On Friday the 7<sup>th</sup> of June, after hearing Uncle Matt's farewell lecture<sup>3</sup>, I set out for London, in company with Uncle Matt, Aunt Fanny Lucy & the boys, who were going back to West. Humble \_ They left me at Reading & I went on to Paddington by myself. Bessie met me, & we drove to|Westbourne Terrace. There were some people to|dinner, so Bessie took me straight up to|her room, where I lay down & waited for <p> the provisions promised; After which B. took me down to|the drawing room, which was untenanted, as the dinner was not yet over. It was a curiously shaped, beautifully furnished room, with quantities of knickknacks, & mirrors, & I stayed there till the hostess, a tall foreign-looking woman, Italian by birth, & with strange, soft un-English manners {came to|see after me}. She brought me wine & biscuits & made me rest till it was time to go. M<sup>rs</sup> Thurburn, Bessie's Grandmamma, is one of the dearest prettiest old ladies, I ever saw. The first time she saw me, she kissed {me} after the Scotch fashion, & altogether I felt more at home already than I could have expected She is <a> tall, with small delicately-cut features, & wears a white Quaker-like cap, wh. just suits|her face. One may easily conjecture from her face what is proved by the pictures at Murtle, that she was a {very} beautiful woman in her youth.



At 8 o'clock after M<sup>rs</sup> Thurburn Junior, had given me a warm embrace, a proceeding perfectly natural in her [6<sup>d</sup>] but somewhat strange to one's English notions, M<sup>rs</sup> Thurburn {senior}, B., {myself} & a talkative Scotch cousin, husband to the Italian above<sup>2†</sup> mentioned<sup>1†</sup>, set off for Euston Square. The large lighted station with its crowds of people, was rather a novel sight to me. After some fuss about the carriage, we moved off & the interminable journey began. How we got through the 6 hours till daybreak, I cannot well say. Sitting on a carpet bag in the middle with one's<sup>†</sup> head on one cushion, & one's<sup>†</sup> feet on the other - or elongating oneself sideways over the arms of the carriage, were positions alike unequal to the inducement of comfort or sleep. Sunrise came at last however & the cold morning air with it, & till 8 or 9 it was anything but pleasant. At 9 we reached Carlisle & we turned out & got some scalding tea, by way of upsetting our <dig> digestion for the rest of the journey.

[§] The journey afterwards grew gradually more interesting, and the round whin-covered hills and variegated fir & beech woods, characteristic of Scottish scenery, began to make their appearance not long after Carlisle was passed. To my great disappointment we did not pass through Edinburgh, but turned off instead at a place bearing the euphonious name of Motherwell Junction. In passing Stirling Bessie and I missed seeing the site of Bannockburn through not knowing on what side of the town {6} [6<sup>r</sup>] <but somewhat N> {the little station} bearing the name was situated Stirling Castle though finely situated, is not in itself remarkable or imposing but {consists} of {a} long low range of buildings surrounded by a battlemented wall, and rather disappointing to any one who has read the Days of Bruce<sup>4</sup>. Near Perth we passed the pretty little watering place, called the Bridge

of Allan situated among the hills <among> {on} the small but picturesque little stream of the Allan I do not remember much after we left Perth till we <be> were near Aberdeen, for not having had any real sleep, I found myself so irresistibly sleepy, as to be compelled into a state of uneasy somnambulism, in which the mind was disagreeably awake to|external impressions while the body tried hard to|get a wink. For some way before we reached Aberdeen, the {rail} way <lay> {ran} along the coast, which as far as one could see seemed very bold and picturesque. <The peep> we had [§] {a peep} of Stonehaven, lying in a snug little bay bounded on either side by steep headlands, the one to|the south though hidden from our view by the cliff supporting the ruins of the old castle of Dunottar. We reached Aberdeen at about half past four, and my first impressions of it, when after a long waiting for the carriage to|be [ 7<sup>l</sup>] unloaded, we set off for our homeward drive passing through some of the principal streets|on our way, were certainly not favourable. The day was wet and drizzly, and the|place looked so dead-alive, and uninhabited, that I could hardly believe when I saw it the second time under different auspices that it could be the same. At about 6 -o'clock we reached the gates|of Murtle, opened to|us by an old woman in a spotless white cap and kerchief who goes by the name of Nelly. She was evidently confused by the presence of a third person in the carriage and when Bessie spoke to|her and asked her whether she remembered her, Nelly {misunderstood her} & took the question as importing to me. "Aye" she said {as we thought at the time} motioning towards me while a <misty> dreamy unreal look came over her face, which I have seen in her since, but which struck me then as something I had never seen before.

“That’s my bairn.” Without answering directly M<sup>rs</sup> Thurburn told the coachman to|drive on. They thought at first she was speaking of her dead <bairn> child of her own to|whom she supposed me to|be like; but it seems more probable that she was not referring to|me at all, but confused Bessie with her mother, who was her nurse-child forty years ago.

{7} [7<sup>n</sup>] After driving half a mile more through the avenue Murtle was reached in earnest, and Bessie took me into|the dining room to|rest for a while before taking off my things upstairs. Naturally I was too tired to|<wait> notice anything very much till I was safe {in} <at the end> my own room, - moderate sized, and very comfortable, with a warm green carpet, white curtains, and curious little cupboards fixed again[st] the wall their cover<s> and doors being made of pink glazed calico covered with a sort of white open-work on a wooden framework. The view from the window<s> is one of the best to|be seen from the house, and looks very beautiful<ly> as <it> I see it very often in the early morning sunlight, and again at night when the winding Dee gleams out white & silvery in the moonlight among the dark purple hills.

When I had in some degree purified, & smoothed myself down, Bessie came for me, and took me down to|tea. Then I had a little more time to look about me while partaking of scones [scones] & cream, and waited on by the oddest of odd beings, the ancient housemaid of the family by name Mary Coutts. Imagine a face old & worn yet preserving a curious {youthful} expression of childishness & eagerness to|please, combined with an awkward [8<sup>th</sup>] middle-sized figure, arms whose habitual swing is clearly the effect of nature, and a crinoline which persist[ed] in hanging in those irreconcilable angles. She has {an} odd habit of repeating over to|herself in a lower

tone all that she says, thinking doubtless than [*sic*] an echo softens down the abruptness of the foregoing remark. Her contemporary & coadjutor, Barbara alias M<sup>rs</sup> Phemister, the only surviving relict of two departed husbands in the nautical line \_\_ and withal a character in her way was when I came into|the house the only other female servant though others have been added since. [§] The male portion of the establishment consist<ing>ed of the coachman George Philips, a sturdy ingenious Scotchman the gardener Salter, a man whose chief aim in life seems to|be to insinuate as much bitter as he can into|<the> every sweet either|of his own <own>or others, \_\_ and a nondescript individual foolish-like” as the Scotch say, by name Willie Walker. His ancestors are said to have worn the veritable jester’s cap & bells; and their eccentric tendencies <have> {are} easily traced in their descendant.

After tea I was sent to|the sofa, and being far too tired to|do anything but sit still, found {8} [8<sup>7</sup>] time to|look about me a little. The dining room in which we were, is certainly the finest room in the house; - large, well-proportioned and hung round with large pictures of ancestors &c which show very well on the light-coloured panelled {walls}. It is very sunny & cheerful and is used as a sitting {room} much more than the drawing room, which is connected with it by means of a small but very pretty room called the parlour communicating on both sides with the dining- & drawing rooms, and occup[y]ing the central place in the ground floor under the dome. Here is [a] very beautiful picture in three compartments by Cope representing the martyrdom of Laurence Saunders. Immediately underneath it stands Bessie’s harp; on the right hand of the door stands a handsome good sized organ, and in the corresponding recess on the left-hand side is a

cabinet of curiosities made to|match, while in the round window formed by the pillared front of the dome, are the most comfortable lounging sofas imaginable; as the room altogether may be said to|be the pleasantest and snugest in the house. Besides these three rooms, there are several others on the ground floor - the|Low-bedroom & dressingroom, the|hall of course [9<sup>l</sup>] and conservatory, and the library, a small booklined room where we have Presbyterian prayers. Bessie and I stand with demure faces turned to the wall, and while she perforce knows every point & dot of {the title} of Dr Channing's Life & letters directly under her eyes, <my eyes> {mine} wander helplessly over the intricacies of an old map of London roads. Above there is a long corridor having rooms on each side at the right end of which as you go upstairs is my temporary abode. I was very glad to get to|bed that night, [§] and got up next morning very much rested. <Inspe> After prayers which seemed very odd to|me because of the different position, we had breakfast and after that|a long time of waiting before setting off for Peterculter service in which in spite of disuasions I persisted in going too. The service was of course Presbyterian. I am sure P. Church must have been made ugly on purpose for no-body could have built anything so hideous without express design. It is entirely choked up by {a semi-circular} gallery, in the front part of which is the Murtle pew, exactly on a level {9} [9<sup>l</sup>] with the head of M<sup>r</sup> Allan. After church we drove home to|an earlier dinner than usual and Bessie <be> and I occupied the rest of the <day> {afternoon} in inspecting the garden, and discussing the Milwards. [*A good pencil sketch of Dr Paul occupies the central space of this page and Mary wrote her diary round it afterwards, framing the figure with words.*] In the evening there was a sort of service for the servants and

[om.:we] read one of Grandpapa's sermons<sup>5</sup>.

Monday We went in to Aberdeen in the morning, we meaning Bessie and I. I was struck with Union Street which <was> {is} granite from beginning to end. We did a little shopping and George the coachman procured bread and viands for the household. We came back in time for lunch, at which coffee was served to|my no small astonishment. In the afternoon Bessie took me on Brucie along some of the|paths near the river. We were however stopped by their choked up condition. On the way back I got ahead of Bessie and stopping to look back for her was horrified to|feel the beast on which I rode calmly lying down beneath me. As however he was only 12 hands high I tumbled over very neatly ball-fashion without any injury and picked up myself and him without loss of time. We went in directly afterwards to|enjoy the presence of the above-depicted individual The Rev Dr Paul. D.D. who did not leave till after tea

[10<sup>4</sup>] Tuesday June 11<sup>th</sup> My birthday. A bright sunny day which made Loch-na-gar visible for the first time since our arrival. Bessie gave me at breakfast a very pretty Lorn Brooch, and M<sup>rs</sup> Thurburn a pretty chinese netting-case. I had letters from home, Miß May, Nora Alice and Lizzie. We were too tired for any active amusement, and amused ourselves with setting the croquet according to|our own devices with 18 hoops, after which we played two or three games.

Wednesday 12<sup>th</sup> Another fine day. In the morning Bessie and I drove in the|phaeton to Cantly where I got out and began a sketch of the hills from the road. They looked very dim and lovely that morning like "ghosties" in the sky as Barbara would say. Bessie and I talked a good deal on the way about Miß May, M<sup>dlle</sup> and other school reminiscences.

The rest of the day passed much <of>as usual in reading practising and croquet.

Thursday 13<sup>th</sup> In the morning B and I went into Aberdeen to|have our photos taken We had great fun. I went to Giffords to get a board on which to [sic] my great astonishment was lent me directly without payment. When we came back to|Murtle we found <out> that {10} [10<sup>r</sup>] a rather strange and mysterious occurrence<sup>¶</sup> had happened in our absence. On going upstairs Bessie found the old heavy looking glass belonging to|her room, lying on the ground entirely broken before the dressing-table, with its face turned up! No one had been into the room since B. left it except the housemaid who declared that when she went to|shut the window everything was right. Ten minutes after B. came home and the mischief was done. No cat or dog could possibly have done it as the door was shut, and there was no wind sufficient to have overturned the|heavy old fashioned glass. Besides no wind could have left the looking glass face upwards, or have<ing> arranged the pincushion and middle drawer (which being in the front would naturally have fallen under it) carefully on the top of the fallen glass. The mystery is not yet cleared up, and remains as inexplicable as ever. In the evening M<sup>r</sup> and M<sup>rs</sup> Allan called, nice shy gentle people who asked Bessie to|bring me to|see them sometime. It is curious to|see how well my name is known up here, almost more generally I think than in England.

[§] Friday 14<sup>th</sup> Bessie and I went out driving in the Brucie phaeton, got almost soused in spite of two umbrellas which did more harm than good, as they [11<sup>h</sup>] got in the way of our united<ing> vision, obliging us at last to|share the whip & reins between us. An old woman offered us some dilse by the way - an insult to|our dignity which Brucie revenged by bolting across the road so as nearly to|knock her down. Reading practising working in

the evening as usual

Saturday 15<sup>th</sup> In the morning Bessie had a ride on Malonia and got wet. It rained the whole day, notwithstanding which, the three Banchory boys arrived at the proper time, to my and Bessie's horror, Entertaining three half grown boys on a rainy /{day} indoors, can never be very lively work but when it devolves upon two young girls, the case becomes still more blue. We had a forlorn game of biliards<sup>¶</sup>, in which three of the party having never been previously instructed, naturally took immense interest, George May was witty & very complacent, Neddy Paul nervous, imitating G.M. by fits & starts. When the game was ended Bessie and I found to our great relief that dinner time was approaching and went off to dress. Dinner passed off well enough, and afterwards we played the game of Crambo, eliciting thereby as may well be imagined, remarkable specimens {11} [11'] of versification. A game of croquet under umbrellas was then tried with better success than might have been supposed. Music, the harp & company chat filled up the rest of the time till they took their department (Mem. boat G.M.N.P.).

Sunday 16<sup>th</sup> In the morning Bessie and I drove to Banchory Church in the phaeton by the bridge of Dee. The drive was lovely and the view of the hills from near the bridge of Dee peculiarly picture-like and beautiful. We were almost the first in the church. The boys contrary to our expectation sat in the gallery. Dr Paul gave us two sermons, both more like lectures than sermons, and when we came out we spoke with himself and most of the members of the family. George May was as ready and as much pleased with himself as usual, and B and I drove home very well contented with our expedition. In the garden in the afternoon. Reading in the evening.



Monday [§] 17<sup>th</sup> In the morning I was out sketching the house. Bessie went to the station meanwhile and came back in time, in time [*sic*] <of>to take amiable caricatures of my venerable self. M<sup>rs</sup> Thurburn went out in the Brucie phaeton. Reading. Nothing particular.

[§] Tuesday 18<sup>th</sup> In the morning we drove into Aberdeen had lunch with the Rosses & an Arab individual by name El. Karey. Drove after lunch to|Ferryhill Station [ 12<sup>l</sup>] to|see M<sup>rs</sup> Guelph. We were in a front place, and saw the Queen, the P. Helena & Louise & P Christian?<sup>†</sup> very well indeed. <The> M<sup>rs</sup> Guelph was very good about letteing<sup>¶</sup> herself be looked<ing> at. She looked<ing> very red and stout and unhappy, but the Princesses looked both|of them bright and pretty. On the way home we set down M<sup>rs</sup> Ross, and were nearly suffocated by rain and dust. I finished my sketch of the view from the|windows.

Wednesday 19<sup>th</sup> [§] Bessie reading, I sketching out of doors. In the afternoon we played croquet. M<sup>r</sup> Mill's carriage drove up in the middle. In the height of her <grie> respect B. made an obeisance backwards which brought her to grief over a croquet hoop. Practising, wandering about in the garden, reading &c.

[§] Thursday 20<sup>th</sup> In the morning B and I went out riding, she on Malonia I on Brucie. Little 'eaps were especially frequent coming back, and after a succession of them which proved too|much for Brucie's equanimity, I was thrown off among them, with no further injury however than a bruised knee. George assisted me up again & we rode home all right. It was a beautiful day and the|opposite side of the river looked very lovely under a mist of heat. [*A full page sketch illustrating the scene with the cows described on the*

*next page follows.*] [12<sup>r</sup>] [§] Friday 21<sup>st</sup>. In the morning we carried up the easel to the field on the east side of the house. No sooner had we completed our preparations than we were fated to|endure a plague of beast[s] in the persons of a number of young c<ows>attle who suffering under an infliction of vehement curiosity, assembled round us in great numbers poking their noses through the railing, sniffing the contents of the water-bottle, tasting the painting water, and making themselves disagreeable. At last Bessie and I got impatient, and I showered a douche of gamboge water over the nose of the nearest cow while Bessie belaboured them with a huge stick, as represented in the accompanying sketch. These strong measures gradually dispersed our tormentors, and we sketched and read in peace. Croquet talking, reading. R. to M<sup>rs</sup> Thurnburn.

Saturday 22 In the morning I went out riding on Malonia with George. We went within sight of the Hill of Fayre, and had a very pleasant ride of 9 or 10 miles. I was very stupid about holding the double reins. When playing croquet in the afternoon, Bessie came to|tell me that a M<sup>rs</sup> Anderson was arrived, & would probably stay some days. At dinner I [13<sup>l</sup>] was introduced to|this lady, representations of whom will be found subsequently, one of the tallest women I ever knew, thin, & stooping and with features which must once have had beauty of a certain sort. We soon found out that she was music mad, a fact which may be conceived when it is known that she has a smattering [om.:of] instruments, and patronises more especially the fiddle and the concertina. After dinner we were much amused by the pic-nic party who came up to|the lawn before the windows, and gave us songs recitations and par-seuls. One repeated the Charge of the Light Brigade<sup>6</sup>, better|than I have yet heard it with one exception. After their departure, the

piano was kept up to a later hour than usual.

Sunday 23<sup>rd</sup> In the morning M<sup>rs</sup> G. B. & I went to[[ ?:]Hilts Church. A young man preached in the absence of M<sup>r</sup> Anderson. It was a very dogmatic party-spirited sermon, coming naturally from so young a man. B and I were out in the afternoon. Reading in the evening. One of Grandpapa's sermons &c.

{13} [13<sup>7</sup>] Monday 24<sup>th</sup> Bessie rode in the morning and I played croquet, read & practised in a very delightful idling fashion. M<sup>rs</sup> A. went off to Aberdeen by the 1 o'clock train to|our great relief In the afternoon B and I went down to|the station to|meet Miß Finnes, and her niece and nephew. The aforesaid nieces<sup>†</sup> & nephews<sup>†</sup> joined afterwards in a game of croquet in which, the two children & I were worsted during the game, as I learnt afterwards, Bessie did me the incalculable [om.?:service] of giving Annie Finnes wrong information respecting my age. Music & party manners during the evening. At tea time M<sup>rs</sup> Anderson turned up laden with crabs and dilse, which later commodity she offered me in the hall at Bessie's instigation. As may be imagined, the odour in the lower-rooms half an hour afterwards [sic]. After a supper of crab & dilse the Finnes left, Bessie came back from accompanying them <in> to|the|station, in a state|of great excitement have<ing> met (unheard of occurrence) five young men in the Avenue.) (From Here dates the commencement of the daily lessons in wickedness my innocent mind received from B.M.)

Tuesday 25<sup>th</sup> M<sup>rs</sup> Anderson again went off to Aberdeen, and Bessie and I went to Cantly I [14<sup>h</sup>] riding and she leading Brucie. When we|got there I dismounted and began my sketch, while Bessie sat on Brucie's back while feeding, or made a sofa of the top|of

the stone wall, an attitude from which she was once suddenly startled, by the advent of an individual in tails. We got home without any mishap, found M<sup>rs</sup> Anderson already back, and were of course kept at the piano for the rest of the day.

Wednesday 26<sup>th</sup> Mrs A., B. and I had a beautiful drive round by Countesswells. We had a beautiful view of the sea; and of the Prince Consort's pillar in Banchory. The fir and birch\*{ woods } looked so very lovely lighted up by bright gleams of sunshine Major and M<sup>rs</sup> Ross came out to dinner, and we had a very amusing game of croquet in which M<sup>rs</sup> Anderson took a prominent part A picture of her will be found beneath. Bessie went to|the station with M<sup>rs</sup> Ross in the Brucie phaeton.

Thursday 27<sup>th</sup> [§] Bessie rode Malonia in the morning and in afternoon we set out with Brucie for Banchory Manse, hoping to|induce the|pony to cross the suspension bridge. This hope was however fallacious. In spite of pulling coaxing [ 15<sup>7</sup> ] tugging beating, Brucie obstinately refused to go through the stile. Bessie and I had just begun to despair of getting over the river when a relay of small Banchory boys accompanied by their tutor Mr Thompson came down to|the bridge. Seeing two young ladies in distress, M<sup>r</sup> Thompson gallantly came to|our aid, but though he nearly pulled the bridle over Brucie's head, he was in the end as fairly baffled as the rest of us, and there remained nothing for us to|do but to thank him and go home again (N.B. private In the evening we took a turn down the avenue shortly before nine and heard the coach arrive of course without any premeditated design. Chance next led our steps down to the den close to|the road, which those who live on the other side of the river would naturally take from where the coach stops. Just as we were passing the wooden bridge, two young men in brown & grey

passed by - of course we {neither} saw <not> nor were seen. The night was fine & beautiful

28<sup>th</sup> Friday M<sup>rs</sup> Anderson & Bessie went into Aberdeen Dr and M<sup>rs</sup> Kerr came to dinner, and Dr indulged Bessie and myself at croquet with the minute and circumstantial details of a tumour case. (Hooping, Alpine call, General Wickedness)

<Ag> Saturday 29<sup>th</sup> Aggie Anderson came, a pretty girl with a great deal of musical talent. Two pleasant [151] maiden sisters the Mißes Glennie came to|lunch & dinner. Alex Paul & Gussie arrived in the afternoon, and we had some delightful croquet after which A.P. played the violin to|us beautifully. Bessie drove him home in the little phaeton at four o'clock Warm & fine. (Nocturnal rambling, House breaking &c.).

Sunday 30<sup>th</sup> M<sup>rs</sup> Aggie Anderson & Bessie at Peterculter. M<sup>rs</sup> Thurburn thinking me looking tired wished to|me [sic] to|stay at home. M<sup>rs</sup> Thurburn had a good deal of pain from gout in the hand. Out in the garden after|dinner.

Monday 1 July. The Andersons departed. M<sup>rs</sup> Thurburn still suffering. In the afternoon Bessie and I drove ourselves over to|Peterculter to|call on the Allans. We had a stiff visit with|the usual accompaniments of wine & cake. On return<ed>ing M<sup>r</sup> Johnnie Allan took a stroll, to which proceeding Brucie objected.

Tuesday 2<sup>nd</sup> July. In the morning we drove to the other side of the river <to> by the Bridge of Dee to|call on the Thompsons of Banchory House, where the Prince Consort stayed during the British Association M<sup>rs</sup> Thompson being unwell M<sup>r</sup> Thompson a gentle looking white haired old gentleman did the|honours. The house is beautifully built & furnished and in the grounds above the|house is splen{15} [15<sup>r</sup>]did column of granite -

dug up on the place where the Prince Consort stood to|look at the view. In the drawingrooms are pictures of the Royal Family presented by the Queen. M<sup>r</sup> T. took us over the Museum Conservatory & Library. He was very kind to|me, and as a mark of great favour gave B & me some water from the Dead sea to|taste which nearly made us both sick. After a kind invitation to come again we left, and drove to the Manse where we made a short call, to|ask after Johnnie Paul, and invite the boys for next Saturday.

Wednesday 3<sup>rd</sup> Day of humiliation. Bessie went to church in the morning as a representative of M<sup>rs</sup> Thurnburn, whose gout had not yet left her. I read practised and played croquet.

Thursday 4<sup>th</sup> In the morning read practised and wrote letters. In the afternoon B <I>and I had a delightful drive round by Cantly in the Brucie phaeton. The country looked lovely & Brucie behaved very well. Unfortunately my parasol which was in the bottom of the phaeton fell out on the way. George rode to|search for it when we came home but to|no purpose. (Nocturnal adventures luckier than usual thanks to|the Wapping Shaw).

Friday 5<sup>th</sup> B and I went shopping in Aberdeen in the morning. We came home to|find Johnnie Allan domesticated in the parlour. A game of croquet [ 16<sup>h</sup> ] followed, in which Bessie & I (the former especially) were tormented by a plague of kittens. Getting a better Roland for his Oliver than he expected the maw of kittens at last took his departure leaving B and myself in a state between laughing & raving. Very fine evening lights over the valley.\_\_

Saturday 6<sup>th</sup> George M. N. Paul and Gussie made their appearance. Happily we were not as before condemned to|the blues indoors and we had a very pleasant afternoon of

croquet and lounging. After dinner, we younger members had a private consultation in the parlour, ending <in> more righteously than might have been expected in a determination to go out \*{boating} <without> with permission at 11 p.m. instead of 11 a.m. by means of an open window. Fine and pleasant.

Sunday 7<sup>th</sup> Communion Sunday. We all went to|Peterculter|in the close carriage for the|last half of the service which lasts from ten to|three. It was a curious sight. M<sup>rs</sup> Thurburn is I think right in saying that the Scotch celebration is more like what our Lord originally intended than that in the English Church. After Church M<sup>rs</sup> Thurburn and I had a talk. Bessie and I lay on the grass out of doors talking and reading { 16 } [ 16 ]

Monday <7>8<sup>th</sup> Barbara Bessie & I drove in the|large phaeton to|the coast. We went over the Lighthouse and had a pleasant half hour on the shore gathering stones and shells. Coming back we had a race with the Banchory House carriage which however did not come to Murtle after all.

Tuesday 9<sup>th</sup> [ *The diary breaks off here and is followed by a variant of Lansdale Manor, the whole of Script B, chapter five of this thesis (pages 207 - 219).*

*The B opening begins at the end of the notebook with the following poetry and hymns copied out. The first date to be given is November 1866, which suggests that the B progression was begun not long after the original beginning of the A progression in 1866. However neither progression seems to have been completed in a systematic way.]*

[[911]]

Extracts

What within me and without<sup>7</sup>

Hourly on my spirit weighs,

Burdening heart and soul with doubt

Darkening all my weary days:

In it I behold <my> Thy will

God who givest rest and peace

And my heart is calm & still

Waiting till thou send release.

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God Thou art my rock of strength

And my home is in Thine arms

Thou wilt send me help at length

And I feel no wild alarms

Sin nor Death can pierce the shield

Thy defence has o'er me thrown

Up to|Thee myself I yield,

And my sorrows are Thine own

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Thou my shelter from the blast

Thou my strong defence art ever;

Though my sorrows thickens [*sic*] fast;

Yet I know Thou leav'st me never;

When my foe puts forth his might,

And would tread me in the dust,



To this rock I take my flight  
And I conquer him through trust.

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When my trials tarry long,  
Unto thee I look and wait  
Knowing none, though keen and strong,  
[[90<sup>r</sup>]] Can my faith in Thee abate.

And this faith I long have nurst,  
Comes alone, O God, from Thee;  
Thou my heart didst open first,  
Thou didst set this hope in me.

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Christians! cast on Him your load,  
To your tower of refuge fly;  
Know He is the living God,  
Ever to His creatures nigh.

2 All your heart before Him pour,  
He will send you help with speed.

1 Seek his e<p>ver open door  
In your hours of inmost need.

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But hast thou some darling plan

Cleaving to|the things of earth  
Leanest thou for aid on man?  
Thou wilt find him nothing worth.  
Rather trust the One above  
Whose is endless power and love  
And the help He gives His own  
Thou in very deed shall prove.

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<But hast thou some darling plan  
Cleaving to the things of earth  
Leanest thou for aid on man>  
Yea, on Thee my God, I rest,  
Letting life float calmly on  
For I know the last is best  
When the crown of joy is won.  
In Thy might all things I bear  
In Thy love find bitter sweet.  
And with all my grief & care  
Sit in patience at Thy feet.

-----  
Let Thy mercy's wings be spread  
O'er me, keep me close to|Thee

In the peace Thy love doth shed`

Let me dwell eternally:

Be my All: in all I do

Let me only seek Thy will

Where the heart to Thee is true

All is peaceful calm & still.

[§]

\_\_\_\_\_  
Evening Hymn.

From the German.

Sink not yet <S> my soul to slumber<sup>8</sup>,

Wake my heart go forth & tell

All the mercies without number

That this bygone day befell.

Tell how God hath|kept afar

All things that against me was<sup>†</sup>

Hath upheld me and defended,

And His grace my soul befriended.

Father, merciful and holy

Thee to night I praise & bless

Who to labour true and lowly

Grantest ever meet success;

Many a sin & many a woe

Many a fierce and subtle foe

Hast Thou checked that once alarmed me

So that nought today has harmed me

Now the light, that nature gladdens

And the pomp of day is gone

And my heart is tired & saddens

As the gloomy night comes on;

Ah! Then with Thy changeless light

Warm & cheer my heart to-night

Keep me close to|Thee my Father.

Have I e'er from Thee departed

Now I seek Thy face again

And Thy Son, the loving hearted,

Made our peace through bitter pain

Yes far greater than our sin

Though it still be strong within

Is the Love that|fails us never

Mercy that endures forever.

{{89}} [[89<sup>r</sup>]]

Brightness of the eternal city!

Light of every faithful soul!

Safe beneath Thy sheltering pity

Let the tempests past me roll:

Now it darkens far & near.

Still my God, still be Thou here

Thou canst comfort, and Thou only

When the night is long & lonely.

E'en the twilight now has vanished

Send Thy blessing on my sleep,

Every sin and terror banished,

Let my rest be calm & deep,

Soul & body, mind & health,

Wife and children house & wealth,

Friend & foe, the sick, the stranger,

Keep <T>thou safe from harm & danger

O, Thou mighty God, now hearken

To the prayer Thy child hath made

Jesus, while the night hours darken

Be Thou still my hope, my aid;

Holy Ghost; on Thee I call,  
Friend and Comforter of all  
Hear my earnest prayer, oh hear me!  
Lord, Thou hearest, Thou art near me.

---

[§]

A Lent Hymn

From the German.

{{89}}

Lord, to|Thee I make confession<sup>9</sup>,  
I have sinned, & gone astray,  
I have multiplied transgression,  
Chosen for myself; my way:  
Forced at last to|see my errors,  
Lord I tremble at Thy terrors.

But from Thee how can I hide me,  
Those oh! God, art everywhere;  
Refuge from Thee is denied me  
Or by land or sea, or air;  
Nor death's darkness can enfold me  
So that Thou shouldst not behold me.

Yet though conscience' voice appall<sup>d</sup> me

Father I will seek Thy face

Though Thy child I dare not|call me

Yet accept me to|Thy grace

Do not for my sins forsake me

Let not yet Thy wrath o'ertake me

For Thy son hath suffered for me

And the|blood He shed for sin

That can heal me & restore me

Quench this|burning fire within

T'is alone His cross can vanquish

Those dark fears, & soothe this anguish.

Then on Him I cast my burden

Sink it in the depths below,

Let me feel Thy inner pardon

Wash me, make me white as snow.

Let Thy Spirit leave me never

Make me only Thine for ever.

---

Nov. 1866.

[[89<sup>1</sup>]]

[§] Faber's Hymn<sup>10</sup>.

I was wandering and weary

When my Saviour came unto|me

For the ways of sin grew dreary

And the world had ceased to|woo me

And I thought I heard Him say.

As He came along His way

O silly souls! come near Me

My sheep should never fear me

I am the shepherd true.

At first I would not hearken,

And put off till the morrow

But life began to darken

And I was sick with sorrow

And I thought I heard Him say

As He came along His way.

O silly souls! come near me

My sheep should never fear Me

I am the|Shepherd true



At last I stopped to|listen,

His voice could not deceive me;

I saw His kind eyes glisten

As anxious to|relieve me

And I thought I heard him say

As He came along His way

O silly souls come near Me

My sheep should never fear Me

[[887]]

I am the Shepherd true

He took me on His shoulder

And on my way He brought me

He bade my love grow bolder

And said how He had sought me

And I { 'm sure } thought I heard Him say

&c.

I thought His love would weaken

As more & more He knew me

But it burneth like a beacon

And its light & heat go through me

And I ever hear Him say

&c.

Let us do then dearest brothers

What will best & longest please us

Follow not the ways of others

But trust ourselves to Jesus

We shall ever hear Him say

As He goes along His way

O silly souls! come near Me

My sheep should never fear Me

I am the Shepherd true!

Copied January 20<sup>th</sup> 186<6>7      [pencil:] Last Sunday evening before !! \_ \_ \_

{{88}} [[88<sup>l</sup>]]      Art thou weary, art thou languid      Art thou sore distress?<sup>11</sup>

“Come to me,” saith One, “and coming    Be at rest!”

Hath He marks to|lead me to Him      If He be my guide

“In His feet & Hands are wound-prints    And His side!”

Is there Diadem, as Monarch,      That His Brow adorns?

“Yea a Crown, in very surety    But of Thorns!”

If I find Him, if I follow    What reward is here

“Many a sorrow, many a labour,    Many a tear!”

If I still hold closely to Him What hath He at last

“Sorrow ended, labour vanquished, Jordan past!”

If I ask Him to receive me Will He say me nay. -

“Not till earth, and not till Heaven Pass away!”

Finding, following, keeping, struggling Is He sure to bless?

“Saints, Apostles, Prophets, Martyrs Answer, Yes!”

- 
- 
- It fortifies my Soul to|know<sup>12</sup>
  - That though I perish, Truth is so:
  - That how-so-e'er I stray & range
  - Whate'er I do Thou dost not change
  - I steadier step when I recall
  - That if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

#### Clough's Poems

[[87: a blank page: clearly the poems by A.H. Clough were never copied in.]

[[87]] The history of the first literary attempts in our island during what is called the Anglo Saxon period is on the whole creditable to our Teutonic ancestors, and to ourselves as their descendants. The Anglo Saxons were not as our readers know the <f> original inhabitants of Britain but though the genius of the Celtic<sup>13</sup> population whom

they displaced and well-nigh exterminated, was as far as we can judge of a more brilliant and facile character than their conquerors, there yet remains to us {little} nothing which deserves mention in any History of English literature. The Welsh indeed possess historical and other records which may or may not claim an earlier date than the beginnings of Anglo-Saxon literature, but the evidence concerning them is confused and they themselves incomplete and fragmentary {{86}} [[86<sup>d</sup>]] The earliest compositions which have come down to us as written by our Anglo Saxon fore-fathers were not written in their vernacular tongue, but in Latin which was then and long after the common language of intellectual Europe. Gildas, & Nennius (whose existence however both as writers and personages has <not> {of late} been not infrequently <p>questioned) may be mentioned as belonging to the earliest class of Latin writers. Each name comes to us attached to a short {historical} dissertation, in which the only qualities worthy of notice, are an illimitable capacity in believing and industry in detailing any amount of myth and fable however monstrous and improbable, and an utter absence of any critical or discerning faculty. The first writer who composed in his native tongue was the peasant {poet} Caedmon, whose poems on sacred and biblical subjects possess no small degree of native force and vigour and were wonderfully popular in [[85<sup>d</sup>]] [*a blank page except for the following notes:*] Errata, The Gleeman's Song, Andreas and Elene. Beowulf. {{85}} [[85<sup>d</sup>]] his day. They possess a peculiar system of alliteration but neither rhyme nor metre. Caedmon died about 680, and not long after the writings of a north-country [*om: historian*] made the name of the author known in whatever of a literary world existed at that time. The Venerable Bede was all his life a monk in the monastery of

Wearmouth near Durham, where he wrote many Latin works, the chief of which his Ecclesiastical History is the only reliable {contemporary} source of information we possess<ing> respecting the events and personages of that early and obscure period [§] Bede died at an advanced age in 735, having continued his literary labours up to the very day of his death. He was an eye witness and therefore an accurate narrator of much of the contemporary history of the then powerful and extensive kingdom of Northumbria

In the next <year> {century} King Alfred <inspired> <e>desiring to promote education among the masses of his people translated into Anglo Saxon several well-known Latin works and among { {84} } [[84<sup>h</sup>]] others Bede's Ecclesiastical History. The most important prose work however which has come down to us from this period is the Saxon Chronicle a <work> {series of annuals} commencing with the Christian era, and concluding <with the> {in} 1154, the year of Henry the 3<sup>rd</sup> 's accession. The Chronicle is probably the work of several hands, some portions of local history being so much more fully given than others; but its several supposed authors have formed the subject of much controversy among Anglo Saxon scholars.

So far I have only mentioned works whose authors are known, and whose authenticity is tolerably ascertained. But besides these, we have a {few} very early Anglo Saxon writings about whom [sic] little or nothing is known, beyond what can be derived from the internal evidence they afford. Such are the Gleeman's Song supposed to have been written in the fifth century, Beowulf a long poem written by an evidently Christian writer and giving many curious indications of the manners habits of thought and ess= [[83<sup>7</sup>]] [ *This page is blank except for one word occuring two thirds of the way*

*down, opposite the final paragraph of the essay:]* language. - {{83}} [[83<sup>1</sup>]] entially  
Teutonic superstitions of our Saxon forefathers, and Andreas and Elene, a mythical  
account of the|life and doings of St Andrew.

Taken as a whole we may remark again that {the works} we have enumerated were  
creditable to|the age in which they|were produced and to|the people who wrote them.  
Possessing little|or none of the Celtic {fire} or imagination there <is>was a solid vigour  
and force about them which ensured them durability and gave promise of better things.  
The language in which Alfred and Caedmon wrote was peculiarly rich and|copious  
though rough and unmanageable. It received added vigour <from> and freshness from  
the Scandinavian element which through the|Danish incursions <had> introduced itself  
into|the|language, and now there only remained a gradual work of moulding and  
polishing which <the> Norman learning and civilization was shortly|in great measure  
to|effect.

[[82<sup>7</sup>]]                      O let the solid ground<sup>14</sup>  
  
                                 Not fail beneath my feet  
  
                                 Before my life has found  
  
                                 What some have found so sweet.  
  
  
                                 Then let come what come may  
  
                                 To a life that has been so sad  
  
                                 I shall have had my day.

Down by the hill I saw them ride<sup>15</sup>

In a moment they were gone

Like a sudden spark <struck vainly>

Struck vainly in the night

And back returns the dark

With no more hope of light.

{{82}}

*[ This represents the end of the first gathering of four leaves, after which some were torn out at an unknown period in the history of the notebook. The narrative Ailie begins at this point, but because of the lost leaves, the opening of the story is irrecoverable.*

*After Ailie the following essay fills up the B opening spaces in the notebook. It seems to have been a question which had been set as part of Mary's formal schoolwork, on Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, to which she refers at some length in Lansdale Manor, particularly Script C. The essay is written the right way up according to the A opening progression, but on spaces which are occupied elsewhere in the notebook only by B progression material.]*

[19<sup>d</sup>] but then in reading him it was always useful to|remember that when <our> {we} close the book our opinion on the subject he has been setting before [om.:us] is really much more coloured by <the> his slight side-observations and the|satirical foot-notes which seem to|act as a vent for the sarcasm and sceptism [sic] which Gibbon's idea of the dignity|<of>and gravity|of|the historian's office keeps in check in the|letterpress than by the facts|to|which they refer. Separated from these additions|and admixtures they|are

sometimes susceptible of a different interpretation; or at any rate a modifying light may be thrown upon them

*[ This finishes half way down the page and appears to have no necessary link to the essay plan which follows]*

[20<sup>h</sup>] Surely there must be some mistake in the putting of this question. At least so it seemed to me when I first read it. <To speak of the decline of African Christianity in the 4th and 5th centuries the causes of the decline of African Christianity in the 4th and 5th Centuries are rather difficult to find out because as far as I know and can discover there was no such decline.

During the 4th and 5 centuries it was that as Milman says "Africa the granary held the power of life and death over Europe in spiritual matters." In both St Augustine lived and taught and surely the period of his rule as bishop of Hippo is generally considered a prosperous in the history of the African church generally. At least we know of none more prosperous

On looking up authorities however I saw what was meant by the question though even now it seems to me that the word "decline" as applied to African Christianity in the fourth and fifth centuries is totally out of place. No doubt just before the time of St Augustine there much dissension in the African church. The quarrels between Caecilian and Maonius were doubtless prejudicial

[21<sup>h</sup>] to both the spiritual and temporal welfare of those who engaged in them, and the conduct of the council of Numidian bishops who declared Caecilian's election null and void is such as to give us no high idea of those dignitaries. But Gibbon speaks of the



squabble as a thing so small and insignificant and representing so little the real state of the African church at the time that were it not for the Great schism of the Donatists which sprung {from it} and which to occupy it “scarcely deserves a place in history.”

And as to the Donatist schism itself it depends upon the light in which one views controversy generally. Whether it is to be looked upon as a sign of decline or not. To me it seems that controversy is rather a sign of life than of decay - that the prominence which church history assumes in the annals of Africa during the 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> centuries though the progress of that history be not of the smoothest and most edifying description is yet after all a sign that after all whether for good or evil Christianity was the chief question of the day the subject upon {with} which the minds of all men of whatever calibre were more or less deeply engaged {occupied}. They believed too fiercely; their beliefs were rather weapons of warfare than saving

[*The passage ends here.*]

## APPENDIX C. iv.

### Additional Material from WARD, Box VII, Volume 5

This is a dark blue leather bound plain unlined quarto notebook with thinly marbled endpapers, containing ninety pages of high quality paper with no watermark. The notebook is densely written and there are no entirely blank pages. The beginning of the A opening is a diary entry dated 20th June 1869, a few days after her eighteenth birthday. It is possible that this notebook contains material written later than 1869, perhaps in the early months of 1870. Inevitably it cannot now be known how much time Mary had available for writing.

The undated narratives begin immediately after the diary finishes, clearly in chronological order: A Gay Life; A Woman of Genius; Believed Too Late; Vittoria. The last page of Vittoria brings to an end the unbroken succession of pages of the A opening.

The diary entry dated 22nd June 1869 refers to work on Monstreley. It therefore follows that Mary was using the B opening for academic work at the same time as she began writing through from the beginning of the A opening for diary entries and fiction.

The B opening begins with pencil notes referring to Monstrelet Chap XIV (1403) with notes on French history and Arragon in Spain. Essays, essay plans and a short untitled description of Fox How follow right up to the last page of the A opening, the end of Vittoria. The longest essay concerns the Spanish 'The Poem of the Cid' and includes impressive translation and literary interpretation. It formed the basis of her published essay in Macmillan's Magazine, in October 1871, her first published academic work. The tone of the notes in the manuscript notebook is authoritative, confident and

committed, and her organisation of the material is highly intelligent, corresponding to an undergraduate essay in modern terms. She had begun serious scholarship at this point.

The most interesting piece of prose in the B progression of this notebook is the untitled description of Fox How which follows. It is very likely to be an early working of material towards her first published narrative, A Westmoreland Story.

1

I

[[86<sup>7</sup>]] The house stands on a rising tongue of land in the midst of a valley, fronting a great curving hollow of hill, a hollow deep and far-withdrawn, filled in summer-time with soft creeping hazes now transfused with golden gleams of sunlight, now darkening into warm close depths of purple shadow, and in winter shrouding its remote and ample bosom in weird white mists, wreathing vapours, and dull grey veils of cloud. On each side the curve terminates in two great bastions of fell advancing steep and grand into the valley. At their feet the mountains break away into gentle slopes and wooded undulations, which finally melt into a green level stretch of pasture and cornfield. About the middle of the valley the ground begins again to rise, and slopes gradually upwards towards the mountains bounding its western side. On this gentle swell of land stands the house which we would fain describe, tenderly reverently, truthfully, as befits a building to whose every stone some memory clings.

Turn away a moment from that splendid picture-like arrangement of hill and plain lying before it, and gaze with me at the old house.

before it, and gaze with|me at the old house.

Its|walls <of> are of grey stone, tapestried with creepers; its architecture simple, unpretending yet attractive; its dimensions, not large as becomes the \*{ {86} } [[86/]] snug proportions of the valley and the nearness of the sheltering hills, but yet not mean. It stands with a certain homely dignity in the midst of its pretty gardens and sloping shrubberies, suiting its|place perfectly. There is no other point in the valley where it could have stood so well; take it away and there were<sup>2</sup> a blank in the landscape.

Before the windows extends a lawn of smoothest brightest green sinking at its farthest end <towards> nearly to|the level of the valley and bounded by a belt of dark fir <trees>.

At one side of it stands a birch-tree \_ the|most beautiful of birch-trees! The growth|of years its [*sic*] lifts its large and graceful form proudly from the firs and laurels around, its feathery <foliage> outlines shewing in light round relief against the|brown and purples of the distant hills. Like the house it suits its|place. Amid so many noticeable things it stands, one of the most noticeable, \_ a very queen of birch-trees!

So much for the front aspect. Now let us descend the|steps of the|terrace skirting the|front windows and turn|the corner.

Here another and a totally different view presents|itself not so <striking or> {grand, not so} picture-like, <in outline> and yet in its own way equally lovely. A hill rising in the background, forms a centre-point, <unites> {& gathers to itself} and harmonises the|different elements|of the scene. Firmer in outline than those on the|north|side of the|valley it is yet large enough to|dwarf into|cosy [?:*in*]significance the white|walled village nestling at its|feet. There \*{ {85} } [[85/]] it lies, the|little north-country town, half

{of it} hiding amid the|woods which clothe the lower slopes of sheltering Wansmoor, and half climbing ambitiously along the steep shoulder of the neighbouring fell.

Lower down, in the valley the village church lifts|a vainly-aspiring spire to|heaven. In a mountainous country a spire is always out of place. <It carries with|in it an air of competition of rivalry>. In a plain, \_ such a plain as Lincolnshire for instance \_ a <spire> {it} is one of the|most suggestive and suitable of object[s]. Rising sharply out of the far-reaching shadows of the|level monotonous land it arrests|the eye with a sense of pleasant contrast and suggests to|the|mind <thoughts> healthful and elevating thoughts. There it is indispensable. While all <around> {else} harmonies with|<this creeping tedious> prosaic /{common-place material side of} <of ours> it alone reminds the|heart of other prospects, loftier aims, more real realities. But here it carries with it an air of competition of rivalry. Around it on all sides spring the steep majestic hills; worthy fanes, suitable temples. Here needs no reminder of man's devising God in this|place has not left Himself without witness

{1} [17]<sup>3</sup> Note-Book. Diary [e]tc, 1869.

---

Sunday June 20<sup>th</sup>. I feel a strong impulse to|write to-night but there seems nothing to|write about. I am sitting alone in the outer nursery. Within the|children's voices so loud and noisy a little while ago have sunk into quietness. Probably Ethel at this moment is lying half-asleep, her cheek flushing against her little hot hand, her hair falling about her face and neck in a free careless picturesque fashion.

All is quiet the sunset is pouring in through the window lighting up a broad patch of wall on which if I turn I can see my own head and shoulders sharply shadowed. The sunset is not a hopeful one for to-morrow. There is too great a predominance of yellow light and dingy grey cloud. The radiance it throws over everything though intense is neither warm nor cheering. In the distant woods - grey misty and unreal - one misses the|massive purple colouring which on a hot evening makes them so prominent a feature in the landscape, and so satisfying to|the|eye. It has been a wretched June, irritating and disappointing in more ways than one. In England we cannot afford|<not> to be defrauded out of a whole month|of summer. Our winter is long enough and dreary enough in all conscience without having a third of the summer unduly tacked on to|it.

Monday, June 21<sup>st</sup> An irritating day. A steady downpour of rain but for all that a sort of suppressed light and radiance in the atmosphere continually promising better|things which never appeared. In the afternoon Theodore and I went to|the Radcliffe {2} [2<sup>r</sup>] where I had an hour's tough reading in Professor Huxley's Article on the "Scientific aspects|of Positivism" I was interested but not much enlightened. One must read Comte

to judge of his critics. However Mr Huxley's arguments against Comte's "Law of the three Notes" seemed to me by no means conclusive. To say that a savage's belief in a Supreme Being is merely an enlarged form of his belief in ghosts, is surely to make an assertion which cannot be proved, or which certainly has not been proved, and is therefore but a poor basis for an argument. And it may be doubted whether the successive stages of development<sup>1</sup> in a child's mind ought to be regarded as finally and entirely typical of the gradual progress of reasoning in the human mind generally. Huxley takes for granted that so it is and therefore perhaps one instinctively questions the fact without really having anything to say against it. It is curious how entirely the infidel tone of these papers passes me by without causing me any discomfort or disquieting me in the least. The premises upon which he founds his arguments are such that as a matter of course one rejects them instantly. He assumes so much — his claims upon your disbelief are so large and sweeping that the mind disallows them without much thought and makes allowance afterwards for the statement of what appears a purely individual and somewhat extravagant opinion.

[§] Tuesday June 22<sup>nd</sup>. A day frittered away in croquet and idleness. Mr Price wrote this morning asking for a game so Mamma and I went down at 11. We met again after dinner. Altogether as if Mr {3} [3<sup>r</sup>] Price and I had had too much of each other. We have got into a stereotyped way of talking to each other which after a little while now becomes tiresome. I feel inclined sometimes to say or do something outrageous to shake him out of his polite speeches.

Some end must come to this idle self-indulgent life. I feel too ashamed of myself

to go on longer with croquet at 11 in the morning. My poor books have had time to|get terribly dusty since I last looked into|them. As for Monstrelet and the 15<sup>th</sup> century these have during the last fortnight sadly lost their interest for me. I must set to and get it up again else by the end of the Vacation I shall /{have} gone far in my own person towards justifying even a Saturday's [sic] Reviewer's tirades.

I have observed nothing at all to-day. External Nature indeed has not /{been} such as to|suggest any thought even of the|most trivial description. A grey heavy sky without even the sense of sunlight somewhere which made yesterday's rain almost more bearable than to|day's fair, - grey tints everywhere, some browner some bluer but all unutterably dreary, and an atmosphere matching the|sky in heaviness [§] and oppressiveness.

Saturday July 10<sup>th</sup> A warm sunny day. Croquet ground in the afternoon. M<sup>r</sup> Price and I are tired of each other; that is very evident. He thinks me conceited talkative tiresome, and instead of the attraction I once felt I now feel repelled and shut up when he comes near. A disappointing end to|a rather pleasant time. But I might have foreseen it. I may please for a day - a week - {4} [4<sup>r</sup>] but never for longer. Perhaps it is because I am so anxious to|please, and so self-conscious. Though I can't see why people should be disliked for the latter quality. It is a much greater misery to|them than to|anybody else. Read some of Sartor|Resartus|in the morning, or rather "Lectures|on Hero-worship." I was very much interested and even carried away for some time but Carlyle gets tiresome after {a} while. There is so <M>much repetition. In a page you find perhaps one fine passage \_ one sentence worth remembering \_ and the|rest is merely verbiage or nearly so. Verbiage after|the Carlyle sort it is true and therefore better|than other people's but



after|all mere chaff surrounding and <growing up> {sometimes choking} the grains of real wheat. After reading the essay on Odin what sort of notion have we of that hero or the hero-worship accorded him. A very confused one at the|best! He inculcated|bravery as the|chief virtue; the religion to|which he and his exploits gave birth was a "consecration of valour", about the expression and shaping of this religion there|was a rudeness and earnestness and sincerity fitted to the|true hardy Norse character, and worthy of admiration and respect from us their descendants. This is all one gets out of|twenty of [*sic*] thirty pages! Surely much more might have been made of the subject. Bravery was not a Norseman's one idea, not the one ideal of his {5} [57] religion. It was no doubt the chief idea in both but there are other impulses, other moral drifts so to|speak in those old Norse stories with their pathos and quaint humour and never ending suggestiveness.

[§] July 12<sup>th</sup> Monday <M<sup>r</sup> Price> M<sup>r</sup> and M<sup>rs</sup> Thursfield came to|tea this evening M<sup>r</sup> Price was very pleasant and told several rather amusing stories one of which I put down here There was something about it which amused me very much. A few summers ago he was staying in Sark with M<sup>r</sup> Reynolds of Brasenose, M<sup>r</sup> Harris a pupil of his, and a Cambridge man named Mason a friend of M<sup>r</sup> Reynold's. Mason was supposed to be a great climber; at least he <was> talked big about what he could do in that line though no one had ever seen him do anything very particular, and on one or two occasions he shirked opportunities of displaying his powers in a rather notable manner.

Great Sark and Little Sark are joined together by a narrow neck or rather back of land.

[*The diary ends here and A Gay Life follows immediately on the next page.*]

## APPENDIX D

### BOOKS AND WRITERS TO WHICH MARY ARNOLD REFERS IN HER JUVENILIA, LETTERS AND DIARY ITEMS

The following books and writers can be associated with Mary Arnold's reading before 1870.

The Appendix has been set out in the form of a bibliography. The editions chosen have been those which were freely available at the time of Mary's childhood and which survive in the British Library. These are not necessarily the first editions of the respective works, nor necessarily the form in which they originally appeared.

A single asterisk \* signifies that she referred to the title or the author in writing before 1870. A single asterisk surrounded by square brackets [<sup>\*</sup>] indicates that she made a direct quotation from the title or author but did not attribute the quotation.

A double asterisk \*\* indicates that external reference exists to associate the book or the author with Mary, for example that it was given to her as a gift. She herself in later writing occasionally refers to her childhood reading, principally in A Writer's Recollections (1918) on pages 57, 60, 72 and 73.

A superscript dagger † is set against any book or writer when the evidence for its inclusion in this bibliography is more tenuous, although arguable in my judgement.

Square brackets surround editorial interpretation which is not in italics in this appendix, in order to avoid confusion with the punctuation appropriate to a bibliography.

\*Aguilar, Grace, †*Home Influence: A Tale for Mothers and Daughters*, 2 vols (London: R. Groombridge & Sons, 1847)

\*Aguilar, Grace, †*The Vale of Cedars: Or, The Martyr. A Story of Spain in the Fifteenth Century*, (London: Groombridge & Sons, 1850)

\*Aguilar, Grace, \**The Days of Bruce: A Story from Scottish History*, (London: Groombridge & Sons, 1852)

\*Aguilar, Grace, †*Home Scenes and Heart Studies*, (London: Groombridge & Sons, 1853)

\*Arnold, Matthew, *Poems*, 2 vols (London: Macmillan & Co., 1869) [and many lectures, articles and speeches: 'On Translating Homer', (1861); *The Bishop and the Philosopher*, 1862; 'Homer: Last Words' (1862); *Essays in Criticism, first series*, (1865); 'On the Study of Celtic Literature,' (1867); *Schools and Universities on the Continent*, (1868); 'Culture and Anarchy' (1869) see Arnold family Bibliography].

\*Arnold, Rev. Thomas, D.D., †*Christian Life, its Course, its Hindrances, and its Helps. Sermons, Preached mostly in the Chapel of Rugby School*, (London: B. Fellowes, 1842)

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[\*\*Brontë, Emily] \*\* *Wuthering Heights. A novel*, by Ellis Bell (vol 3, *Agnes Grey. A novel* by Acton Bell) 3 vols (London: T.C. Newby, 1847)

.. \*\* *Poems*, by Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell, (London: Aylott & Jones, 1846)

.. † *Wuthering Heights and Agnes Grey*. By Ellis & Acton Bell. A new edition revised, with a biographical notice of the authors, a selection from their literary remains, and a preface by Currer Bell. (London: Smith, Elder & Co., 1850)

[\*\*Brontë, Charlotte] \*\* *Jane Eyre. An autobiography*, edited by Currer Bell. 3 vols (London: Smith Elder & Co., 1847)

.. † *Shirley. A tale*. By Currer Bell, 3 vols (London: Smith, Elder & Co., 1849)

.. † *Villette*. By Currer Bell, 3 vols (London: Smith, Elder & Co., 1853)

.. † *The Professor, a tale*. By Currer Bell, [edited by A.B. Nicholls] 2 vols (London: Smith, Elder & Co., 1857)

\*Bulwer, afterwards Bulwer Lytton, (Edward George Earle Lytton) Baron Lytton:

.. \* *Rienzi, the Last of the Tribunes*, by the author of "Eugene Aram", 3 vols (Chapman & Hall, 1835)

.. † *Leila: or the Siege of Granada; and Calderon the Courtier*, (London: Longman & Co., 1838 and Paris: A. & W. Galgani & Co., 1838)

.. † *The Last Days of Pompeii, by the author of "Pelham"*, (London: Chapman & Hall, 1850)

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\*Carlyle, Thomas, *The Collected Works of Thomas Carlyle*, 16 vols (VI \* *Sartor Resartus. Lectures on Heroes*) (London: Chapman & Hall, 1857)

[Miss Cathcart] † *Adelaide: a Story of Modern Life*, 3 vols (London: Longman & Co., 1833) [\*Adelaide and Her Godson]

[\*Clough, Arthur Hugh], Whibley, Charles, int., \**Poems of Arthur Hugh Clough*, (London: Macmillan & Co. Ltd., 1862)

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.. .. †*Romola*, 2nd edn, 3 vols (London, Smith, Elder & Co., 1863)

.. .. †*The Spanish Gypsy. A poem*, (Edinburgh & London: William Blackwood & Sons, 1868)

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\*\*Gaskell, Elizabeth Cleghorn, †*Mary Barton: a tale of Manchester life*, 2 vols (London: Chapman and Hall, 1845)

\*\*Gaskell, Elizabeth Cleghorn, †*North and South*, 2 vols (London: Chapman & Hall, 1855)

\*\*Gaskell, Elizabeth Cleghorn, \**The Life of Charlotte Brontë*, (London: Smith Elder & Co., 1857 and 1860)

\*\*Gaskell, Elizabeth Cleghorn, †*My Lady Ludlow, and other tales; included in 'Round the Sofa'*, (London: Sampson, Low & Co., 1861)

- \*\*Gaskell, Elizabeth Cleghorn, †*The Grey Woman and other Tales*, (London: Smith, Elder & Co., 1865)
- \*\*Gaskell, Elizabeth Cleghorn, †*Cousin Phillis*, (London: Smith, Elder & Co., 1865)
- \*\*Gaskell, Elizabeth Cleghorn, †*Wives and Daughters, an every-day story*, 2 vols (London: 1866)
- \*Gibbon, Edward, \**The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, [possibly a school or abridged edition]
- \*Grote, George, \**A History of Greece*, 12 vols, 4th edn (London: John Murray, 1854 - 1857)
- \*\*Hawthorne, Nathaniel, *Transformation [\*The Marble Faun] and the Blithedale Romance*, [Bohn's Standard Library] (London: H. G. Bohn, 1846)
- \*\*Hawthorne, Nathaniel, *The House of the Seven Gables*, [Bohn's Cheap Series] (London: Bohn, 1851)
- \*\*Hawthorne, Nathaniel, *Tanglewood Tales, for girls and boys: being a second Wonder-Book*, (London: Chapman and Hall, 1853)
- \*\*Hawthorne, Nathaniel, *The Gentle Boy*, (London: Knight & Son, c.1854)
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- \*Hemans, Felicia Dorothea, †*The Domestic Affections, and other poems*, (London: T. Cadell & W. Davies, 1812)
- \*Hemans, Felicia Dorothea, †*England and Spain; or, Valour and patriotism*, [a poem] (London: T. Cadell & W. Davies, 1808)
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- \*Hemans, Felicia Dorothea, †*The Siege of Valencia; a dramattick poem. The Last Constantine: with other poems*, (London: John Murray, 1823)
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.. †*Tom Brown at Oxford*, (London: Macmillan & Co., 1861)

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[Keble, John,] \*\**The Christian Year*, 33rd edn (Oxford: John Henry Parker, 1848)

\*Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth, \**The Poetical Works and Translations of H.W. Longfellow*, 2 vols (London: H.G. Bohn, 1852)

\*Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth, *Works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. A new complete edition, including the Song of Hiawatha*. [With illustrations by John Gilbert] (London: George Routledge & Co., 1856)

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[\*\*Martineau, Harriet], *A Complete Guide to the English Lakes*, (Windermere and London:[no pub] 1855)

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†Meredith, George, *Vittoria*, 3 vols (London: Chapman & Hall, 1867)

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†Mitford, Mary Russell, *Tales for Young People, selected from American writers by M.R. Mitford*, 3 vols (London: Whittaker & Co., 1835)

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[Newton, John] \**Olney Hymns*, in three books, (London: Oliver, Buckland & Johnson, 1779)

†Oliphant, Margaret, *The Rector and the Doctor's Family*, (Edinburgh and London: W. Blackwood & Sons, 1863)

†Oliphant, Margaret, *The Perpetual Curate*, 3 vols (Edinburgh & London: W. Blackwood & Sons, 1864)

†Oliphant, Margaret, *Miss Marjoribanks*, 3 vols (Edinburgh and London: W. Blackwood & Sons, 1866)

\*\*Porter, Jane, \*\**The Scottish Chiefs, a Romance*, 5 vols (London: Longman, Hurst, Rees & Orme, Paternoster Row, 1810)

†Prescott, William Hickling, \**Conquest of Mexico, with a preliminary view of the ancient American civilization, and the life of the conqueror, Hernando Cortés*, 3 vols, 5th edn (London: R. Bentley, 1850)



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\*Prescott, William Hickling, †History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic, 3 vols, 5th edn (London: R. Bentley, 1849)

\*Prescott, William Hickling, *History of Phillip the Second, King of Spain*, 3 vols (London: Routledge & Co., 1856) [further editions appeared regularly up to and beyond 1866]

\*Procter, Adelaide Anne, \**Legends and Lyrics. A book of verses*, 2 vols (London: Bell and Daddy, 1858 - 61)

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\*\*Ruskin, John, *Sesame and Lilies. Two lectures*. (London: Smith, Elder & Co., 1865)

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[\*\*Skene, Felicia, Mary Frances,] *The Divine Master*, (London: J. Masters, 1852)

[\*\*Skene, Felicia] \**Hidden Depths*, 2 vols (Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas, 1866)

\*Swinburne, Algernon Charles, [\*]*Atalanta in Calydon. A tragedy*, [in verse] (London: E. Moxon & Co., 1865)

\*Swinburne, Algernon Charles, *Poems and Ballads*, (London: E. Moxon & Co., 1866)

\*Swinburne, Algernon Charles, †*A Song of Italy*, (London: J.C. Hotten, 1867)

\*Tennyson, Alfred, Lord, *Poems*, 2 vols (London: E. Moxon, 1842)

.. .. [\*]*The Princess: A Medley*, (London: E. Moxon, 1847)

.. .. *Maud, and Other Poems*, (London: Edward Moxon, 1855)

.. .. [\*]*Idylls of the King*, (London: E. Moxon & Co., 1859)

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\*Whiteside, Right Hon., James, \**Italy in the Nineteenth Century, contrasted with its past condition*, 3 vols (London: [no pub] 1848)

\*Whiteside, Right Hon., James, *Canina Luigi, The Vicissitudes of the Eternal City; or, Ancient Rome; with notes classical and historical*, [adapted from 'Indicazione topografica di Roma antica'] (London: R. Bentley, 1845)

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\*Wordsworth, William, \**The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth*, 5 vols (London: Longmans & Green, 1827) [and many later editions]

Yonge, Charlotte Mary, †*The Heir of Redclyffe*, 2nd ed., revised, 2 vols (London: J.W. Perker, 1853)

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Yonge, Charlotte Mary, †*The Daisy Chain; or \*Aspirations*. A family chronicle by the author of the Heir of Redclyffe etc., (London: [no pub] 1856)

Yonge, Charlotte Mary, †*The Clever Woman of the Family*, (London: [no pub] 1865)

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## MANUSCRIPT SOURCES

The Manuscript Notebooks containing the narratives edited in this thesis are designated WARD, BOX VII, Volumes 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5, in Special Collections, The Honnold Library, Claremont Colleges, Claremont, California, United States of America.

Manuscript letters by Mary Arnold and letters to her from her Grandmother; notes for school speeches and some other material, including photographs, are in the possession of Pusey House Library, Pusey House, St. Giles, Oxford.

Manuscript letters to Tom Arnold from his sisters and some of his own letters to them are kept in the Brotherton Library, University of Leeds.

The manuscript diaries of Thomas Humphry Ward and Dorothy Ward, with other material by Mary Ward, including her last hymn and prayer books, are kept in the Library of University College, London, Gower Street, London.

Some of the last letters and notes of Mary Ward's 'Aunt Fan', Frances Arnold, are in the hands of the Armitt Library, Ambleside.

The 'Fox How Magazines' are in the custody of Dove Cottage Trust, Dove Cottage Museum, Ambleside.

'The Gossip' (two volumes) is at present in the hands of the executors of Mrs M. C. Moorman.

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The following abbreviations are used in the Footnotes.

The Honnold Library: Honnold.

Pusey House Library: P.H.

The Brotherton Library of the University of Leeds: Brotherton.

The Library of University College, London: London.

Armitt Library: Armitt.

Dove Cottage Trust: Dove Cottage.

The Library of the University of Newcastle upon Tyne: Newcastle.

## FOOTNOTES

### FOOTNOTES TO THE INTRODUCTION (pages 1 - 6).

1. (p. 1) Mary Ward's first published work after her marriage was a children's story, based on family experiences on holiday at the old Arnold family home of Fox How, Ambleside, written for the enjoyment of her three children: Milly and Olly, or A Holiday among the Mountains (1881). It contains descriptions of Fox How and the family routine which are illuminating in relation to her own life there as a child.

Her first published novel was Miss Bretherton (1884). Its subject is a brilliant but undisciplined colonial actress who eventually accepts conventional dramatic training and is received with acclaim both by the critics of the day and by the family of the English aristocrat who wishes to marry her.

2. (p. 3) Sir John Eardley Eardley-Wilmot, Bart., succeeded Sir John Franklin, friend and correspondent of Dr Arnold, as Governor of Van Diemen's Land in August 1843. The Tasmanian historian John West describes Wilmot's administration as 'short and troubled.. [:] Charged with the development of a gigantic scheme of penal discipline, founded on erroneous data, and imperfectly sustained by material resources, he was involved in the discredit of its failure' (West p. 233). Thus it would appear that the chief causes for his recall less than four years later were ultimately political.

However Gladstone accompanied the formal notice of his recall with a private letter suggesting he was morally unfit for the post of Governor of a Penal Colony and it is this which is believed to have reflected indirectly on Julia, who was at about that time engaged to be married to his eldest son. Questions were raised in the House of Commons and Gladstone proved unable to specify precisely what the rumours were. It was stated that 'the authors of the report were persons in the service of the crown, both in England and in the colony, and its effect, that the accused was living in scarcely concealed concubinage with several women' (West p. 258). These accusations were unfounded but Wilmot could not defend himself effectively from their consequences. He died in the colony a few months afterwards and an ornamental Gothic tomb was raised near the highway in the churchyard of St David's Cathedral, where Tom and Julia were married three years later. (West, J., The History of Tasmania, (1852) pp. 258-60).

Bolger's comment on this episode is more informal: 'Wilmot .. made mistakes; he failed in his attempts to improve the convict system and he misjudged the moral tenor of polite city society. ..Wilmot went further than this and finally lost public respect by driving for weekends at New Norfolk with Julia

Sorell, the bright eyed, vivacious and very desirable granddaughter of the early Governor.' (Bolger, P., Hobart Town, (1973) pp. 41-2.)

3. (p. 4) The history of Tom Arnold's conversion and the religious vicissitudes of his subsequent life can be found in the following works among others listed fully in the Arnold family section of the Bibliography at the end of this thesis: Bertram, James, The Letters of Thomas Arnold (1850 - 1900); Arnold, Thomas, Passages in a Wandering Life (1900); Howell, P.A., Thomas Arnold the Younger in Van Diemen's Land, (1964).

4. (p. 5) See in particular William S. Peterson, Victorian Heretic: Mrs Humphry Ward's 'Robert Elsmere' (1976) pp. 43 - 60; and John Sutherland, Mrs Humphry Ward: eminent Victorian, pre-eminent Edwardian (1990) pp. 12 - 42.

5. (p. 6) Mary submitted A Gay Life to Charlotte M. Yonge's 'Monthly Packet' and Ailie to Smith, Elder. Her published work of fiction, A Westmoreland Story, (1870) appeared in the periodical 'The Churchman's Companion'. It is not reproduced in this thesis, although a fragment which may have been part of the draft, describing Fox How appears in Appendix C.iv. pp. 558-60.

#### FOOTNOTES TO EDITORIAL PRACTICE (pages 7 - 19).

1. (p. 10) Sanders C.R., Editing Nineteenth Century Texts, (1966) p. 88.
2. (p. 13) Haight, Gordon S., George Eliot: A Biography, (1968) p. 552. This Appendix reprints a passage from the earliest known George Eliot manuscript, which exactly echoes Mary Arnold's practice in reversing the notebook and opening from the other end after an initially normal progression from the beginning.

#### FOOTNOTES TO CHAPTER ONE - THE TEXT OF A TALE OF THE MOORS (1864) (pages 21 - 38).

1. (p. 21) The narrative begins at the top of a right hand leaf of the B progression of the notebook. The left hand leaf immediately preceding A Tale of the Moors contains the final verses of an original poem 'Rienzi', derived from the novel of that name by Bulwer Lytton, and the beginning of another poem by Mary called 'The Mountains'. These are found in Appendix C. ii., pp. 508-10.
2. (p. 21) Mary writes conventionally from the left to the right page within the B opening (the notebook in reverse and upside down). Double brackets reflect the fact that the page numbers appear upside down.

3. (p. 22) As a small child, Mary knew her grandfather, William Sorell well. At that time he held the post of Registrar of the Supreme Court, in Hobart, Van Diemen's Land, later Tasmania. The venerable figure of the 'notary public' in Longfellow's poem Evangeline may also be suggested by this title.
4. (p. 23) Four different nibs are used in succession during this short chapter.
5. (p. 25) The remaining two thirds of this page are blank. A faded ink sketch measuring 1½" x 1", which depicts a girl in a dress, is glued in. There is a strip of dried glue vertically down the left margin of the next page.
6. (p. 25) A triangular blank area is found here as a result of the fact that this page of the notebook was originally miscut and an extra corner was mechanically folded back onto itself during the manufacturing process of the notebook.
7. (p. 26) The preceding chapter is numbered the fourth and the following one the sixth, so presumably Mary neglected to give this break the title of the fifth chapter.
8. (p. 28) A deliberate lie, masquerading as patriotism but told intentionally to condemn the innocent hero appears in Porter's Scottish Chiefs (1810). Joanna, Contess of Strathean and Mar, and Princess of the Orkneys gives false evidence against Wallace, claiming that: 'my first passion has always been the love of my country' Volume V, p. 91.
9. (p. 29) The phrase 'with a firm step' is applied by Porter to Wallace Volume V, p. 115):

"My errand here," answered Wallace, "is to defend myself, not to accuse others. I have shown that I am innocent, and my judges will not look on the proofs. They obey not the laws in their judgement, and whatever may be the decree, I shall not acknowledge its authority." As he spoke he turned away and walked with a firm step out of the hall.

There is a similar scene in Bulwer Lytton's Leila (1838) p. 48: "Man deserts me; but I will not forget that God is over all... lead on; I follow thee!" and [*Leila*] left the tent with a steady and even majestic step.'
10. (p. 30) Mary was familiar with the poetry of Emily Brontë, which meant a great deal to her. Her last words, almost fifty years later, were a quotation from 'No coward soul is mine'. Inez' thought here, though not an exact quotation, is reminiscent of Emily's absolute love of freedom and ability to look beyond death.

11. (p. 30) ..‘the weary are at rest’ from Alfred, Lord Tennyson: the final line of The May Queen (1842). Ricks, C. ed., The Poems of Tennyson in three volumes, 2nd edn, vol I, (1987) p. 460.

12. (p. 30) This strange, possible conflation of two phrases suggests the existence of an earlier draft.

13. (p. 31) ‘Let us see’ - an engaging use of the first person plural, showing narrative involvement in the midst of rhetoric and a departure from Mary’s general habit of writing as an omniscient author.

14. (p. 34) It is very likely that Mary wrote this poem herself. This notebook contains far more poetry than prose, much of it her own. The optimism perhaps reflects some of Arthur Hugh Clough’s writing.

15. (p. 34) Mary adds one or two syllables and makes very minor mistakes in transcription, suggesting perhaps that she had learnt this lyric by heart. It is Byron’s Stanzas for Music, written in 1816. McGann, Jerome J. ed., Lord Byron: The Complete Poetical Works, Vol III, (1981) p. 379.

16. (p. 37) This is clearly a quotation. I have been unable to trace the original. There is a superficial resemblance to Browning’s Pippa’s Song, in Pippa Passes.

17. (p. 38) The rest of the page (the space needed for five lines of writing) is left blank, giving a sense of completeness to the end of Mary’s first story. Although she filled up blank spaces in this notebook with diary items scribbled in pencil at a later date, she obviously felt that she wished to leave this page unmarked.

#### FOOTNOTES TO CHAPTER TWO, LITERARY ASPECTS OF A TALE OF THE MOORS (1864) (pages 39 - 52).

1. (p. 39) The commonplace book in which this narrative is found is described at the beginning of Appendix C.ii. on p. 503 where the contents of the book, Volume 1, are listed. The A opening is signed in ink: ‘M. Arnold Nov 13<sup>th</sup> 1863’ in Mary’s hand. The B opening begins with notes on French history and Mary’s original poems, ‘Rienzi’ and the fragment ‘The Mountains’ before A Tale of the Moors begins. It is followed by the diary item dating her visit to the Cunliffe’s vicarage at Shifnal: 10th December 1864.

2. (p. 39) Two surviving poems: ‘Mrs Cunliffe’ p. 506 and ‘To my darling (Mrs Cunliffe)’ pp. 516-17 give a sense of Mary’s feelings.

3. (p. 39) At Pusey House Library, there are thirteen letters in all from Mary’s

time at Rock Terrace School. Eight were written to her father, one in French; four to her mother and one to her Aunt Hiley. They are dated as follows:

Mary Augusta Arnold to Thomas Arnold: Rock Terrace <Feb> March 1st 1861; September 1861; November 1861; November 1861; March 9th 1862; March 1862; May 24th 1862; [*letter written in French, erroneously labelled 'Clifton' in another hand*] November 19th 1863.

MAA to Julia Arnold: 1862 [*mourning paper written in pencil*]; Rock House [*in pencil*] Saturday February 20th 1864; [*in pencil*] February 1864; Rock House April 8th 1864.

MAA to her Aunt Hiley (Mary Arnold 1825 - 1888) second daughter of Dr Arnold, at that time married to Rev. James S. Hiley of Woodhouse in Leicestershire): Rock Terrace undated.

4. (p. 40) Page 32, ll. 1-6.

5. (p. 40) Page 24, ll. 6, 7 & 8.

6. (p. 40) The pencil notes on the first page of the notebook suggest French and Spanish history, although the most extensive evidence of Spanish history and literature is found in notebooks of a later date, particularly Volume 5.

7. (p. 41) Janet Trevelyan, in her life of her mother: 'the strain of Spanish Protestant blood ... ran in the veins of the Sorells: for although they were refugees from France after the Edict of Nantes, it is most probable that they came of Spanish origin'.

Trevelyan, J. P., The Life of Mrs Humphry Ward (1923) p. 1.

8. (p. 41) Julia had 'a brief schooling at Brussels' according to Mary. Ward, Mrs Humphry, A Writer's Recollections, (1918) p. 4.. Trevelyan says, however, that Julia was 'brought to England for [*her*] education', Trevelyan, (1923) p. 1.

9. (p. 41) The most striking example of a mother who abandons her children is Caroline Wing in Eltham House (1915). Women who desert their husbands and take away a child without any preparation or warning, in each case an only daughter, to a distant land, include: Netta Melrose who takes the infant Felicia to the continent of Europe (The Mating of Lydia (1913) pp. 46, 47,); Phoebe Fenwick, who takes her daughter Carrie to the colony of Canada (Fenwick's Career, (1906) p. 319), and Daphne, the heroine of Daphne, or Marriage à la Mode, (1909) who takes her daughter Beaty to America (pp. 217, 218). The accumulation of these instances, which are unique to Mrs Ward's fiction, suggest an ultimately autobiographical impulse. There are fewer instances of a father disappearing with a child. They are: Eleanor, (1900) where Eleanor's husband



leapt to his death in a trance with his infant son in his arms before the action described in the novel; and The Testing of Diana Mallory, (1908) where the father took Diana as a child to Europe after her mother's death following a trial for murder, p. 8 and pp. 58-9, again before the action described in the novel.

10. (p. 42) Tom Arnold's letters to his mother record several instances of his difficulty with Mary: (Bertram, J., The Letters of Thomas Arnold the Younger, 1850 - 1900, (1980): Novr 21st (1854) '.. Mary is distracting my attention very much, for she is very naughty this morning. A child more obstinately self-willed I certainly never came across. It is very painful to have to punish her' p. 56.

23rd February 1855: 'such self will as Mary's I never met with in my life. I have a regular pitched battle with her about once a day, p. 59.

Monday Sept 17th (1855): Mary is still with the Reibeys at Entally. .. her temper it appears is greatly improved since she has been under Mrs Reibey's care' p. 66.

Tom had no knowledge of psychology and apparently did not make any connection between the responses of a highly intelligent and sensitive child and the series of radical changes in their family life leading up to the date of his first comment about her self-will: the death of the third baby at one day old, in May 1854 p. 47; his own 'religious change' in October 1854 p. 53; Julia's reaction against domesticity, in early October 1854, believing that she was 'in for it again' p. 50, - a return to her old social life, p. 51: 'She has been going out to parties in the last few months more than she has done for years; and her father says, and I say although I shouldn't and many others say too, that in spite of children and domestic vexations (and being married to such a Turk as me she counts this foremost) she is still the unquestionable 'Reine du bal' whenever she likes to make her appearance there...' All these events occurred against a background of financial stress and debt (Tom's appeals to his mother for money are in general edited out of Bertram's edition). They marked the loss of the early stability of the family and preceded Tom's conversion. He was inwardly convinced of the truth of Roman Catholicism by April 1855. The consequences of this proved most devastating of all, necessitating Mary's removal to her godmother Mrs Reibey in order to relieve impossible tensions in the Arnold household.

11. (p. 42) Evidence of this is found in an unpublished letter from Jane Forster (née Arnold, 1822 - 1899) Mary's god-mother, dated December 1st 1855: 'Where is dear little Mary now? Still with the Reibeys I suppose as you do not mention her either in your letter to Mamma or me. I hope you have not parted with her altogether! What could you be thinking of, my dearest Tom, in talking of letting the Reibeys adopt her - I should think you only ventured to think of it when you had the Island's length between you and Julia. If you were to ask me seriously what I should think of such a thing, I should say that I can conceive of nothing but

the direst necessity justifying it - I suppose a parent might renounce his trust {of his child} sooner than see it starve and I don't think my suppositions extend any further. Brotherton.

12. (p.42) Mary's letter, dictated, since she was too young, at five and a half, to write for herself: Fox How, January 9th 1857: '... I hope when I come I shall find you all quite well. I shall be glad to see you when I come to Dublin. Goodbye, I am your affectionate little child, Mary Augusta Arnold.' P.H.. As far as we know she was never able to visit her brothers and sisters in Dublin, where they stayed until 1862, though she saw her father, who visited England fairly frequently and her mother occasionally.

13. (p. 42) Mary's appeals and attempts to communicate her feelings to her mother make heartbreaking reading. Examples from the unpublished letters at Pusey House, Oxford, include the following: Coleby, March 10th [pencil: 1857], My dear Papa & Mamma, I liked your letter very much which you sent me, and I am now staying at the Vicarage. We are going to walk this afternoon a little with a lady called Miß Brooke. O Mamma how I love you! I wish to come to you very much. Aunt Mary has been away yesterday... (This letter was dictated by Mary when she was 5 years 9 months old, and written down by her aunt.)

Eller How, Feb 20th 1859: My dear Mamma, Whe<re>n I was at Fox How yesterday Auntie told me that you were in great trouble, and I am very sorry.

I wish you would send for me to nurse baby and help; for I would try. (A Sunday letter from school written in pencil by Mary herself at 7 years 8 months old.)

Eller How, Aug. 12<sup>th</sup> 1860, My dear Mamma, Will you please send me some work. I can do some for my little baby brother... Please Mamma will you write to me soon and send me work for I want it very much...

14. (p. 44) Marcella, (1894), Virago (1984) Smith, Elder & Co. (1903 edition), pp. 6,7.

15. (p. 44) Mary described the process of her imagination in writing fiction in the introduction to Sir George Tressady, The Westmoreland Edition (1911 - 1912) as 'the strange sense of a waking dream, of a thing not invented but merely reported - imposed as by a vision and breathlessly written down.'

16. (p. 45) Page 36, ll, 3 to 4.

17. (p. 45) Smith, Grover ed., Letters of Aldous Huxley, (London: Chatto & Windus, 1969) p. 85:

76: To Leonard Huxley/ [Balliol College, Oxford]/ [November, 1915]/ Dearest Father... p.86: I see Aunt Mary's undergraduate novel has begun in the Cornhill .. I see the inevitable earls' daughters,...are coming into Aunt M's book

again. Why can't she resolutely keep them out? How much better this book wd. have been had she made it a study of don-life in the 80s - which she wd. be particularly competent to deal with - instead of the usual politico-Debrett clap-trap.

18. (p. 45) Virginia Woolf (in response to a letter from Mary Ward on Lytton Strachey's Eminent Victorians in the T.L.S. 11th July 1918.) 'How this lights up the stuffed world of the first class railway carriage that she lives in! Lytton is getting Walter Raleigh to answer, though I think nothing short of a coronet will impress her imagination.' 12 July 1918. The Diary of Virginia Woolf, Volume One, 1915-19, (1977) (Peng. 1979, p. 166).

The compulsion for Mary Ward at this final stage of her creative life, writing against a tide of inward despair and exhaustion, was perhaps to restate in the closest social analogy she could find, her earliest perception of society, which, unfortunately for her ability to relate to twentieth century readers, reflected a highly conservative mid-Victorian colonial society of extraordinarily rigid stratification with convicts providing what was effectively a slave class and her own family and friends in a small exclusive circle at the top. Her later life and the pretensions which appalled her family, brought up in the far subtler English social world, acted out a script whose essential plot was laid down before she left Tasmania.

19. (p. 45) Leila's beauty has 'something in it of that elastic and fawnlike grace which a sculptor seeks to embody in his dreams of a being more aerial than those on earth.' Leila p. 28.

20. (p. 45) The epithet 'high souled' is applied by Bulwer Lytton to Rienzi.

21. (p. 46) Mary's poem on the subject of Wallace's execution is found in Appendix C. ii p. 505. It is also referred to in Marcella, p. 9, where Marcella 'tried again and again with a not inapt hand to illustrate for herself in pen and ink the execution of Wallace.' This is a revealing example of the important subliminal substitution of fine art for writing as a symbolic choice in Mary's fiction.

22. (p. 46) William S. Peterson Victorian Heretic, (1976), p. 48.

23. (p. 46) John Sutherland Mrs Humphry Ward, (1990) p. 20.

24. (p. 47) Marcella (Vir. 1984) p. 9.

25. (p. 47) Grace Aguilar's The Days of Bruce, (1852) mentioned twice in letters to her mother, Appendix C. i., pp. 499-500, and once in Mary's diary of

1867, Appendix C. iii., p. 524.

26. (p. 47) TA to MAA, Appendix C. ii. p. 515.

27. (p. 47) MAA to TA, Appendix C. i. p. 499.

28. (p. 47) MP in 'The Gossip', Appendix B p. 487.

29. (p. 48) Sir Walter Scott, Marmion, (1808). The lines occur in Canto II, The Convent, stanza xiii, lines 14 - 16, (Logie Robertson, J., ed., Scott: Poetical Works, (1904) p. 107).

30. (p. 48) Mary's description of the Alhambra at Granada is reminiscent of Bulwer Lytton's clarity and his habit of short, vivid detail set strikingly between passages of dialogue or narrative. There are echoes of his preference for sharply differentiated new beginnings and dramatic chapter endings; his habit of depicting schematically contrasted pairs of lovers and his interest in the separation of a significant child from his or her parents, though the purposes to which he puts this plot device are entirely different from those developed by Mary Arnold. The essential movement of the plots of Rienzi and Leila is driven by a revenge sustained by conscious, destructive human choice, whereas in Mary's repatterning of many of the same elements, the heroine contains and redeems the intended revenge. Two scenes from Bulwer Lytton seem to have echoes in A Tale of the Moors. The first, in Rienzi, depicts Sir Walter de Montreal and his lover Adeline serenading each other alternately to the lute (Rienzi, Book III, Chapter III, pp. 225 - 231). The second, given below, is an extremely dramatic scene giving Leila's imploring appeal to her father. Leila Book I, Chapter IV, p. 30-1:

Daughter of the great Hebrew race, arise and curse the Moorish taskmaster and spoiler!" As he spoke, the adjuror himself [*Leila's father*] rose, lifting his right hand on high; while his left touched the shoulder of the maiden. But she, after gazing a moment in wild and terrified amazement upon his face, fell cowering at his knees; and, clasping them imploringly, exclaimed in scarce articulate murmurs:

"Oh, spare me! spare me!"

The Hebrew, for such he was surveyed her, as she thus quailed at his feet, with a look of rage and scorn: his hand wandered to his poniard, he half unsheathed it, thrust it back with a muttered curse, and then, deliberately drawing it forth, cast it on the ground beside her.

"Degenerate girl!" he said, in accents that vainly struggled for calm, "if thou hast admitted to thy heart one unworthy thought towards a Moorish infidel, dig deep and root it out, even with the knife, and to the death \_ so wilt thou save this hand from that degrading task."

He drew himself hastily from her grasp, and left the unfortunate girl alone

and senseless.

31. (p. 49) Grace Aguilar, The Vale of Cedars: Or, The Martyr, (1850) p. 11.

32. (p. 50) Appendix C. i., p. 499.

33. (p. 50) Appendix C. i., p. 499.

34. (p. 51) Page 25.

#### FOOTNOTES TO CHAPTER THREE - THE TEXT OF LANSDALE MANOR, (1866) SCRIPT A (pages 53 - 116).

1. (p. 53) Mary Penrose (1791 - 1873) who married Dr Thomas Arnold in 1820. Her contributions to 'The Gossip' are edited in Appendix B. This dedication is in the tradition of dedications which are found among the surviving 'Fox How Magazines'.

Examples by Mary Arnold's aunts as children include the following by Jane (1821 - 1899), known in the family as 'K', the eldest child of her generation: No II THE NEW MAGAZINE, DEDICATION [.] The Editors of this little Work beg to dedicate it to Miss Arnold with every Feeling of Love and Respect and we hope that she will not think it impertinent of her humble Servants The Editor's<sup>†</sup> [undated].

A small notebook entitled 'The Little Rugbæn's<sup>†¶</sup>' was dedicated in the following way by Mary (1825-1888), the fourth of Dr Arnold's children: To The Little Rugbæans This Book is dedicated.<sup>†</sup> By their Sincere Friend.<sup>†</sup> and.<sup>†</sup> Affectionate Sister the Authoress.<sup>†</sup>

1<sup>st</sup> Edition.<sup>†</sup> [undated]. Dove Cottage.

2. (p. 54) This title page is centred under writing in an adult hand which presumably signifies the origin of the notebook: 'William Macintosh, 24 Paternoster Row.'

3. (p. 54) Mary did not establish a complete correspondence of names and characters until a little way into her narrative. All the stories show evidence of this tendency. This name, possibly intended to be a nickname, is very puzzling.

4. (p. 54) This number indicates Mary's own pagination. She herself numbered every page of this notebook in ink. The Honnold numbering is consistent throughout all the notebooks: the right hand leaf of every double page spread was numbered at the top right hand corner in pencil. Where two numbers occur together in this text, therefore, the Honnold numbering is always the lower of the two numbers.

5. (p. 55) This is the first instance of a succession in the text where two numbers appear at the top right hand corner of the right hand page. Mary's number is always the higher, in this case, 3.

6. (p. 56) The composition of the family changes in the second version of the story although the children remain five in number. In the 1867 version, Lansdale Manor (Script C): 'next to Edith came two twin brothers, Ernest & Arthur, separated by several years of seniority from the youngest boy, little Percy, and the baby Ethel' p. 118, l. 9.

7. (p. 56) The members of Mary Arnold's own family and their ages at the time of writing of this version of L.M. were: Mary herself, 15 years old; William Thomas, the equivalent of Edward/Ernest in the story, born in 1852, therefore 13½; Theodore, born in 1855, therefore 11; Arthur, born in 1856, therefore nearly 10; Lucy born in 1858, therefore 8 (but adopted by a childless aunt); Francis (probably the basis of the character Percy) born in 1860, therefore 6; Julia, born in 1862, nearly 4 years old and finally the baby Ethel, born in 1864 was under two years old. She appears in Lansdale Manor under her own name as the baby.

Perhaps because they are based on real children close to Mary, the family has far more conviction and individual character than the seven children in C. M. Yonge's The Clever Woman of the Family (1865). They are 'Conrade and Francis, Leoline and Hubert, Wilfred and Cyril, and little Stephana the baby' (Fourth Edition, London, Macmillan and Co., 1875) p. 11.

8. (p. 57) This reads oddly, suggesting that Mary changed her mind from 'I' and substituted 'our... guessed' forgetting to delete 'I'. There are several examples of this category of correction in the narratives.

9. (p. 58) Edward's name is changed to Ernest at this point, and remains so for the rest of the narrative in all versions.

10. (p. 60) The underlining represents a line at the original end of the chapter rather than an underlining of the three words.

11. (p. 61) In the manuscript, the question mark is reversed.

12. (p. 61) Sorell was the maiden name of Mary's mother Julia.

13. (p. 64) This word may be an unconscious allusion to a phrase which occurs in 'The Gossip' (1820) in a narrative written by the grandmother to whom Mary dedicated Lansdale Manor: 'The Elysium of Fishes' p. 478, l. 11.

14. (p. 69) 'For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself'.  
Romans 14. 7.

15. (p. 72) Richard Doyle's cartoons featured these three characters  
(Appendix D)

16. (p. 76) John Newton (1725 - 1807) was ordained in 1764 and appointed  
curate of Olney, Buckinghamshire, where he and the poet Cowper collaborated on  
an Olney hymn book. (Book III, hymn lxxv):

Quiet, Lord, my froward heart,  
make me teachable and mild,  
Upright, simple, free from art,  
Make me as a weaned child:  
From distrust and envy free,  
Pleas'd with all that pleases Thee.

What thou shalt to-day provide,  
Let me as a child receive;  
What to-morrow may betide,  
Calmly to thy wisdom leave:  
'Tis enough that thou wilt care;  
Why should I the burden bear?

As a little child relies  
On a care beyond his own;  
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,  
Fears to stir a step alone:  
Let me thus with thee abide,  
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

Thus, preserv'd from Satan's wiles,  
Safe from dangers, free from fears;  
May I live upon thy smiles  
Till the promis'd hour appears;  
When the sons of GOD shall prove  
All their Father's boundless love. 1779.

17. (p. 80) Matthew Arnold and his wife Fanny Lucy had a problem with a horse  
in Switzerland on their honeymoon. Fanny Lucy was badly frightened but she  
was not hurt. This may be therefore be an example of family mythology or it may  
be a straightforward reflection of the invalid in mid-Victorian fiction, for example  
the character Philip Edmonstone in C.M. Yonge's The Heir of Redclyffe (1853)  
or Mrs Hamley in Elizabeth Gaskell's Wives and Daughters (1866) among many  
others.

18. (p. 80) This phrase is reminiscent of David Copperfield (1849-50). Mary  
continues the convention into Ailie.

19. (p. 89) The Gospel of Matthew, 18. 21 - 35.

20. (p. 91) The austere practice of banishing all personal reference, which was held to be a mark of fine feeling in the nineteenth century probably originated with the Tractarians.

The habit when translated into literary terms has unfortunate consequences for the full development of character. Mary's later characterisation suffers from this limitation, which is particularly apparent in male characters occupying the role of elder statesmen, whether political, philosophical or moral, for example Mr Green in Robert Elsmere (1888); Edward Hallin, in Marcella (1894); Sir Wilfrid Bury in Lady Rose's Daughter (1903); Sir James Childe, in The Testing of Diana Mallory (1908); Mark Winnington in Delia Blanchflower (1915).

21. (p. 94) This word, omitted in Script A, is found by comparing the parallel passage in Script C on p. 172, l. 17.

22. (p. 94) The narrative continues on page 86, suggesting two pages were turned over by mistake.

23. (p. 95) Having discovered her error, Mary shows a competent method of dealing with it. Her familiarity with nineteenth-century editorial and copy techniques was learned from her father, to whom she frequently referred literary questions in her letters (see Appendix C. i., p. 499, 500, and 515).

24. (p. 101) Wallenstein, Friedrich von Schiller's Romantic dramatic poem (1797: first performed on 12th October 1798). It is likely that Mary herself studied this in a full or an edited school text at her school in Clifton.

25. (p.105) Thekla is the young, idealistic heroine of Schiller's Wallenstein. Her lover Max, takes a heroic and self-sacrificing stand against Wallenstein her father and Thekla supports this even though it means suffering and loss for her.

26. (p. 106) Many circumlocutions for God or Christ were employed in natural discourse by believing evangelicals as an expression of their piety. It did not ring false at the time, though it reads very oddly now.

27. (p. 107) The Italian verb 'avere'.

28. (p. 109) Moorburn (previously Moorbeck on p. 55 l. 19. Perhaps inspired by Moorworth, in C.M. Yonge's The Heir of Redclyffe (1853).



29. (p. 115) This is the end of the story and the end of the volume containing Script A (WARD, Box VII, Volume 2), green cloth bound containing an opening dedication to her grandmother and dated August 1866.

30. (p. 116) These experimental sentences are comparable with those found after the end of Mary's later story Ailie. In both cases Mary is wrestling to master theological material in a natural way.

31. (p. 116) Presumably this passage, found on the endcover on the right hand side, relates as an addition to the Sunday evening discussion of the Unforgiving Servant. Mary is aspiring to a confident adult control of difficult theological material. Here she integrates three axioms from the New Testament into one sentence.

#### FOOTNOTES TO CHAPTER FOUR - THE TEXT OF LANSDALE MANOR, (1867) SCRIPT C (pages 117 - 206).

1. (p. 117) This new notebook, with gold Gothic initials stamped into the maroon leather cover was possibly a Christmas gift to Mary. The inscription is in an adult hand, written on the opening endpaper on the left side. Uncle 'Joe' was Mary's maternal uncle, William Sorell, known as a boy in Van Diemen's Land as 'Joey'. Bertram, The Letters of Thomas Arnold the Younger (1850 - 1900) (1980) p. 5.. The date is not necessarily to be considered the date of composition of the narrative: it is more likely to be the date of the receipt of the notebook as a Christmas gift, perhaps a little late owing to the vagaries of the post from Australia.

2. (p. 118) The first mention of Alford Rectory in the text of the narrative.

3. (p. 120) The Angel in the House was a collection of poems published by Coventry Patmore in 1862. Page, Frederick, ed., The Poems of Coventry Patmore, (1949) pp. 61-205.

4. (p. 138) These six words appear on the blank left leaf opposite this sentence, which relate to narrative control. This shows how aware Mary was that the expectations of the readers should be carefully prepared, allowing for a degree of tension and suspense.

5. (p. 145) Romans 8. 37.

6. (p. 146) the Book of Common Prayer, Collect for the fourth Sunday in Advent, which would occur in mid-December in the liturgical year.

7. (p. 148) The Gospel of John 13. 34.

8. (p. 156) The Gospel of Matthew 6. 30.
9. (p. 157) The Gospel of Mark 10. 29.
10. (p. 157) Philippians 4. 5.
11. (p. 158) The Gospel of John 17. 11 and 14.
12. (p. 160) I Samuel 15. 22.
13. (p. 160) II Corinthians 12. 9.
14. (p. 160) Hebrews 13. 5.
15. (p. 160) Two small pieces of paper are pasted onto the left leaf opposite this page.
16. (p. 161) The Gospel of Matthew 25. 14.
17. (p. 163) The Gospel of Matthew 18. 35.
18. (p. 164) Adelaide Anne Proctor's poem, 'Judge Not', appeared in her Legends and Lyrics (1858). Mary's fondness for A. A. Proctor's verse is attested by the fact that 'The Angel's Story' is the earliest contribution to the first surviving commonplace book, Volume 1. Mary copied it out in November 1863.  
The poem 'Judge Not' consists of four verses, beginning as follows and continuing in the same vein:

Judge not; the workings of his brain  
And of his heart thou canst not see;  
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,  
In God's pure light may only be  
A scar, brought from some well-won field,  
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.
19. (p. 164) 'The Legend of Bregenz', also by Adelaide Anne Proctor from Legends and Lyrics (1858), is a poem of twenty three eight-line stanzas. It tells the romantic, supposedly historically true story of a young girl who, showing great courage and resolve, saves her native city through intelligence she has gained while working in a foreign country with a family who have shown her kindness while she was their servant. This issue of divided loyalty and the heroism of a girl overlooked as insignificant by men plotting the overthrow of a town bears some similarity to the first part of A Tale of the Moors.
20. (p. 166) The Gospel of John 13. 1.

21. (p. 166) II Timothy 2. 13.
22. (p. 166) Page 55 is missing, labelled 'torn out' by the Honnold librarian.
23. (p. 166) These heavily deleted lines appear at the top of the right hand page. They are followed by a space equivalent to six blank lines before the next chapter begins.
24. (p. 174) These famous lines come from the fifth stanza of William Wordsworth's Ode. Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood, (originally published in 1807). (Hutchinson T., ed., Wordsworth: Poetical Works (1904) p. 460.)
25. (p. 186) This page has a huge question mark centred on it, raising the problem of whether Mary was convinced that it should ultimately form part of the narrative.
26. (p. 195) These lines come at the end of Thekla's song, which makes up the seventh scene of the third Act of Die Piccolomini, the second part of Wallenstein. The line translates: 'I have lived and loved.'
27. (p. 204) These lines are from Schiller's Maria Stuart, a tragedy in five acts. They are spoken by Mary Queen of Scots in the first scene of the third Act when she is enjoying the freedom of walking in a park after imprisonment. The lines translate: 'Hurrying clouds, sailing the breezes - the land of my youth greets me kindly'.
28. (p. 206) This is the end of the last page of the maroon leather bound notebook, embossed with the initials M.A.A., designated Volume 4 by the Honnold Library. Like Volume 2, it is written in clear handwriting progressing from left to right straight through the book, following and never deviating from the A opening.

FOOTNOTES TO CHAPTER FIVE - THE TEXT OF LANSDALE MANOR,  
(1867) SCRIPT B (pages 207 - 219).

1. (p. 207) This episode is found immediately after Mary's diary recording her visit to Scotland in the A opening sequence of WARD, Box VII, Volume 3. (The diary is found in Appendix C. iii. pp. 523 - 538.) The Lansdale Manor fragment occupies right hand pages only. The end of Ailie, following the B opening sequence, occupies all the left hand pages upside down until the diary ends. There are pages missing from the notebook and so it cannot be known how Mary introduced this completely new episode of Lansdale Manor.

Her choice of a new location, Glenthorn (later Glenthorne on p. 208 line 12) and a significant new character, Mr Arncofts, perhaps reflects a visit to Banchory House, referred to in the diary. This was presided over by a Mr Thompson, 'a gentle looking white haired old gentleman' (p. 536) who treated her with great courtesy. Earlier in the diary, she meets 'a relay of small Banchory boys with their tutor' (p. 535) which may have suggested the idea of a prize giving.

2. (p. 207) The word 'Lansdale', followed by the appropriate numeral, was pencilled in above the text by the Honnold librarian to clarify the sequence, as the notebook contains so much other material.

3. (p. 208) Mary uses the phrase 'half grown boys' in much the same tone in her diary on p. 531.

4. (p. 209) Mary herself seems to have received celebrity treatment as Dr Arnold's eldest grandchild on her Scottish visit. The social setting which this part of the narrative anticipates is found in several episodes in her later fiction: a gifted, beautiful young girl is able to dominate an established group of her social superiors through force of personality.

This occurs in Marcella (1894). Her passionate idealism impresses and disturbs Lord Maxwell's dinner party in Book I Chapter X, (Virago 1984) pp. 104-9. In The Marriage of William Ashe (1905) Lady Kitty Bristol, little more than a schoolgirl captivates the discriminating attention of the cultural élite present by her flawless performance of French dramatic poetry. Julie le Breton, the young companion of an aristocratic elderly woman, in Lady Rose's Daughter (1903) Part I, Chapter IX, succeeds in handling a salon of difficult and powerful statesmen in diplomatic and perfect French. Laura Fountain's fierce energy, beauty and disruptive passion erupts into an oppressive religious and poverty-stricken cultural environment in Helbeck of Bannisdale (1898). It is perhaps the most moving example of the outworking of this fictional paradigm.

Even Robert Elsmere (1888) is on one level a development of the same theme. A conflict develops between the vitality and energy of new critical thought and a static, to a greater or lesser extent complacent, establishment. Mrs Ward's first novel, Miss Bretherton (1884), set out the theme with fewest disguises: a colonial actress takes the London stage by storm. Julia Arnold and Mary herself acted out this role in their lives. Mary achieved astonishing celebrity in her lifetime.

Her son-in-law the historian G. M. Trevelyan wrote to his daughter Mary, encouraging her to consider taking up a place to read History at Oxford: 'You see Mummy and I live in a comparatively restricted circle, at Berko [*Berkhamsted*].

and [...] we have no way of giving you [...] that broad education, experience and opportunity which I had at Cambridge and she had in the household of the most active and centrally placed woman in England - her mother'. Venice, dated 7th May 1922. Newcastle.

5. (p. 212) Elizabeth Gaskell's Wives and Daughters (1866) makes use of mirror scenes in relation to Molly Gibson's development as a character. There, as here, the absence of vanity is insisted upon.

6. (p. 213) This drive seems to resemble the drive leading to Mary's friend Bessie Thurburn's family home in Scotland, Murtle.

7. (p. 215) This scene, with its carefully arranged curtains and lighting in a grand drawing room is like the setting of a significant moment in Julia Sorell's early brilliant social career at Government House, Hobart. She took the part of Hermione in a *tableau vivant* taken from the end of A Winter's Tale. It is described in A Writer's Recollections (1918) pp. 4 and 5, and in Sir William Denison's memoirs (Varieties of Vice-Regal Life, Volume 1, (1870) where the Hermione tableau is mentioned on p. 52.

8. (p. 217) This is the first appearance in Mary's fiction of a 'morbid sensitive artistic nature'. Later examples include the tormented character Langham in Robert Elsmere (1888) and the less successful but comparable character Edward Manisty in Eleanor (1900).

9. (p. 219) This note is written in much smaller script, in different, lighter ink, and a very different hand.

#### FOOTNOTES TO CHAPTER SIX - LITERARY ASPECTS OF LANSDALE MANOR Scripts A, C and B, (pages 220 - 236).

1. (p. 223) Appendix C. ii. p. 507, l. 17-20.

2. (p. 223) One of Mary's favourite poems was Longfellow's Gaspar Becerra, (Appendix C. i. p. 499). 'By his evening fire the artist... mused, and dreamed of fame'. The final verse goes:

O thou sculptor, painter, poet!  
Take this lesson to thy heart:  
That is best which lieth nearest;  
Shape from that thy work of art.

3. (p. 223) Notes for a speech survive in which Mary, on behalf of the whole

school, summarised the academic programme of the term, including scientific lectures. (P.H., undated, two sheets of blue notepaper.)

4. (p. 223) Appendix C. i., p. 501, ll. 18-21. (P.H. blue notepaper, undated, Box designation: WARD 3.1.)
5. (p. 224) Appendix C. i., p. 497, l. 12.
6. (p. 224) Milly and Olly (1881) p. 74, also cited by Peterson, Victorian Heretic (1976) p. 45.
7. (p. 224) Mrs Arnold to MAA, from Fox How, Ambleside [*dated in biro later: 'perhaps Christmas 1861 or 1862'*]: 'God bleß you my dearest Mary. Never forget how much depends upon you as a Daughter & sister! & what a bleßed thing it is to help in thought word & deed to make home happy to all. Ever your very affec.' Grandmother, Mary Arnold.' P.H.
8. (p. 224) Honan, A Life of Matthew Arnold, (1981) p. 375 and 376.
9. (p. 224) Matthew Arnold, writing to his mother from Llandudno on August 20th 1864. (Letters of Matthew Arnold, (1848 - 1888) Volume 1, (1895) p. 235.)
10. (p. 225) Page 184, l. 9.
11. (p. 225) Grace Aguilar's first novel, Home Influence: A Tale for Mothers and Daughters, (1847).
12. (p. 226) Peterson, Victorian Heretic (1976) p. 60.
13. (p. 226) Sutherland, Mrs Humphry Ward (1990) p. 24.
14. (p. 227) Page 68, l. 19 to p. 69, l. 3.
15. (p. 227) Page 148, ll. 10 - 14.
16. (p. 228) Page 55, l. 4.
17. (p. 229) Smith, William, and Wace, Henry, eds., A Dictionary of Christian Biography, (1877-87).
18. (p. 230) Page 182, l. 8 to p. 183, l. 12.
19. (p. 230) Page 194, l. 19 to p. 195, l. 3.

20. (p. 231) A Writer's Recollections (1918) p. 57.
21. (p. 231) Page 189, l. 2, to p. 190, l. 11.
22. (p. 231) Françoise Rives Mrs Humphry Ward Romancière, Tome II, Thèse Présentée Devant L'Université de Paris IV le 21 Juin 1978. (Université de Lille. Service de reproduction des Thèses. 1981) 'De la Recherche du Père au Matriarcat', pp. 866-878.
23. (p. 232) Page 85, ll. 8-15.
24. (p. 233) Page 190, l. 7 to p. 192, l. 20.
25. (p. 234) Page 192, l. 9-16.
26. (p. 234) This reminiscence was clearly a defining image of Julia's youthful celebrity. The character of Hermione is a fascinating one as the key to a complex of images which are found in Mary Ward's fiction. These include matrimonial jealousy and separation, the loss of a daughter and her ultimate recovery as princess and heir to a new age. Even the name Perdita, the flower-bearing maiden, is mentioned briefly in an excised passage in Ailie.
27. (p. 235) W. E. Gladstone's review 'Robert Elsmere and the Battle of Belief', The Nineteenth Century, May 1888, p. 771.
28. (p. 236) Page 159, ll. 2-4.

FOOTNOTES TO THE TEXT OF AILIE (1867 - 1868) (pages 237-333).

1. (p. 237) The beginning of the narrative Ailie is lost. Immediately before the surviving pages several leaves have disappeared from the book. It is possible that some of the pages of the notebook were torn out, loosening others which fell in the course of time. The end of the Scottish diary may also have disappeared entirely - in fact may have been torn out. If so, other Scottish material may be lost, including possibly a short visit to Edinburgh on the return train journey to London. These lost pages are a unique phenomenon in the surviving notebooks.

A note in pencil in the handwriting of the librarian who annotated the Ward papers at the time of their acquisition by the Special Collections, Honnold Library reads: 'Missing leaves here'. The resulting loose leaves were incorrectly numbered by the Honnold.

There are few clues in the remaining text of Ailie to the original shape of the beginning of the story except for one internal reference on p. 270, l. 20:

‘Ralph sitting with Ailie in the balcony where we met her first in Rome’.

2. (p. 240) The scene in St Peter’s also presumably belongs to the missing leaves.

3. (p. 241) The fashionable quarter for nineteenth-century English visitors to Rome.

4. (p. 243) This is Mary’s first attempt at a death scene which is more than merely functional as a device of reconciliation.

5. (p. 247) In later fiction several heroines make assumptions which misinterpret the facts and lead to separation between lovers. Perhaps the clearest example is Phoebe Fenwick, the wife of the artist Fenwick, based on the story of Romney. She assumes, wrongly, that Eugénie de Pastourelles, the subject of his painting, is his mistress: Fenwick’s Career, 2nd impress, (London: Smith, Elder & Co., (1906), Part II, London, Chapter VIII, pp. 228-233.

Later Daphne presumes that her husband is re-reading love letters from an earlier romantic attachment with a view to resuming his relationship with Chloe Fairmile, whereas in fact he wishes to destroy them. Daphne, or Marriage à la Mode, (London: Cassell and Co. Ltd., (1909) Part II, Chapter VIII, pp. 204-8.

6. (p. 247) This convention, that death reveals truth, makes the death bed very useful to a nineteenth-century novelist. It hallows the utterances of the dying and enables their insights to assume a prophetic tone with the effect of a *deus ex machina* in relation to the romantic entanglements of the living.

The experience Mary gained here is put to good use in two later novels, where the death scene contributes poignantly to the outcome of the novel. In Marcella (1894), the dying Edward Hallin knows of Marcella’s profound attachment to Aldous Raeburn but he is too weak to express this to Aldous, who sits beside him as he approaches death. Marcella (Vir. 1984) pp. 510-3. Augustina’s dying attempt to force a sense of Helbeck’s suffering on Laura has at first positive but ultimately tragic results. Helbeck of Bannisdale (Peng. 1983) pp. 369-71.

7. (p. 249) This is the only place in the narrative where Marie and Frank’s infant son Laurence is mentioned by name. There is only one later allusion to him: ‘his [Frank’s] delicate wife and ailing child’ p. 284, l. 3. The only parallel in Mary Ward’s later fiction is found in the novel Eleanor (1900) where a woman who is doomed to die is haunted by the memory, and on one occasion the vision, of a dead infant son. In that novel the child and his father died in a tragic accident but it was a suicidal act committed when of unsound mind.



8. (p. 252) A Homeric epithet. This is the only trace in Mary's writing that she may have read her uncle Matthew's lectures on Homer and perhaps also read Homer in translation.
9. (p. 255) Tennyson, The Princess (1847), from the section 'Song of a Maid', line 32 (the third verse) Ricks C. ed., The Poems of Tennyson: In Three Volumes, vol 1, (1987) p. 233.
10. (p. 255) Thomas Hood, 'The Death Bed', final lines '.. she had/ Another dawn than ours.'
11. (p. 256) Psalm 30 v. 5.
12. (p. 259) This homage to the dead is developed later in one of the final scenes of Helbeck of Bannisdale, when Laura gathers spring flowers to strew on Augustina's bed. Laura dies while gathering cherry blossom from the otter cliff, a precipitous bank. She intends the suicide to appear an accident.

Helbeck spends time alone and prostrate with Laura's dead body in a way which is comparable to Ralph's response first to his brother's death and then Marie's in this narrative: ' In that long agony, Helbeck's soul parted for ever with the first fresh power to suffer. Neither life nor death could ever stab in such wise again. The half of personality - the chief forces of that Helbeck whom Laura had loved, were already dead with Laura, when, after many hours, his arms gave her back to the Sisters, and she dropped gently from his hold upon her bed of death, in a last irrevocable submission.' (Helbeck of Bannisdale, (1898) (Peng. 1983) pp. 385-6.

13. (p 260) Ailie's invalid sister Beata is undeveloped in this story. She may prefigure the narrator in the next narrative, A Gay Life, which is told from the perspective of an invalid sister.
14. (p. 261) This malicious letter is mentioned again, and explained on p. 267, ll. 10 and 11. Ailie also receives a malicious letter on p. 329 l. 20 from Margaret Bruce, villifying Ralph.

Tom Arnold writes jokingly to Julia on 28th March 1850 about a story he has heard about her flirtatious behaviour with Captain Fitzroy, and that he believed Hobart gossip is likely to have exaggerated what she reportedly said at the time. Bertram, New Zealand Letters of Thomas Arnold The Younger, (1966) p. 179.

Shortly afterwards it seems he received a letter impugning Julia more seriously. He writes to her on 1st April 1850, 'I received a letter this morning

which has pained me very much, but I will speak of it when I write tomorrow.' Bertram, The Letters of Thomas Arnold the Younger (1850 - 1900), (1980) p. 3.

15. (p. 262) This is the closest clue to Mary's later allusion to the story's dependence on Hawthorne's The Marble Faun (1846).

16. (p. 264) There is only one Transfiguration in Rome - a version by Raphael (1483 - 1520) in the Vatican Galleries.

17. (p. 269) Tennyson, The Princess.

18. (p. 270) Clearly a quotation, untraced.

19. (p. 271) Mary had stayed in her aunt Jane Forster's home Wharfeside in Wharfedale since she was five years old. It is another example of her predilection for places with which she had some personal connection. The most striking exception to this is her birthplace, Tasmania, where she lived until the age of five. Canada is the only colony which she describes in her later fiction.

Van Diemen's Land as a penal colony, and even the rest of the Australia, did not enjoy desirable social cachet in the nineteenth century. Louis, one of the characters in Virginia Woolf's The Waves, (1931) written one generation later, is nervously conscious of his father, 'a banker at Brisbane', and his own 'colonial accent'. He feels these obtrude his origins and obscure his intellectual gifts even as a small boy at a prep school, waiting anxiously outside his Headmaster's door, giving him an inner compulsion to achieve an integration of the disparate forces he perceives: 'I will achieve in my life.. some gigantic amalgamation between the two discrepancies so hideously apparent to me. Out of my suffering I will do it. I will knock. I will enter' p. 32. This has been compared with Leonard Woolf's consciousness of his Jewish origins as a disqualification for complete acceptance by English society at that period. Mary left Tasmania at about the same age that the fictional Louis left Brisbane.

20. (p. 271) This is another possible echo of Wives and Daughters (1866). The two sons of Squire Hamley and the inter-generational reactions in that family, although not political in character, may have influenced Mary here.

21. (p. 271) James Thomson, The Seasons; 'Spring', ll. 1152-3:  
'Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,  
To teach the young idea how to shoot.'

22. (p. 275) The entire passage which follows, five lines in length, is overscored and rejected. This is very unusual in Mary's writing. Normally she recasts an idea, either immediately or later in the story. For some reason she must have

judged the episode to be too pastoral, or perhaps improbable. Considered as an image, it makes an interesting parallel to the character of Perdita, which is fleetingly attributed to Ailie at the end of the third chapter.

23. (p. 275) Reminiscent of Tennyson's 'The May Queen' without the poem's tragic tone.

24. (p. 277) Osborne Hamley in Wives and Daughters marries a penniless French girl, Aimée.

25. (p. 277) Mary may have heard her parents discuss their own views on this subject, which are documented in early letters shortly after their engagement in Hobart. Bertram, New Zealand Letters, (1966) pp. 180-1 and 184. Julia wrote to Tom putting him under pressure to return from the other end of the island before he had finished his tour of duty so that she could attend a ball at Government House, Hobart, with him.

26. (p. 282) It is extremely rare for Mary to mention the title of a novel in her fiction. No doubt she drew encouragement from the fact that it was by her uncle. She borrows its atmosphere and some vocabulary, recreating successfully the mood of confusion which creates the environment for the tragic accident where Ralph shoots his brother Frank.

27. (p. 296) This may refer to a lost passage in the narrative. Two blank lines follow before the end of the page.

28. (p. 296) The numbering of chapters is inconsistent in this narrative. Two earlier chapter breaks, on pp. 255 and 271 are not numbered. The Chapter which begins on p. 317 is numbered IIII.

29. (p. 305) The loose pages begin here. They were numbered consistently with the rest of the notebook upon acquisition by the Honnold library but unfortunately not correctly at this point. Having studied the problems created by the loose pages, it was possible, when visiting Claremont in December 1994, to order the loose pages in a manner which fits both with the sense of the narrative and the normal sequence of Mary's writing, from right to left within page openings. The librarians kindly made a photocopy of this for the use of future scholars. In this typescript text, I have added a sequence of Capital letters in editorial brackets to indicate the order of the pages in the simplest way.

30. (p. 305) One of the Choruses from Swinburne's tragedy Atalanta in Calydon. (The Poems of Algernon Charles Swinburne in six volumes, (London: Chatto & Windus, 1912) Vol 4, p. 275 and 276).

31. (p. 306) This page is loose and the number assigned to it is consistent with editorial practice throughout the typescript edition. The Honnold number assigned to the page at the top right hand corner is given here, even though the sequence at this point is wrong.
32. (p. 315) Here Mary experimented with two versions of the same paragraph. She cut a piece of paper and glued it exactly over the first version.
33. (p. 316) This is the second version of the passage.
34. (p. 316) Perdita is the subject of a picture by George Romney (Dalton in Furness 1734 - Kendal 1802). Later Mary Ward was to make Romney's career and his infatuation with Emma Hamilton the inspiration for Fenwick's Career (1906). No doubt the fact that he was associated with the Lakes interested her. It is also possible that she visited Edinburgh galleries on her way home from Aberdeen and noted comparable portraits by Raeburn. Romney's portrait of Mrs Robinson as Perdita is in the Wallace Collection in London.

The story of Wilfrid Tennant and Grizel here is successfully resolved, in stark contrast with the later tragic separation between John and Phoebe Fenwick.

Julia Sorell's portrait was painted in Hobart in the late 1840s by the convict artist Wainwright.

35. (p. 332) The main narrative ends here, at the bottom of a page of the notebook, with a long bold dash.
36. (p. 332) This is the first of a series of extra paragraphs which clearly refer to the narrative but which are separated from the page sequence as it survives.
37. (p. 332) The following two experimental paragraphs are isolated from the main text of Ailie. They are written upside down on the first page of the notebook under the Index, in contrasting handwriting. They are orientated on the page consistently with the normal B opening progression of Ailie, therefore upside down beneath the initials and date 'MAA 1866'. The ink is lighter and the handwriting is much more mature than the ornamental and careful initials dating from 1866.
38. (p. 333) This page is out of sequence with the rest of the surviving narrative of Ailie. The page which follows is torn out and although a small fragment remains, there is no writing visible. Its exact place in the narrative must therefore remain a mystery.

39. (p. 333) The Honnold librarian has written beside page number 17 [17], 'Beginning in this volume a variant of Lansdale Manor rectos'. It follows that at the time of the acquisition of the notebook this new narrative sequence of Lansdale Manor was unbroken, despite the torn out page which follows this version of Ailie. It seems likely therefore that Mary was still experimenting with Lansdale Manor Script B after she had begun the narrative of Ailie.

FOOTNOTES TO CHAPTER EIGHT - LITERARY ASPECTS OF AILIE  
(1867-68) (pages 334 to 346).

1. (p. 334) The sequence is indicated by footnotes to the relevant sections of the text: 'A', p. 305, l. 2; 'B' p. 306, l.3.

2. (p. 334) Page 270, l. 20.

3. (p. 334) Page 246, l. 20.

4. (p. 334) Page 296, l. 18.

5. (p. 335) Introduction to Miss Bretherton (Westmoreland Edition, The Writings of Mrs Humphry Ward with introductions by the author, Volume VIII, (1910) p. 222:

'Miss Bretherton' was my first serious attempt at a novel. After much scribbling of tales in my childhood and school-days, after a long story in three volumes, written at the age of seventeen, and of no merit whatever, after the publication in, I think, 1869, of 'A Westmoreland Story' in The Churchman's Magazine, and a later and much more ambitious effort called 'Vittoria', a novel of Oxford life, which was never finished, I had come despondently to the conclusion that fiction was not for me.

6. (p. 335) Page 331, l. 18.

7. (p. 336) See footnotes to p. 333, the isolated surviving fragment of Ailie.

8. (p. 336) Page 535, l. 18; p. 536, l. 2; p. 536, l.10; p. 538, l. 3-4.

9. (p. 336) Page 531, l. 14; p. 536, l. 5; p. 537, l.14.

10. (p. 336) Eleanor is the most complex of Mary Ward's later fictional characters, probably reflecting the influence of Henry James. The novel charts her decline in health and religious journey as she prepares to die.

11. (p. 337) Peterson, Victorian Heretic (1976) p. 55.

12. (p. 337) Oakfield, by Punjabee (William Delafield Arnold) (1853) is also mentioned by Mary in A Writer's Recollections (1918) p. 27.
13. (p. 341) Robert Elsmere, Book I, Westmoreland, Chapter VII, (World's Classics 1987) p. 101-4.
14. (p. 342) Helbeck of Bannisdale (Peng. 1983) Chapter One, p. 39 - 48.
15. (p. 343) The Romney portrait of Augustina and Alan Helbeck's great-grandmother plays a symbolic role in the novel. It is '...a dazzling portrait of a girl in white, a creature light as a flower under wind.. so brilliant was the picture, so beautiful the woman'.. p. 70. For a time, after Laura's engagement to Helbeck, the picture has a reprieve (p. 247) but before the end of the novel Helbeck sells the Romney. It is part of a symbolic impoverishment and stripping of aesthetic and human feeling which precedes Laura's suicide. Helbeck tells Laura, 'I can't save the Romney' p. 307. It signifies that he gives his religious priorities first claim over both their lives. Helbeck of Bannisdale, (Peng. 1983).
16. (p. 343) Fenwick's Career (1906) Book II, ch. VIII pp. 235.
17. (p. 343) The Marriage of William Ashe, (1905) Part I. ch. III p. 44 (London: John Murray, 1920)
18. (p. 343) Mark Winnington in Delia Blanchflower (1915) is one example among many.
19. (p. 344) Helbeck's earlier love, fifteen years before the action of the novel. Helbeck of Bannisdale (Peng. 1983) p. 139 and pp. 302-4.
20. (p. 344) Robert Elsmere, Book IV, Crisis, Chapter XXIX, (World's Classics 1987) p. 357.
21. (p. 345) See earlier note 11 p. 337.

FOOTNOTES TO CHAPTER NINE - THE TEXT OF A GAY LIFE (1869)  
(pages 347 - 386).

1. (p. 347) The word 'Diary' is centred on the opposite page, [67]. Both 'A gay Life' and 'Diary' seem intended to be taken together as a running title for the whole narrative. The phrase 'A Gay Life' seems an imperfect fit for the story. It may derive from Elizabeth Gaskell's Wives and Daughters (1866) where it appears twice, describing Cynthia Kirkpatrick's time in London, when the gaiety of her

appears twice, describing Cynthia Kirkpatrick's time in London, when the gaiety of her life disguised the inward tension arising from the fact that she was engaged to two men at once. The phrase appears twice in the novel: 'the gay life' she had been enjoying (p. 497) and 'that gay week' (p. 520) both refer to the same time spent in London. Wives and Daughters, (Penguin Books, 1969).

2. (p. 347) Lina, a name derived from Adelina, the name of a character in Bulwer Lytton's Rienzi, returns again in The Marriage of William Ashe (1905), where it is given to the heroine's aunt.

3. (p. 348) The pagination is in pencil, supplied by the Honnold Library. Mary herself did not number these pages.

4. (p. 348) The first two pages of A Gay Life, pages 6<sup>l</sup> and 6<sup>r</sup> progress from left to right but from the seventh opening, the progression is from right to left: 7<sup>r</sup>: 7<sup>l</sup>, which is the more prevalent habit in Mary Arnold's writing practice for her later stories.

5. (p. 349) From this point onwards in the narrative the name of the heroine is usually spelt 'Lena' rather than 'Lina'. This kind of inconsistency appears to a lesser or greater extent in every story, as Mary gradually established her view of a character.

6. (p. 350) Inconsistency of naming for the narrator has caused some confusion among critics. Here Lena, perhaps playfully, calls the narrator, who is an invalid elder sister, 'Betha'. On the next page Lena calls her 'Madge'.

7. (p. 351) This insistence on the 'child' in Lena's character is in keeping with Victorian convention but at strange, almost sinister variance with Lena's actions in the story. Mary was to develop a similar passionate irresponsibility in her later heroine Lady Kitty, in The Marriage of William Ashe (1905). It is possible that she was aspiring to create a heroine after the novels of George Sand, a novelist greatly admired by her father and Matthew Arnold. If so, there is an inevitable and unresolvable tension between the perspective of mid-Victorian morality sustained by the invalid narrator and the resistance to convention and family restraint which seems to be the spring of Lena's actions.

8. (p. 356) This scene anticipates Aldous Huxley's quarrel with Marcella over her involvement in the family of a poacher who was accused of murdering a gamekeeper in Marcella, (Vir. 1984) Book II, Chapter XI, pp. 255-6.

9. (p. 360) Mary leaves a blank space for two lines of poetry which she forgot to write into the narrative. It is likely that the passage to which she wished to refer would have been:

Then, in the boyhood of the year,  
Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere  
Rode through the coverts of the deer,  
With blissful treble ringing clear ...  
She looked so lovely, as she swayed  
The rein with dainty finger- tips  
A man had given all other bliss,  
And all his worldly worth for this,  
To waste his whole heart in one kiss  
Upon her perfect lips.

‘Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere, A Fragment’ published 1842. Ricks, C., ed.,  
Tennyson A Selected Edition, (1989) pp 97-9.

10. (p. 361) The discriminating praise of an older and more widely read authority is one of the rewards which is meted out to an obscure young man in Mary’s later fiction. It is set against the indifference or surprise of his young wife in The History of David Grieve (1892) and Sir George Tressady (1896).

11. (p. 363) There is no surviving clue to show what Mary’s intentions were here.

12. (p. 365) Here there is a gap in the text, in the middle of the page, of about one writing line in breadth. Another follows, at the bottom of the page, after the word ‘moths!’

13. (p. 366) This episode fulfils the same function as the Box Hill chapter in Jane Austen’s Emma. The unease of the lovers is set in contrast to the holiday atmosphere.

14. (p. 371) This is the first example of a fall which removes a problematic hero from the fictional stage. She used this device again in her first published narrative, A Westmoreland Story (1870).

15. (p. 385) The story evidently ends here but the title and a sentence of another story follows on the same page and on the following page another three sentences reworking an idea from A Gay Life.

#### FOOTNOTES TO CHAPTER TEN - LITERARY ASPECTS OF A GAY LIFE (1869) (pages 387 - 399).

1. (p. 387) This is Mary’s first and only attempt to cast a narrative in the form of a fictional diary.

2. (p. 388) There is blank space at the end of the last of her own diary entries in



this notebook for the day 10th July 1869. She must have made a conscious choice not to continue with her real diary but to begin a narrative instead.

3. (p. 389) The episode relating to Mr Price is found on pp. 562 l. 16 to 564 (end).
4. (p. 389) The narrator is angry at Edward Woolley's want of spirit. This is echoed in Mary's frustration at the 'stereotyped' way of talking which she and Mr Price had fallen into - p. 562 l. 19.
5. (p. 390) Sutherland, Mrs Humphry Ward (1990) p. 37.
6. (p. 391) In Ailie, the dying Frank tells Ralph that God was responsible for the shooting rather than Ralph. In Eltham House (1915), Caroline Wing was not informed that her small son was ill at the time of her adulterous liason and therefore was not responsible for the fact that she left him alone to die. Juliet Sparling, the heroine's mother in The Testing of Diana Mallory (1908) did not commit murder, as the public was led to believe at a notorious society murder trial, but manslaughter in self defence when temporarily deranged.
7. (p. 392) Peterson, Victorian Heretic, (1976) p. 53.
8. (p. 394) Thomas Arnold wrote to his friend J.C. Shairp from on board ship in 1848, 'Gradually, thanks be to God and to George Sand, the interpreter of His truth, I found that this misery, which I had been so anxious to alleviate on the assumption that it could not but exist, was altogether an outrage and an offence in the sight of God. I found that it was not God who had destined the greater part of mankind to a life of ignorance and wretchedness, but that man had done it, by force of iniquitous laws and social customs, but chiefly through the absence of the spirit of Love'. Bertram, New Zealand Letters, (1966) p. 217.
9. (p. 396) This is also a common feature of Mrs Gaskell's writing, with reference to unmarried girls.
10. (p. 397) Sutherland, Mrs Humphry Ward, (1990) p. 38.

#### FOOTNOTES TO CHAPTER ELEVEN - THE TEXT OF BELIEVED TOO LATE (1869) (pages 400 to 443).

1. (p. 401) Mary begins this narrative by writing from right to left within the first page opening. She begins A Gay Life, and Vittoria in this volume by writing from left to right in the first opening and then reverting to her habit of writing from right to left thereafter.

2. (p. 402) An exact source has not been found but clearly the sense is of cloudless happiness.
3. (p. 418) Compare Molly Gibson, in Wives and Daughters (1866), 'It is not my secret, or you should know it directly.' (Peng. 1969) p. 568.
4. (p. 429) Colossians 3. 3.
5. (p. 432) Hamlet, III. 4. 145.
6. (p. 436) This is the first example in Mary Arnold's fiction of a heroine caring for a child. A striking later example occurs when Laura Fountain tends the child who has been orphaned in an industrial accident in Helbeck of Bannisdale. 'The men yielded her the child instinctively at once.' (Peng. 1983) p. 206.

Marcella is visiting an impoverished household when she meets Aldous Raeburn by chance after a long estrangement in Marcella (Vir. 1984) Book III, ch. X p. 419-425.

7. (p. 441) The Gospel of Matthew 24. 33.

#### FOOTNOTES TO CHAPTER TWELVE - LITERARY ASPECTS OF BELIEVED TOO LATE (1869) (pages 444 - 449).

1. (p. 444) John Fenwick in the novel Fenwick's Career (1906), and the husband of Daphne Filloyd in Daphne, or Marriage à la Mode (1909) are two later victims of their wives' jealousy.
2. (p. 445) Appendix C iii. pp 523-538.
3. (p. 445) A Writer's Recollections (1918) pp. 107-9. See also George Eliot's Journal of her visit to Oxford, 25-28 May 1870. Haight, The George Eliot Letters, Vol V (1869 - 1873), (1956) p. 99.
4. (p. 447) Page 428 l. 16. This is mirrored by Augustina's reflection, on observing how tormented Helbeck has become by Laura's presence: 'Laura, come here! I can't bear it. He suffers so! You don't see it, but I do... he can't tear his heart away from you. I can't understand it. It seems to me almost terrible - to love as he loves you.' Helbeck of Bannisdale (Peng. 1983) p. 370.
5. (p. 448) Peterson, Victorian Heretic, (1976) p. 53-4.

FOOTNOTES TO CHAPTER THIRTEEN - THE TEXTS OF A WOMAN OF GENIUS AND VITTORIA (1869) (pages 450 - 453).

1. (p. 450) The last word of the narrative A Gay Life. The fact that a re-working of an earlier part of A Gay Life is found on the right page of the opening numbered 27 by the Honnold library, suggests that the idea for A Woman of Genius pre-dated the end of the writing of A Gay Life.
2. (p. 450) Two blank lines appear above the title, which is centred at the same level as the title of Believed Too Late.
3. (p. 450) The rest of the page is blank. There is no evidence of any continuation. On the other hand the fact that so much space is left clear in a crowded notebook suggests that the essential idea was one which did not lose its hold over Mary's imagination as a potential story, one which she intended perhaps to return to later.
4. (p. 451) The writing proceeds from left to right across the page opening numbered 48 in pencil by the Honnold librarian.
5. (p. 452) Mary reverted to her typical habit of writing from right to left within page openings, from the page opening numbered 49.
6. (p. 453) The written script ends here, four lines from the top of the page, leaving the rest of the page blank. No notes or continuation survive although Mary Ward implied that the idea was developed more fully before she abandoned fiction at the time of her marriage. In the Introduction to the Westmoreland Edition of Miss Bretherton she writes of 'a later and much more ambitious effort called 'Vittoria', a novel of Oxford life, which was never finished.' The Writings of Mrs Humphry Ward, Volume II (1911) p. 222.

Vittoria is the last narrative to be written in unbroken succession from the beginning of the A opening of the notebook. The remaining pages of the notebook from this page opening are filled upside down in reverse from the B opening.

FOOTNOTES TO CHAPTER FOURTEEN - LITERARY ASPECTS OF A WOMAN OF GENIUS AND VITTORIA (1869) (pages 454 - 457).

1. (p. 454) Miss Bretherton is described as having a 'dramatic personality' and great beauty and charm, but no training in acting. The force of her personal impact carries her through the plays she performs.

2. (p. 454) Eleanor's unusual intelligence makes her a partner for an extraordinarily difficult though gifted man. Perhaps the personalities of Mary Ward's friends Mark Pattison and Henry James suggested to her the possibilities of Manisty's character and the friendship with a woman which is so important to him.

3. (p. 455) Durkheim classes martyrdom as a form of suicide (Emile Durkheim, Suicide: A Study in Sociology, (1952), Chapter 1, 'Suicide and Psychopathic states' III, p. 67).

Inez is the first heroine who knowingly risks her own life. Mary Arnold's later fiction contain several examples of suicide, the more disturbing because they concern talented and beautiful young women. The most tragic of these is Laura Fountain. Other suicides in her fiction include Bessie Costrell, The Story of Bessie Costrell, (1895) and David Grieve's mother and sister Louie in The History of David Grieve (1892). Robert Elsmere's early death could perhaps be classed as an indirect form of martyrdom in the terms posited by the novel.

Mary Ward's family insisted that a period of prolonged, exhausting work contributed directly to her own death.

4. (p. 455) T. H. Ward's diaries for the years 1871 and 1872. London.

5. (p. 455) TA to his mother, 27th June 1852. 'She [*Mary*] evidently understands the meaning of a great many words which she cannot speak. She is passionate, but not peevish; sensitive to the least harshness in word or gesture, but usually full of merriment and gladness. She is like a sparkling fountain or a gay flower in the house, filling it with light and freshness.' Bertram, The Letters of Thomas Arnold the Younger (1980) p. 24.

6. (p. 456) 'A Westmoreland Story' The Churchman's Companion, 3rd series, ii (1870) pp. 45-57; 121-40; 187-95. See also Peterson, Victorian Heretic (1976) pp. 56-7.

7. (p. 456) Ailie's memory of the scene in St Peter's appears to fulfil a similar function at the beginning of the action of the story.

8. (p. 457) Sutherland Mrs Humphry Ward (1990) p. 41-2.

#### FOOTNOTES TO CHAPTER FIFTEEN - CONCLUSIONS (pages 458 - 461).

1. (p. 459) Françoise Rives. 'De sa mère, Julia Arnold, elle dit dans A Writer's Recollections qu'elle était fort jolie et qu'elle avait beaucoup souffert des deux conversions de son mari à la foi catholique qu'elle abhorrait. De son père elle

idéaliste, le charme, la culture, les préoccupations religieuses, la nature mystique, la passion pour la littérature, etc.' Tome II, (1981) p. 871.

2. (p. 459) Sutherland Mrs Humphry Ward (1990), see Index references to Arnold Ward and full account of a subject which his sister Dorothy Ward attempted to conceal and Janet Trevelyan's family to forget. He was addicted to gambling.

#### FOOTNOTES TO APPENDIX A, EXTRACTS FROM THE 'FOX HOW MAGAZINES', (1839 - 1842) (pages 462 - 469).

1. (p. 462) Dr Arnold to Mr Sergeant Coleridge from Rugby, June 13, 1833:

..Our Westmoreland house is rising from its foundations... It looks right into the bosom of Fairfield, - a noble mountain, which sends down two long arms into the valley, and keeps the clouds reposing between them, while he looks down on them composedly with his quiet brow; and the Rotha, "purior electro", winds round our fields, just under the house. Behind, we run up to the top of Loughrigg, and we have a mountain pasture, in a basin on the summit of the ridge, the very image of those "Saltus" on Cithaeron, where Oedipus was found by the Corinthian shepherd. The Wordsworths' friendship, for so I may call it, is certainly one of the greatest delights of Fox How, - the name of my Chorion, - and their kindness in arranging everything in our absence has been very great. Stanley, Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold D.D. (1844) pp. 207-8.

2. (p. 464) Dr Arnold's handwriting.

3. (p. 464) A child's handwriting.

4. (p. 466) A very large childish hand.

5. (p. 466) This page is blank except for a footnote marked 'x'. It is clearly the work of a young child helped by an older person.

6. (p. 466) This page has been left blank.

7. (p. 467) This is unsigned. It is not in Matthew's handwriting. It could be by Tom. The Wordsworthian cadences are too sophisticated to have been written by one of the younger children.

8. (p. 469) This translation is in Matthew Arnold's handwriting. This is his Fox How signature.

FOOTNOTES TO APPENDIX B: 'THE GOSSIP' BY MARY PENROSE (1819 - 1820)  
(pages 470 to 494)

1. (p. 470) Stanley, Arthur Penrhyn, D.D., Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold D.D., (1844) p. 15.
2. (p. 471) 'Fox How Magazine' Number III, 1839, January; p. 43: ...'but as mam-ma said I had better write about my lessons..' ['Mam-ma' here is Mary Penrose].
3. (p. 472) Page 478 l. 11.
4. (p. 481) Benkelszoon, according to Encyclopedia Britannica, 11th edn, vol 13, (1909-10) p. 609a.
5. (p. 482) Measure for Measure II. 2. 107-9.
6. (p. 487) Sir Walter Scott's Marmion (first edition 1808), Canto Second, 'The Convent', xii, ll.14-16. Logie Robertson, Scott: Poetical Works, (1904) p. 107a.

FOOTNOTES TO APPENDIX C. i.. MARY ARNOLD'S LETTERS (1857 - 1865)  
(pages 495 - 502).

1. (p. 495) All the letters which are known to survive from Mary Arnold's childhood are in the custody of the Pusey House Library, Oxford, or among the papers at the Special Collections, Honnold Library, Claremont Colleges, California.
2. (p. 496) Langton, February 13th 1857: Mary August Arnold to 'My dearest Papa & Mamma' [*dictated*], P.H..
3. (p. 497) Fox How, January 23 1857: MAA to 'My dear Papa and Mamma' [*dictated*], P.H.
4. (p. 497) Langton, February 13th 1857: MAA to 'My dearest Papa & Mamma' [*dictated*], P.H..
5. (p. 497) Coleby. March 10 1857: MAA to 'My dear Papa & Mamma' [*dictated*] P.H..
6. (p. 497) Wharfeside. Feb. 5. 1857: MAA to 'My dearest Papa & Mamma' [*dictated and written down in her grandmother Mrs Arnold's hand*], P.H..
7. (p. 497) Eller How. November 20th 1859: MAA to Julia Arnold [*black-edged plain notepaper with carefully ruled pencil lines to guide her own handwriting.*] P.H..

8. (p. 498) Eller How. March 4th 1860: MAA to Julia Arnold [*Mary's own handwriting in ink between carefully ruled pencil lines*], P.H..

The quotation from Scott comes from The Lady of the Lake, Canto Third, The Gathering, stanza ii, ll 2-3. (Logie Robertson ed., Scott: Poetical Works, (1904) p. 229b.

9. (p. 498) Eller How. March 18th 1860: MAA to JA [*from now on Mary writes freely and confidently in her own hand*], P.H..

10. (p. 498) Rock Terrace <Feb>March 1st 1861: MAA to Thomas Arnold [*crossed*], P.H..

11. (p. 498) Rock Terrace. November 1861: MAA to TA, P.H..

12. (p. 498) Rock Terrace. March 9th 1862: MAA to 'My dearest Papa and my dear brothers', P.H..

13. (p. 499) Rock Terrace. May 24th 1862: MAA to TA, P.H..

14. (p. 499) Sir Walter Scott, The Lady of the Lake, Canto VI, xxviii, lines 22 - 26. (Logie Robertson ed., Scott: Poetical Works, (1904 p. 272).

15. (p. 499) Rock House. Saturday February 20th [*pencil:*] 1864: MAA to TA, P.H..

16. (p. 500) [*from internal evidence, this is a letter from Rock Terrace School for Young Ladies, though without an address and dated only in pencil Feb 1864*]: MAA to JA, P.H..

17. (p. 500) Friday 12th [*pencil: ? Feb 1864?*]: MAA to JA, P.H..

18. (p. 501) [*Undated*] MAA to Mrs Cunliffe [*on blue notepaper, with two addresses written in pencil at the end: 1, Rodney Place, Clifton, Nr Bristol; and 26 St Giles, Oxford*], P.H..

19. (p. 502) Marcella (Vir. 1984) Book I, ch. 1 p. 9.

20. (p. 502) A Writer's Recollections (1918) pp. 72-3. Mary recalls identifying one of the neighbours of her Aunt Mary Hiley with Scott's heroines in the following passage:

'Aunt Mary', Arnold's second daughter, I have already spoken of. When my father and mother reached England from Tasmania, she had just married again, a Leicestershire clergyman, with a house and small estate near Loughborough. Her home - Woodhouse - on the borders of Charnwood Forest, and the beautiful Beaumanoir Park,

through long summer hours, undisturbed; its pleasant rooms, above all the 'tapestry room' where I generally slept, and which I always connected with the description of the huntsman on the 'arras' in 'Tristram and Iseult'; the Scott novels I devoured there; and the 'Court' nights at Beaumanoir, where some feudal customs were still kept up.. ..[I]ts beautiful mistress, Mrs. Herrick.. became identified in my imagination with each successive Scott heroine, - Rowena, Isabella, Rose Bradwardine, the White Lady of Avenel and the rest.

21. (p. 502) Ruskin's Stones of Venice and parts of Modern Painters are mentioned as Mary's 'chief intellectual passion' before the age of sixteen when she went to live in Oxford. A Writer's Recollections (1918) p. 57.

22. (p. 502) Her references to attending her Uncle Matthew's lectures as Professor of Poetry at Oxford are found in A Writer's Recollections p. 56.

FOOTNOTES TO APPENDIX C. ii., WARD BOX VII, VOLUME 1, (1863 - 1865)  
(pages 503 - 518)

1. (p. 511) Probably a translation by Catherine Winkworth.

2. (p. 511) 'Watch and Pray', a hymn without attribution appears, in Lyra Anglicana (1862) p. 33.. Mary's copy differs in punctuation in seven respects from the original. One difference is interesting: she adds a question mark for a comma after the word 'suffer'. This makes the appeal more eloquent and may suggest an unconscious identification with the feeling expressed by the hymn writer.

3. (p. 513) 'Repentance and Faith', a hymn by Rev. W. Alexander, (Lyra Anglicana (1862) pp. 67 - 68). Mary did not complete her copy of this hymn. She stopped just before the appalling rhyme: 'On a dead baby's hand'.

FOOTNOTES TO APPENDIX C. iii., WARD BOX VII, VOLUME 3, (1866 - 1867)  
(pages 519 - 556)

1. (p. 520) This is the alternative title of C.M. Yonge's The Daisy Chain (1856).

2. (p. 520) Mercifully this is Mary's only surviving venture into imaginative identification with plants or spirits of nature. Presumably the origin of inspiration for this writing must have been Wordsworth's Lucy poems, where his image 'a violet by a mossy stone' seems to represent both Lucy and nature.

3. (p. 523) Matthew Arnold's tenure as Professor of Poetry at Oxford lasted ten years from 1857 to 1867.

4. (p. 524) Grace Aguilar's novel The Days of Bruce (1852)



5. (p. 529) This is Mary's only direct reference to reading her grandfather's writings. She would have been familiar with many of his ideas at second hand from family conversation. Her grandmother clearly kept Dr Arnold within her frame of reference to the end of her life. On Mary's engagement to T. H. Ward, her grandmother wrote her an affectionate letter speculating what Dr Arnold's feelings would have been on hearing that his eldest grandchild was to marry an Oxford don. (July 1871 P.H.)
6. (p. 533) Tennyson's very popular poem, written after reading an article in The Times in December 1854. (Ricks, C. ed., Tennyson (1987) pp. 508-510.
7. (p. 538) This hymn by A. H. Franke (1663 - 1727), translated by Catherine Winkworth was copied by Mary out of Lyra Germanica (London, 1855) pp 110-2. The hymn book follows the ecclesiastical year and this hymn, headed 'Third Sunday after Trinity' would have been read in early summer.
8. (p. 542) Lyra Germanica, second series pp. 78-81, translated by Catherine Winkworth (1863).
9. (p. 545) Probably translated by Catherine Winkworth.
10. (p. 547) Frederick William Faber, D.D. (1814 - 1863), Hymns (1861).
11. (p. 549) John Mason Neale (1818 - 1866)
12. (p. 550) The Chorale Book for England (1863) may be the source of this hymn.
13. (p. 550) This echoes Matthew Arnold's views on the Celts, expressed in his lectures and published writing at or before this time.
14. (p. 553) Possibly written by Mary herself.
15. (p. 554) Possibly a poem by Mary herself in the style of Tennyson.

FOOTNOTES TO APPENDIX C. iv. FOX HOW (1869) (pages 557 - 564)

1. (p. 558) The notebook designated Volume 5 by the Special Collections, Honnold Library, contains this literary description of Fox How Ambleside. It probably represents Mary's preparatory writing for A Westmoreland Story (1870).
2. (p. 559) The highly literary tone of Mary's composition in this piece, reflected here in an almost forced rhetorical use of the subjunctive, is perhaps a reflection of the high degree of her personal affection and the Arnold family tradition of reverence for Fox How.

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[These works are listed in chronological order, as far as this can be established, with dates, where these are known.]

MS Honnold WARD, Box VII, Volume 1. (1863-65)

Poetry: 'Rienzi' [November 18th 1863]

## ‘Wallace’s Execution’

'Mrs Cunliffe - a poem'

‘How sweet t’would be to find a home...’

'Beneath the oaks of Fotheringay...'

## 'A Dream'

'To my darling (Mrs Cunliffe)'

## ‘Address to the stars’

## 'On Marriage bells'

Prose: *A Tale of the Moors* [Finished on 24th October 1864]

MS Honnold WARD, Box VII, Volume 2. (1866)

### *Lansdale Manor*

[Dedication dated 6th - 28th August 1866]

MS Honnold WARD, Box VII, Volume 3. (1866 - 1867)

Prose fragment: 'Aspirations' [1866]

Poem: 'Puss and her Three Kittens' [Dated 16th May 1867]

Prose: *Lansdale Manor* [Written after 27th July 1967]

*Ailic*

Poetry: 'O let the solid ground...'

'Down by the hill I saw them ride'

MS Honnold WARD, Box VII, Volume 4. (1867)

Prose: *Lansdale Manor*

[Dated 29th January 1867]

MS Honnold WARD, Box VII, Volume 5. (1869)

*A Gay Life*

*A Woman of Genius*

*Believed Too Late*

*Vittoria*

*Fox How*

b) The Published Fiction of Mary Arnold

'A Westmoreland Story', *The Churchman's Companion*, 3rd series, ii (1870), 45-57, 121-40, 187-95.

c) The Published Non-Fiction of Mary Arnold

'A Morning in the Bodleian' (Windermere, privately printed 1871)

[Dedication to her grandmother: 'To Mrs Arnold, on her birthday, from her eldest granddaughter and her youngest grandson. Fox How, August 21st 1871']

Written with Thomas Humphry Ward just after their engagement, when they were both staying at Fox How.]

'The Poem of the Cid', *Macmillan's Magazine*, xxiv (October 1871), 471-86

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*Milly and Olly, or A Holiday among the Mountains*, (London: Macmillan & Co., 1881)

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*Lady Rose's Daughter*, (serialised) *Harper's Magazine*, May 1902 - April 1903.  
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